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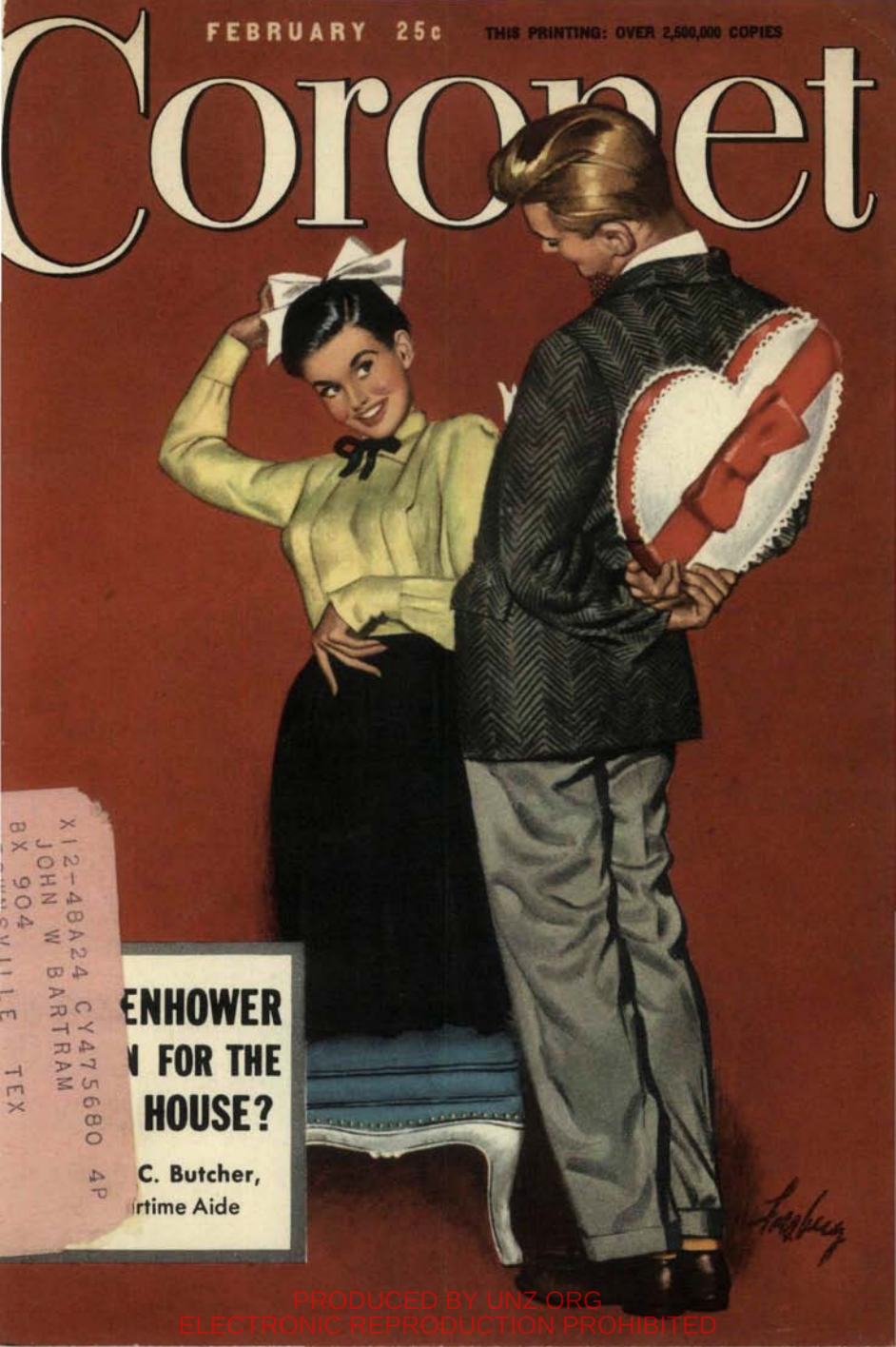

ENHOWER
N FOR THE
HOUSE?

C. Butcher,
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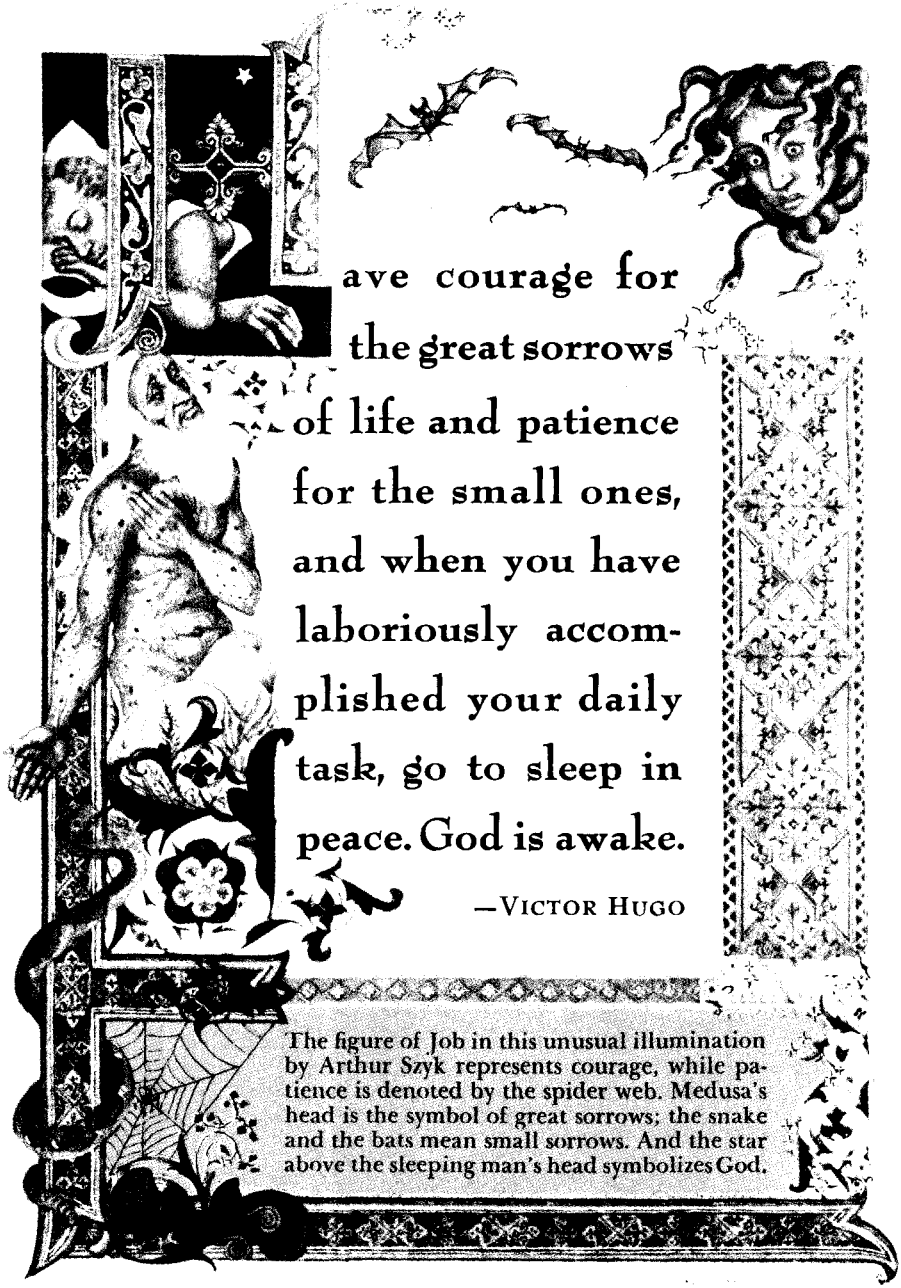

ave courage for the great sorrows of life and patience for the small ones, and when you have laboriously accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace. God is awake.

—VICTOR HUGO

The figure of Job in this unusual illumination by Arthur Szyk represents courage, while patience is denoted by the spider web. Medusa's head is the symbol of great sorrows; the snake and the bats mean small sorrows. And the star above the sleeping man's head symbolizes God.

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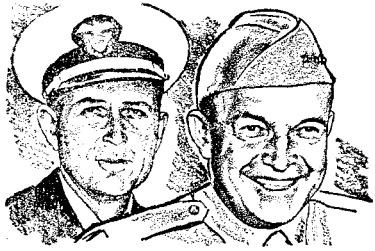
Vol. 23, No. 4 February, 1948

Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

Why I Like EISENHOWER for President



by HARRY C. BUTCHER

(Captain, USNR, and Naval Aide to Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, 1942-45; author of *My Three Years with Eisenhower.*)

ONE DAY YOU will have to say yes or no on being President. Public opinion will force you to make the decision."

I made this prediction to General Eisenhower in Algiers one evening in the early summer of 1943, soon after the soldiers, sailors and airmen of his unique Allied command had driven the Axis forces out of Africa. The two of us were sitting around, waiting for a midnight visit from Prime Minister Churchill.

Ike was growling because he had to spend another night going over the same ground ("Keep on until you get to Italy") which the PM had already covered, recovered and uncovered. Actually, there were really no serious differences between the two. Suddenly I asked:

"Would you ever have thought a couple of years ago that tonight you would be in far-off Africa, the Allied commander of a great army, sitting in a villa waiting for the Prime Minister of His Majesty's Government and growling because the PM was late?"

Ike enjoyed the picture, upon which he elaborated, going back to his youthful days when he had been variously a cowboy, a boiler stoker in a creamery and a semi-pro ballplayer. After he had finished, I returned to my theme of the Presidency.

I told him that newspaper edi-

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torials all over America were saying that any man who could so successfully make the British, French and Americans work and fight together had qualities for achieving team play that the nation might demand in the future.

Someone was needed who could weld together the warring factions of labor and management, of farm organizations and, indeed, of all pressure groups — economic, religious and racial. The people back home were instinctively hoping for a postwar leader whose strength of character would give a high moral lift to the Presidency.

Ike was listening, so I kept on, saying that his modesty as Allied commander, his habit of sharing credit with senior subordinates, and his unhesitating willingness to accept public responsibility for a setback, such as had occurred at Kasserine Pass, had made discerning editors and readers at home perceive greatness in him. Finally I reminded him that the veterans of Eisenhower's tank school at Camp Colt in World War I had met in Chicago and openly advocated Ike as President.

"So one day," I concluded, "you will have to make the big decision."

"Butch," said the General, "I know that after every war our people have either considered or elected a military leader as President. But the thought of carrying additional responsibility after the war is abhorrent to me. The only way they could get me to be President is for both parties to nominate me unanimously—and you know that's impossible!"

At this point the Prime Minister arrived, and the discussion soon transcended the question of Italy, going on to the wisdom of the cross-Channel invasion of France. Although both the U. S. and Britain were committed to this grand assault on Hitler's Europe, the PM still was fearful of heavy losses. And so the argument went on and on.

General Ike held his own with the man who is considered by many to be the most eloquent conveyor of intelligence and persuasion with the King's English since Edmund Burke. Not only did the General absorb all arguments, sometimes embellished with theatrical tears, but he then counterattacked in Americanized English which frequently out-Churchilled Churchill.

THERE WERE STILL OTHER evenings in Africa when the General and his intimates sat around and pictured the postwar world. Ike's concept of peace was to sit on a grassy bank beside a quiet stream, fishing. Often he talked of Tahiti as an ideal spot, for in those days the end of the war meant to us the beginning of the real peace. In those days we cheered for Russia. Today the Bear has turned from a great friend into a threatening foe.

That is one of the chief reasons a lot of people like myself want Eisenhower as President. We want him to lead the country in a troublesome postwar world because we remember his wartime success in making different nationalities work together. Certainly I know of no one living today who has a better chance of applying experienced powers of persuasion to America's problems, on both the international and domestic fronts.

Many persons attributed to Gen-

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eral Ike an almost mystical power in making the Allies work together. Let me ask my reader who was a GI, a sailor or an airman: how many times did you gripe because you thought your sister services had failed? Well, General Ike knew the air story, the Navy story and the ground troops' story so well that he could console each with the other's situation, until every one of you kept fighting to the best of your ability and courage. Not that Eisenhower didn't give the malingerers hell in private—but, brother, you worked together and, with your Allies, won the war together!

I think one of the greatest air commanders of the war was "Tooey" Spaatz. He had to convince the British of the American concept of aerial warfare, including daytime bombing as against the British preference for night bombing. "Tooey" had the knowledge and the sincere belief in our strategy. But when it came to advocating American ideas successfully, General Ike was the spokesman who took the airman's language of General Spaatz and made our concept stick.

I have heard that Teddy Roosevelt could take the technical language of an expert, given to him in a five-minute briefing, and then step out on the lawn of the White House and deliver a 15-minute talk to representatives of the profession. General Ike has the same ability, except that because of his avaricious reading on all subjects, and his wide contact with most professions, he would need only a three-minute briefing. His mind is a sponge; his tongue spells out facts like a calculating machine.

Remember, you veterans of North Africa, how angry we all got when news reached us, via *Stars and Stripes*, of serious strikes at home? Remember how you wanted the high-wage slackers drafted and sent to the trenches?

That was a bad time for the Allied commander, too. How, thought he, could labor strike at home when you were fighting to preserve the very freedom which permitted them to strike? Like you, he had read of management in plants establishing conditions for labor which would encourage strikes. How, thought he, could shortsighted managers use the war effort to smear labor?

This dismay on the battlefront was only one aspect, but an important one, of the over-all problem that Eisenhower faced as Allied commander. In every message to organizations back home, he conscientiously tried in his most persuasive language to express the bond which must exist between the home front and the battlefront if we were to win the war.

In nearly all his press confer-

When Captain Butcher delivered his article to CORONET, he appended a note. "General Eisenhower," he said, "hasn't seen this manuscript, and probably will give me a dressing down when he reads it in print." Captain Butcher also pointed out that, at this writing, he is not connected with any of the "Draft Eisenhower" groups which have sprung up across the U.S.—THE EDITORS

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ences, the General found some appropriate incident to tie both fronts together. Except for the time when his forces lacked heavy artillery ammunition in France, he never complained publicly of shortages in essential supplies. And the appreciation he so frequently expressed to correspondents was reflected in the warmth of their dispatches and broadcasts back home.

The General has an aptitude for saying the right thing at the right time. He has been led up to many a trap by sharp-witted correspondents properly seeking a story, but he is a hard man to catch off base. A good example was his reply to reporters when he recently visited Columbia University.

Trying, no doubt, to couple by inference the Presidency of Columbia with that of the United States, a reporter asked him whether he would prefer to be called President or General. The answer was:

"I shall always respond most readily to the name of Ike."

Capt. Harry C. Butcher is chiefly known to the American public as Aide to Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower during the war years. His exciting book, *My Three Years with Eisenhower*, was a best seller. Yet while it is true that Captain Butcher knows Eisenhower as well as any American does, he is also a distinguished citizen in his own right. A radio executive formerly with CBS in Washington, Butcher volunteered for the Navy in 1942 and was promptly named Naval Aide to Eisenhower at General Ike's own request. For his services, Captain Butcher was awarded the Legion of Merit and the Bronze Star. After the war, Butcher returned to radio in Santa Barbara, California, where he has his own station—KIST.

Stephen T. Early, for 12 years press secretary to Franklin Roosevelt, most masterful conductor of press conferences in history, witnessed Ike's press conference in Paris after the Battle of the Bulge. Steve told me later: "It was the most magnificent performance I have ever seen. He knows his facts, he speaks freely and frankly. He has a sense of humor, he has poise, and he has command."

EISENHOWER WAS successful in dealing with all types of commanders—modest ones who needed encouragement, vain ones who needed curbing, and "glory hoppers" who sought the headlines. Probably his most impetuous general was George S. Patton, whose great ability was recognized by Eisenhower before the public came to know him by his deeds.

Ike withstood violent public opinion at home when he saved Patton after the face-slapping incident in Sicily—saved him to fight again by the simple expedient of having Patton apologize to the offended soldier. This magnificent performance actually made Patton a bigger man.

When the supply situation worsened after Patton's drive through France and Eisenhower had to order him to a virtual halt, Patton berated the powers-that-be for keeping his troops out of Berlin. But after he had had a night to ponder his tirade, Patton secretly visited General Ike and apologized for his action.

Field Marshal Montgomery was a British Patton in a quieter but nevertheless obstinate way. His military successes had made him so popular with the English people

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that not even Churchill or the British Chiefs of Staff cared to give him orders he didn't like.

Montgomery wanted to fight the war differently from General Ike and, like Patton, he also wanted first call on all Allied supplies and transport to be first into Berlin. Under the pretense of never wishing to be away from his armies, Montgomery never visited Eisenhower, as did other commanders, at the Shaef Headquarters. Ike obliged by doing the traveling, and all conferences were held in Monty's battle zone. Eisenhower's patience and rational arguments won Montgomery's respect and admiration, and eventually Ike's plan was accepted by the British.

Eisenhower was as much at home with Roosevelt, Churchill and De Gaulle, or the King and Queen of Britain, as with his own staff officers or GIs. He was always himself—friendly, frank and devoid of sham. His long arguments with Churchill occasionally found him in agreement, but on occasions when all the chips were down, Eisenhower disagreed or, as he put it, "No, in eight different languages!"

During one argument the Prime Minister concluded his masterful plea with the threat that if Ike didn't yield, "I shall have to lay down the mantle of my high office." Ike didn't yield, and Churchill didn't resign.

During the war, there existed no greater mutual admiration and respect between the GI and any officer than between the GI and Ike. So far as I know, the General was never late for a set inspection or review. He always bore in mind that soldiers might be kept standing, perhaps at attention, if he were tardy.

I happened to follow, by a couple of days, one of the General's visits to troops. Talking to a GI who didn't know I was an aide to the Supreme Commander, he described his thrill at seeing the General.

The soldier said that in the rush to see Ike a captain of his company had sharply ordered out of the General's path the youngest and shortest GI in the outfit—a lad who had sought to enlist in the Navy, Marines and Army but had been turned down because of his small stature. Subsequently he was drafted, and the company had practically adopted him as mascot.

When his buddies saw the captain treat their favorite so brusquely, they were incensed. The young soldier was on the verge of tears. But Ike talked to him, put an arm around his shoulder, asked a photographer to take their picture and said he would send it to the boy's mother. As the GI told me, "Everyone in the outfit would fight and die for such a guy!"

Franklin Roosevelt hadn't heard of Eisenhower when General Marshall ordered the then Chief of Staff of Third Army from San Antonio to the War Department the evening of Pearl Harbor. But F. D. R. and General Ike became friends through official contacts.

I have reason to believe that Roosevelt had the highest regard for General Ike, but Marshall deserves credit for selecting Eisenhower as Commanding General of the ETO. He was not hand-picked by Roosevelt and, in fact, had privately expressed opposition to Roosevelt's third-term election, being a strong believer in the two-

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term tradition. But when the fourth term rolled around, Ike felt that the danger of changing leaders in wartime required Roosevelt's reelection.

At first I was apprehensive about Eisenhower's ability to get along with politicians. When Algiers headquarters was informed of the impending visit of the first contingent of senators, I thought he would blow up. He felt that the time required to show the senators around the North African theater would not be worth the effort.

But after pondering the whole problem of keeping the home front informed, he changed his attitude. He spent hours with the senators, arranging for them to go wherever they wished and see whatever they wanted to see.

Not long ago I was in Washington, visiting with old friends at the Press Club. The talk turned to Ike, and correspondents declared that he had earned the respect of Congress for his forthright presentation of military information, and that he had done a "grand job" of dealing with the legislative branch.

THOSE WHO KNOW Eisenhower chiefly from his military achievements naturally wonder how well-informed he may be on domestic questions. If he is drafted for the Presidency, he can answer these questions for himself. But I worked in Washington as a broadcaster allocating Columbia network time for spokesmen of all parties in the days of Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt. As a result of my job, I had ample opportunity to judge their qualifications as government leaders. General Ike has as much ability as the best of those I met.

Ordinarily I would say that the best training ground for a President is a governorship, because of experience gained in state administration. But Eisenhower has had more administrative experience than any incumbent governor — and probably more than any candidate for the White House. Of course, one might say that Ike's administrative problems in the Army could be solved merely by issuing orders. True, many of them could, but one doesn't issue orders to a Churchill, a De Gaulle, or a Roosevelt.

Eisenhower won cooperation through the medium of reason; he accepted suggestions from all who had worth-while ones to offer. And ideas put forward by GIs were frequently used by him to improve training, supply or even actual fighting.

General Ike is the least military-minded officer I know—or to put it the other way, he is the most civilian-minded officer I know. If the people succeed in hurdling the pledged delegates in convention to force a draft, and he accepts the challenge, the country will have a President whose sense of duty, proclivity for statesmanship, and qualities of fairness will lift the office to the position of dignity and respect that millions of Americans have long desired.

The United States has been forced into a position of world leadership. The hopes of free peoples—and of those who want to be free—demand a man of General Eisenhower's caliber for President. His demonstrated ability to get the Allies to work together during the war, plus the great respect held for him abroad, fit him superbly to lead the nation in our troublesome

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postwar period. As a civilian-minded officer who earnestly hates war, he would employ every honorable means to maintain peace.

His instinctive sense of human relations; his love for his fellow man; his forthrightness and naturalness to all persons, great or small; his breadth in outlook and action—all these qualities prompt me to say to American voters: draft that man for President!

One of six sons of a middle-class family of the Middlewest, Eisenhower—like millions of other American boys—had to make his own way. He is grateful to a nation which has a system of education and free enterprise that permits and encourages a boy to struggle to the top.

Finally, as President, he would use every effort to keep this country defensively strong, for he frequently has said: "You can't very well cooperate with nothing to back up your position." And if war should somehow be thrust upon us in this atomic age, I, for one, would like Dwight D. Eisenhower as my Commander-in-Chief.

But, you ask, is Eisenhower a Republican or a Democrat? My answer may sound like a politician's, but it is the truth. As most people know, regular army officers seldom vote because they are shifted to various posts so often that they rarely have the chance to establish political residence. Eisenhower has never voted. His early background in Kansas, his belief in the American system, appear to label him a Republican; yet his attitude toward and feeling for the underdog make him appear more on the Democratic side.

Neither party has a monopoly on either score. Personally I am an Independent Democrat, probably from years of friendly contact with the late President Roosevelt and his staff, yet I would classify General Eisenhower more a Republican than a Democrat.

As a Republican, the door is ajar for him as the party's nominee this year. As a Democrat, the door is closed, because if President Truman doesn't get the nomination the Democrats appear utterly lost.

If the challenge is put to General Ike at the forthcoming Republican National Convention, he will accept, *out of a sense of duty to his country*. And maybe that's the big reason why I like Ike.

Conversation Stoppers

HE STOPPED AT A SMALL hot-dog stand and ordered coffee. Just to be polite, he said: "Looks like rain, doesn't it?"

"Well," snapped the testy proprietor, "it tastes like coffee, doesn't it?"

THE MOVIE QUEEN SWEPT into the night club, resplendent in a purple gown, a cape of red, a fan, a huge tiara glittering with diamonds and a colorful paint job on her superior features.

"My deah," murmured her catty rival, "the new Buick!"

—From *Jokes, Gags and Wisecracks*, by TED SHANE, published by DELL

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Will Medicine Make Us ?

While solving the mystery of human growth, science has discovered a mysterious chemical with the miraculous power of turning men into giants

by REED MILLARD

CHARLES SHERWOOD STRATTON, who was born in Connecticut in 1838, became one of the most famous men in history because he stopped growing at the age of six months. You've never heard of Stratton? Not by that name perhaps, for P. T. Barnum rechristened him General Tom Thumb.

His incredibly small size excited the wonderment of multitudes in Europe and America, yet the medical men of that day could explain —in a vague way—why he didn't grow beyond 25 inches. Something was wrong with his pituitary gland, but just what they didn't know.

Today the mystery has been solved. At the University of California, Dr. Herbert M. Evans and his associates have succeeded in isolating a mysterious chemical that has the power to make men into giants. Here is a scientific achievement of tremendous potentialities, which may in time enable us to add or take away inches from the statures of human beings.

The fact that you have some of this chemical in your body makes you tall or short, as the case may be. And if it weren't for the existence of the organ that creates it, you would be abnormal. The chemical, called the interstitial cell-stimulating hormone (ICSH for short), comes from your pituitary, the supergland which not only has a number of jobs of its own but also controls many other glands.

This potent little gland, located at the base of your brain, has a medical history going back to 200 A.D. But the first significant discovery about its functions was made in 1783 by Dr. John Hunter, an English surgeon.

In Ireland there lived a famous giant, Charles O'Brien, who measured eight feet four inches. When he died at the age of 22, Dr. Hunter paid $2,500 for his body. To his delight, he found that O'Brien had possessed an oversize pituitary as

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large as a hen's egg. Meanwhile, his examinations of midgets showed that their pituitary glands were almost nonexistent. Here seemed plain evidence that, somehow, the pituitary affected growth.

At the time, medicine knew nothing of hormones, a concept that did not appear until the end of the 19th century when a French physician, Brown-Séquard, advanced the bold notion that there is "a postal system between the cells, the blood supplying the highway for travel and transmission of the post, the post consisting of the chemical substances secreted by the glands." These substances were christened hormones, from the Greek word meaning "to excite."

Thus matters stood when young Herbert Evans staked out the pituitary as his field of exploration. He had gone into medicine quite naturally, for his father was a surgeon in California's San Joaquin Valley. But at the University of California the young man became infected with a burning desire not for surgery but for research.

At Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, young Evans plunged into research with a zest that took him rapidly from anatomy to embryology, and then into biology, which led straight to the challenge of the mysterious pituitary. When he returned to the University of California, he gathered a corps of capable researchers who shared his enthusiasm. For subjects they chose rats, whose pituitaries function like those of human begins. What would happen, Evans wanted to know, if rats were fed extracts from the pituitary glands of oxen?

Tests were made but nothing happened. At the end of the period, both groups weighed the same. Yet Evans had been sure there would be a marked difference in weights.

All right, he thought, let's try injection. This time results were startling. Rats grew into giants,

The Case of Robert Wadlow

ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN giants in modern medical history was Robert Wadlow of Alton, Illinois, who died in 1940 after reaching the amazing height of eight feet ten inches. His overactive pituitary was first observed by a doctor when Robert's father brought him to the hospital to find out why the boy was growing so fast.

Although he weighed only nine pounds at birth, he weighed 30 by the time he was six months old. At a year and a half he weighed 62. At nine, he had reached a height of six feet one inch, and weighed 178.

At 18, when he entered college, Robert Wadlow was eight feet three and a half inches tall and still growing, although his muscular development was beginning to slow down. Hitherto his appetite had been normal, but now it began to increase so rapidly that he had to have 8,000 calories a day, compared to the normal American intake of 2,500 to 3,000.

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with supersized bones and oversized organs. Then Evans stopped injecting the extract and the rats stopped growing. But Evans wanted to do still more. One of his associates, Philip E. Smith, developed a simple method of removing the pituitary glands of rats, and now further tests could be conducted.

In a typical experiment, the rats selected were all of the same age and sex. At the age of 26 days, their pituitary glands were removed. Half the rats were given daily injections of the purest available ICSH, and the other half were given salt injections in equal quantity. At the end of 20 days, the non-injected rats had increased their weight by an average of three per cent while the ICSH group had increased 25 per cent.

To Evans and his researchers, here was proof that ICSH was indeed the growth hormone. But would it work on humans? In New York City, Dr. William Engelbach undertook to treat a girl who hadn't grown for almost four years. Using the best pituitary extract Evans could provide, the physician reported that in eight months the child had grown 2.7 inches.

In Santa Barbara, California, Dr. E. K. Shelton tried the extract on a girl patient whose height at the age of nine was only 35 inches. After two years of treatment, she had grown 5.4 inches.

Despite the promise held out in these cases, there is still not enough ICSH available to conduct extensive tests. It is obtained by a highly complicated and expensive chemical process from the pituitary glands of cattle, each gland producing only a microscopic amount of hormones.

Hope of creating the extract synthetically is always present, but the difficulty is staggering because the hormone is an extremely complex protein molecule that thus far has defied the best efforts of chemists.

Will modern chemistry succeed in meeting this challenge? Evans will not venture a prediction, cautiously indicating his belief that, for a long time to come, ICSH will exist only in microscopic quantities.

Happily for mankind, the pituitary gland seldom goes wrong. Nature herself isn't likely to permit a race of giants caused by faulty pituitaries, and if scientists like Dr. Evans have their way, man certainly won't trifle with nature in any such fantastic enterprise. Hence if the day comes when ICSH can be made in quantity, it will be used chiefly to help otherwise-normal people reach the height for which they are structurally equipped.

A Neat Trick

HOLLYWOOD DIRECTOR Mervyn LeRoy recently received a letter from an insurance company. In it was this line. "This sum will be paid you in a single sum at the time of your death, which we understand is what you prefer."

—From *Tales of Hoffman*

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With everybody air-minded in Alaska, there's nothing her bush pilots won't try

The World's Flyingest People

by JEAN POTTER

WHEN YOU STAND TODAY at Merrill Field, just outside Anchorage, Alaska, you find it hard to believe your ears and eyes. Merrill is still a frontier airport: the modern control tower looks out of place amidst wooden hangars and tumble-down shacks. But the runway is one of the busiest in America.

Parked along the edge is a row of small, bright-painted planes. Pilots are loading freight, passengers are climbing aboard, engines are growling. Ships are pulling out, taxiing, turning and roaring skyward.

You stop beside a red plane with a radial motor and narrow fuselage. The pilot, wearing duck pants and leather jacket, is loading groceries into the cabin. "Okay," he is telling his mechanic, "slide that over and my passenger can set here."

"What kind of ship?" you ask.

"A damn good one!" the pilot says. "Fairchild. Built in 1930."

"How about the engine?"

"Wasp. Best engine made. I flew with it in '29."

It is with ancient aircraft like this that Alaska's pilots have made

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their extraordinary record. They have had no choice: on the crude short fields of the northland, low speed has been essential.

There are a few large, modern ships at Merrill Field and more are on order, but most of the transports are small and old. Some have been wrecked and patched many times.

"Spare parts flying in formation," one pilot said of his Bellanca. Another, looking out at a wing during flight, remarked: "I hope those termites keep holding hands."

At Merrill Field, you watch an old Stinson rush past. "What air line is that?" you ask.

"Air line?" replies an Alaskan vacantly. "That's Oscar."

The Oscar Winchell Flying Service, better known as Oscar, is a fellow with a peaked face and a Western drawl, who once worked as a cowhand in Arizona. Arriving in Alaska in 1931, he started operating out of Anchorage in a single-engine Stinson, 211-W. He is using the same ship today.

"There's lucky and unlucky planes," he says. "Old 211-W was one of eight Stinsons that come to Alaska round the same time. She's had her crack-ups, but she's still flyin'. All the rest are gone."

Oscar flies from Merrill to scattered settlements of the Kuskokwim region, giving personal service. He'll handle any order, large or small. "Hairpins and diapers and things like that," he confides. "For good will they can't be beat." He keeps his records on a grocer's order pad. That and his logbook are all he has.

"Nothing to it," he brags. "Them big air lines with all them bookkeepers and credits—and then they bill you wrong!"

The Christensen Air Service, better known as Chris, is a jolly, ruddy-cheeked man who bases three Wacos at Merrill and flies to meet the boats at Seward. With Chris it's only about an hour to Seward; the train, chugging through glaciered mountains, takes half a day.

Chris' route lies over some of the finest game country in the world. Often he'll swoop down to point out a bear or a mountain sheep to his passengers. "Why not have a little fun?" he asks. "You can't take flyin' too serious."

These rough-clad bush pilots, whom everybody calls by their first names, are the most popular men in all Alaska. The people could not get along without them. In their battered craft they haul everything essential to Arctic and sub-Arctic life and industry.

Summer and winter, day and night, the sky is full of racket as the little ships take off. Pilots sometimes get so tired they fall asleep while mechanics are gassing their ships. But they never stop, for everybody travels by air in Alaska —fishermen, miners, trappers, Congressmen, prostitutes, engineers, salesmen, Indians, Eskimos and whites, all crowded together aloft in the narrow cabins.

Merrill Field at Anchorage and Weeks Field at Fairbanks, the Territory's chief civilian airports, are as busy as Grand Central Station, but even today they are engulfed in wilderness. Soon after take-off there is no sign below of human life; not a house, telephone pole or road. Outside the windows spreads a dizzying maze of snow or swamp, splotched with lakes and cut with twisting rivers. Hundreds of white

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peaks, unnamed and unclimbed, gleam beyond.

"Like another world," you venture. The pilot laughs. It is Main Street to him.

"That's John Foster's place," he tells you, tipping one wing at a speck of cabin far below. "This is Yankee Creek," he says as you soar among twisted crags of the mine country. "In a few minutes we'll land at Ophir."

Ophir is a cluster of log houses, with the Stars and Stripes waving over a homemade airport. The entire population of 30 comes trudging toward your plane. Whites and Indians crowd around the pilot.

"Hi, Jimmy! You got my meat? When is Agnes coming over? Ed Noblet's ailing, can you take him to town? You got a package from Sears Roebuck?"

But it is the lone prospector who appreciates a plane the most. Out in the bush he waits—grub almost gone. All summer he's been panning gravel and fighting mosquitoes. Now for four days he's been cussing, shivering, waiting to go back to town. Where's that pilot?

Then he hears it. No noise like it. There's the red pontoon ship, there he comes, good boy, low over the lake, droppin' down. . . .

Sometimes a prospector or trapper will cut spruce boughs and write a message in the snow, hoping a pilot flying overhead will see it:

HELP
HUNGRY
NEED GRUB
LAND

Any Alaska pilot will risk his neck when he sees a distress signal like that below him. He keeps his wilderness appointments scrupulously, for he knows well what emergency can mean. Once, Oscar Winchell was unavoidably delayed a week in calling for a trapper and his wife at Post Lake.

"I buzzed the lake, didn't see nothin' of 'em. I came back next day, buzzed again. This time they run out o' their cabin. I dropped a box o' grub with a note tellin' 'em to hike down to Post River. I couldn't land on the lake, the snow was drifted too rough.

"The box lit within 100 feet but they couldn't find it. I circled around till their big Great Dane dog run sniffin' through the drifts and found the box of grub for 'em. Then I met 'em over to the river, taxied up and yelled, 'You wanta go to Anchorage?'

"They stood there with tears rollin' down their faces. They said when the plane didn't show up, they'd started walkin' 40 miles to Farewell but they'd lost the trail, got scairt and turned back. It was tough goin', and on the way he'd had a heart attack. They'd just got back to the lake the second time

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Jean Potter, a native of New York City, is the author of two books, *Alaska Under Arms*, published in 1942, and *The Flying North*, published in 1947. The first book was the result of an extensive trip made to Alaska on a magazine assignment shortly before the United States entered the war. Fascinated by the country and by aviation in Alaska, Miss Potter returned in 1943 and spent a year and a half gathering material for her second book. She talked and flew with the rugged bush pilots throughout the vast country, coming to know them intimately. This article is taken from *The Flying North*, published at $3.75 by the Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y.

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I flew over. They hadn't had no grub for a week."

Sometimes when the fog hangs low over the airfields and the planes are grounded, the bush pilots start talking. Their yarns are hard to believe but true.

"By golly, there was a lady over at Takotna goin' to have a baby," one says. "She knew it would have to be a Caesarean; she'd had one that way in Norway 12 years before. Then there was two part-Indian girls expectin' about the same time, and they'd asked me to fly over and get them too.

"Couple of days before I was due I was on my way out from Anchorage with a radio for Nixon Fork Mine when I got word to come to Takotna right away. I stopped to deliver the radio, went tearin' up to the cabin.

"It was cold that mornin', 60 below. When I started back to the plane I had no breath left, felt all choked up. I told an old fellow I was feelin' bum. 'You frosted your lungs,' he said. 'If you can make it you better get back to Anchorage and see a doctor today.'

"I flew on to Takotna, feelin' worse and worse. They brought the three women down to the plane. The one, she already had pains sumpin' awful. I thought, 'By God, we got to hurry.'

"As we went through Rainy Pass it was startin' to snow. It was gettin' so dark I could just barely make out the mountains. I thought, 'Well, if we don't get there, we'll all die anyway, what's the difference? Got to keep on to Anchorage.'

"We made it, and I come over town but there wasn't a light within two miles of the field—them was the early days—and nobody was expectin' me. Then my boss come out with a car to shine the headlights—luckily, he'd heard us.

"We rushed 'em all to the hospital. The doctor was so busy taking care of the ladies he had no time for me, so I went to an old horse doctor who punched my arms full o' iodine and after that I was in bed four weeks."

One cold evening at dusk, Pilot Estol Call landed at Merrill. A car drove up; the Anchorage Hotel, hearing the ship overhead, had sent its taxi to meet it.

"Got any passengers?" the driver asked Call.

"You bet," Call answered. "I got one inside."

The taxi man opened the door. "Anchorage Hotel!" he shouted.

The passenger did not answer. The taxi man shook him and the passenger fell over.

"God!" said the driver. "This man's dead!"

"Yeah," said Call. "He's froze. They found him on the trail that way, setting on a log. I just put him beside me in the seat. Easiest way to fit him in."

An Alaska pilot knows all about people's lives. "One time I picked up a passenger at Anchorage, a nice little girl from the States. She wanted to go to Takotna. Soon as she got in the plane she said, 'Do you know So-and-So over there? I'm going to marry him.'

"Oh gosh, I thought, this is terrible. That old cuss, everybody knows he's half-lit all the time and goin' to pieces. I ask her, 'Does he know you're comin'?'

" 'I saved up all my money for

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the trip and this is going to be a surprise!' she says.

"Oh Lord, worse than I thought! I try to figure how I can keep the kid in the plane till I get him in shape, but soon as we land she runs up the hill to the store. After I tie down the ship, I follow her and ask the fellows in the store, 'Did you tell that little girl where he lived?' They're all chucklin', holdin' their sides. 'Sure,' they say, 'she's on her way up to his cabin now.'

"I run out, but it's too late; she's knockin' on the door. Pretty soon she come slowly down the hill, cryin' and cryin'. I took her aside: 'Don't feel too bad, kid,' I told her, 'we all have disappointments.'

"She said she spent all her money to get there, and didn't have a dollar left. I told her: 'If you want to go back to Anchorage, it won't cost you a nickel.' I told the other passengers she was a writer, lookin' into the minin' business. She begun to feel better then, and I flew her back to town."

Then there was the time Jim Dodson got an order from a trapper at Fort Yukon for a wedding ring and a planeload of liquor. He arrived with this gala freight on the appointed day, but the trapper met him with a long face.

"Gosh, Jimmy, I can't use that stuff," he said. "Looks like I'm not gittin' married after all."

Another trapper spoke up quickly. "You got the liquor? You got the ring? Okay, Jimmy, you can switch the order to me."

Fort Yukon had its wedding anyway, with Dodson serving as best man. Then he climbed into his Stinson and flew on for a load of beaver.

An Alaska pilot hauls "a little bit of damn near everything, and nothing daunts him." Malemutes and Husky dogs are regular passengers. Roped to the seats, they growl and scramble in rough weather and are more likely to get airsick than human beings. One time, when a Chicago zoo ordered four live walruses, Pilot John Cross flew them from Cape Prince of Wales to Nome in a Stinson.

The biggest animal ever carried was a cow. "Dave Clough over at McGrath wanted it for fresh milk for his daughter's ailin' baby. Daisy musta weighed 800 pounds, but Leo Moore took her over from Merrill in a Pilgrim.

"Leo tried to git her used to the ship, would coax her up a plank into the cabin 'n' feed her. It sure worked. When the time come for take-off she just walked right in like into a boxcar. He didn't even have to tie her down much, just roped her head 'n' horns so she wouldn't take the windows out, had some extry boards on the floor so she wouldn't step through."

An Alaska pilot needs ingenuity and strong arms. In 1940, a whole store was hauled by air to Ophir. Timbers, cement, counters, doors, tubing, window glass and all the stock for the store were flown in by Pilots Johnny Moore, Chet Browne and Ralph Savory in two Pilgrims and a tri-motor Ford.

"If the ship'll take her," the pilots say, "we'll fly her."

An Alaska pilot needs good aim. He will land wherever he can: on the snow on skis, on water on pontoons, in rough clearings on wheels, but if conditions are too poor for a safe landing, he will just drop a load from the sky. Mattresses, frozen

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meat, canned goods and gasoline, even dynamite, go tumbling through the air.

The men below set colored flags on the snow or tundra for a target. Women stand by their cabin doors and count the bundles as they come down from the sky.

Oscar Winchell, at Candle Creek, had a sad hit when he dropped what he thought was a load of meat. "We was in a hurry 'n' not payin' too much attention to the packages." Later he learned it was a Victrola and 300 records. "Only two of 'em was not broken. The people played them two over and over all summer long."

Alaska pilots fly scheduled meat runs to the mines, delivering on appointed days. One man, to drum up business, started hovering over remote camps and dropping meat that had not been ordered.

"I'd just write COD on the sack and hope they'd pay me next time they come to town."

Most of his customers were pleased, especially Billy the Finn at Moore Creek: "A whole month my camp is out of meat. My men all going to quit because no meat. I stand by my cabin and I say, 'Oh Lord, if only I have meat!'

"I listen, I hear a noise, a plane comes over, it drops a sack. And meat—real MEAT—it falls out of heaven right by my door!"

Nothing New to Say

ONE OF THE most impressive of all tributes to Abraham Lincoln was penned many years ago by Homer Hoch, then editor of the Marion (Kansas) *Record* and now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Kansas:

"There is no new thing to be said of Lincoln. There is no new thing to be said of the mountains, or of the sea, or of the stars. The years go their way, but the same old mountains lift their granite shoulders above the drifting clouds, and the same mysterious sea beats upon the shore, and the same silent stars keep holy vigil above a tired world. But to mountain and sea and star men turn forever in unwearied homage. And thus with Lincoln. For he was mountain in grandeur of spirit, he was sea in under-voice of mystic loneliness, he was star in steadfast purity of purpose and of service. And he, too, abides.

"The years go their way, but with the name of Lincoln childhood still learns to voice a patriot's devotion, and with the name of Lincoln tears are called from old men's eyes. And there is no new thing to be said of him.

"But while the Republic endures, upon whose altar he laid his great mind and heart, while liberty is cherished, while civic virtue and service and sacrifice are honored in the earth, the name of Lincoln will be spoken in undying love by the sons of men."

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Confessions of a Used Car Dealer

ANONYMOUS

In Coronet last October, under the title *An Automobile Dealer Talks Back*, the proprietor of a typical agency defended his business against the criticisms of today's would-be buyers. This month, the used-car man has his say. The author, a veteran Connecticut dealer, not only explains the tricks of his trade but gives eight vital rules to guide you in the purchase of a used machine.—THE EDITORS

IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY. A customer strolls into my used-car lot, looks the machines over, then stops alongside a make and model that he likes "Say, mister," he asks me, "is this car *really* okay?"

I've heard that question thousands of times in the 32 years that I've been in the used-car business. But translated into straight talk, what it means is this: "Are you trying to gyp me?"

So let me settle a big argument right here—the argument that we used-car dealers are always "gypping" the public. I'll admit we use tricks—quite a few of them. But we have to, because we're doing business with a tricky bunch of buyers and sellers. If we didn't use our heads in dealing with today's public, we'd go broke—and fast.

Folks don't bargain in a grocery or clothing store; they just look over the merchandise, decide whether it's worth the price and then pay it. But not when they buy or sell a used car! If I worked on the principle that the customer is always right, I'd be out of business in a week. Why? Because customers usually figure the used-car man is out to outsmart them, so they try to outsmart *him* first.

The technique of trading cars has changed since 1916, when I went into the business. People today know a lot more about cars than they did then; and many of them are one jump ahead of the dealer every time. A used-car man in 1948 has to be a good mechanic and a top psychologist—or he won't be around tomorrow.

Customers come to me with all sorts of stories and tricks. They "dope" their cars before they bring them in to sell—that is, they put in extra-heavy motor oil to conceal

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an engine knock on the trial run. Or they claim their cars have just been overhauled. Usually "just" means a couple of years ago.

I'm always meeting the fellow who insists that he has a brand-new battery in the car he is trading for a later model. I suggest changing batteries, giving him the new one. He hems and haws, and finally admits that his battery is really two years old. In fact, I had one selling customer not long ago who stuffed an old felt hat in the bottom of the radiator to keep it from leaking until I'd handed over the cash.

A FAVORITE TRICK IS removing accessories and gadgets, and changing good tires for bad, before turning the car in. My first appraisal on a car is based on its value to me with accessories included. But when the car comes back stripped, I can't say anything.

First of all, I can't remember every piece of equipment on every car I see. And second, if I raise a row, the customer goes to the dealer up the street and tries to get more than I offered.

Then, of course, they always turn back the speedometers. A fellow came in the other day with his speedometer registering 30,000 miles. I looked over the car and from the earmarks (shabby upholstery, doors that rattled) I knew it had gone much farther than that. When I opened the left front door, on the inner frame was a gas-station sticker saying: "The oil in this car was changed when the speedometer read 55,000 miles. It should be changed again when . . ."

But I didn't say anything. I just upped the price on the car he was trading for, and let him think he had fooled me. That's how we have to work in this game.

Then there are the little white lies they tell when they're jockeying for a good offer. "What will you pay for this car?" they ask me. I look the machine over and say, "Five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred dollars?" they say indignantly. "Why the Dodge people offered me six!" And off they drive in a huff to the Dodge people to get *their* estimate.

In my business, there's one true saying that I always keep in mind: "A used car is only as good as the man you buy it from." And that works both ways—for buyer *and* for seller. When I deal with old customers or people I know in my community, I don't get stuck. And they don't either.

But even if a customer doesn't happen to know a dealer personally, he has a sound and simple protection against bad bargains. Let him do business only with a reliable dealer who belongs to a trade association and has a reputation to uphold. Yet thousands of people shop around by themselves, accept fake tips—and pay for it in the end.

I sell my used cars on a 30-day guarantee which provides for repairs during that period on a 50-50 basis. You might think I'd lose on this, but the provision states that my mechanics will handle the repairs. Therefore, if we have to install $50 worth of parts, for instance, and my mechanic works 12 hours on the car at the usual rate of $3 an hour, the total bill should be $86. Half that amount, or $43, is what the customer pays.

Now let's look at the figures more

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EIGHT RULES FOR USED-CAR BUYERS

THE USED-CAR DEALER has some tested methods for judging the condition of any car he buys. You can use the same rules when you buy from the used-car man.

1. Disregard the speedometer reading. It seldom means much.

2. Inspect the doors. Do they rattle? Is the upholstery near the handles worn? Is the paint thin where the driver's arm has rested on the open window? These are clues to wear and tear.

3. Does the car sag to one side? This could indicate a sprung frame, broken leaf springs, damaged shackles or a faulty front suspension system.

4. Are the front tires worn evenly? If not, the wheels are out of line and/or balance, which may mean the car has been in a wreck.

5. Check the steering wheel. Is there too much play?

6. Look under the machine to see if there is leakage in the engine or radiator.

7. Take the car for a test drive. Check the ammeter which shows generator output. Listen for noises when you shift gears. Check the brakes. Watch for blue smoke in the exhaust. Smoke indicates that piston rings are worn.

8. Most important of all, get the *full* history of the car, if possible. Find out whether the previous owner bought the machine new or second-hand. Check on how often he had the car overhauled. If the used-car dealer's records are incomplete, go to the previous owner or owners in person, thus tracing the car right back to the original agency.

closely. The parts cost me only $30, and I pay my mechanic $1.50 an hour. So the actual total on the job is $48—and *my* loss is only $5.

In setting prices on used cars, I guess you could say that dealers have always charged what the traffic would bear. But there's a difference between today's market and the old days. Nobody has to "sell" cars in times like these. Customers are begging for cars at almost any price, and our big problem is to supply the demand.

A friend came in the other day and asked me to look at a car his son had just bought. The boy, an ex-GI who knew nothing about cars, had taken his bonus money and bought a 1935 Chevrolet for $350—which wouldn't have been too much if the car had been in top condition. But it had about every possible mechanical defect, lacked taillight and dims, and had poor tires besides. We fixed it up for him, and the repair bill came to $100, yet even after that he had to come back for small repairs.

But remember this—nobody had to work to get that boy to buy a car. He just decided that he wanted one, walked into a place, paid his money and drove off. That's why used-car dealers today don't have to bother too much about dressing

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up a car or making a lot of misrepresentations to possible buyers.

There are plenty of reasons for today's wide-open market, but to me, the chief one is the public trying to cut in on the profits. It's not just your used-car dealer who's making the business look like a racket. It's your neighbor who put his name on two new-car lists and then, after his first car came in, took the second one, too, and sold it at a big profit.

In a few cases, used-car men place orders with new-car agencies through dummy purchasers. But most of those shiny, low-mileage 1948 models that you see on the used-car lots nowadays are bought from individuals—at almost the same price we sell them for later. Here's where the used-car man gets blamed for profiteering, when he's really just a middleman and a poorly paid one at that.

It's funny the way it works. A few months ago a man brought a 1947 Chevrolet sedan into my lot. The speedometer said 900 miles.

"A guy at my office offered me $2,100 for this car," he said. "My name came up on the Chevrolet agency list four months ago and I bought it for $1,500. Now I'm getting a Packard. I don't want to take easy money from my friend, but I'll sell to you for $2,100."

I took him up fast. But I didn't tell him that his friend was on *my* waiting list. I sold the friend the Chevrolet for $2,250, clearing only $150 on the deal; but the original owner didn't have to worry about "gypping" his friend.

Of course, the new-car dealers want to make money too, yet that doesn't mean you have to slip cash under the counter. Here is a typical experience that illustrates how to get around this:

An ex-GI told me he wanted a new 1947 model, but the agency placed him 200th on their list, although he had offered to trade his old car. I inquired what he had asked for it. "Well, it ought to bring $900 on the market," he said.

I suggested that he return to the agency and tell them he was willing to sell the car for $500, and then see what happened. Next day the veteran came into my office with a box of cigars. He had gotten his new car—jumping from 200th to the top of the list!

Later I went around to the agency, bought the car for $800 and sold it for $900. That way, everybody was happy. The boy had his new car; the agency made a $300 profit; and I earned a quick $100 and a box of cigars.

Most of the cars brought to me get a thorough examination before I make an offer. But the extent of the examination is governed, you might say, by the appearance of the owner. From long experience, I know that a car usually reflects its owner. If the seller is a "nice," well-dressed and courteous person, it's a pretty safe bet that his car is sound. But when the rough-and-tough fellow comes in, talking loud about the merits of his machine, it gets a real going over.

Here is a typical experience. Last week a stranger drove up to my office in a 1946 Dodge sedan. He said he was a dentist, that he was moving to the West Coast and wanted to sell his car fast—for $2,200. The price was fair, but I told him my mechanic was busy;

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could he bring the car back in the afternoon for a checkup?

No, he said sharply, he couldn't. He jumped in the car and drove off—but it was all right with me. I figured there was something wrong with the car or with the way the "dentist" came into possession of it. Either way, I don't want to get mixed up in a deal like that.

WHO PAYS FOR ALL THE trading that is going on nowadays? The overanxious customer. Your used-car dealer (and I'm the first to admit it) isn't losing money; but the customer who pays way over the list price is. His car has traveled from the person who bought the new car to the first dealer, and from the first dealer to his own used-car man (or even through one more dealer). All this involves $300 to $500 for the seller's profit on each transaction.

Yes, this is the used-car dealer's day in the sun. Everybody is my friend—if I can help him get a car. Bankers, doctors, lawyers, they all come pleading: "Can't you find me a car?" But before the war, they didn't even know me.

However, I don't expect the boom to continue for more than a couple of years. Then conditions may again be like what they were in the '30s, when I was allowing more on trade-in jalopies than the junk man paid me when he hauled them away. And when I had to sell my year-old models at a loss just to recover part of my investment.

But even if that happens, I'm going to stay in the used-car business: it's in my blood. Perhaps that's why I like to say: "A used car is only as good as the man you buy it from." If I do right by my customers today—and they do right by me—we'll get along fine in the years to come. That's not only good business—it's plain common sense.

Just an Ear Witness

IN THE TAVERN of a small Danish town, three men were discussing the character of a gentleman from a neighboring village who had died several years before. They all agreed that the deceased gentleman had been selfish, disagreeable, miserly, mean and even cruel.

A stranger standing near-by overheard them and interrupted.

"I believe you're wrong," he observed quietly. "The gentleman about whom you're speaking was kindly, courteous, lovable, thoughtful and generous."

"He was a friend of yours?" asked one of the men, rather embarrassed.

"Oh, no. I never met him."

"But if you never met him," protested the man, "how do you know he was such a splendid fellow?"

"I should know," replied the stranger. "I married his widow!"

—Adapted from *Randers Dagblad*

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NOISIEST Man on Earth

by PAUL KAMEY

THE THIN, TERRIFIED scream of a woman rose from a low, quavering wail to a high note of panic. It was joined swiftly by the spine-freezing screeches of two other women . . . higher and higher rose the shrieks, merging now into a wild, maddening frenzy of hysteria.

For 15 years Tom Valentino has been tracking down sounds, from an earthquake to the cry of a hungry infant

Suddenly the screams stopped. There were a few seconds of silence. Then the noise began again, only this time it was a man laughing boisterously . . . a woman laughing, too, full of infectious spirit . . . then a whole roomful of people roaring with laughter.

When this uproar subsided a Naval commander whipped out orders for firing a battery of torpedoes at a doomed destroyer . . . the dull whoosh of the torpedoes had hardly faded when a pack of fox hounds barked in full chase, while in the background shrilled the clear high notes of the hunters' horn and the thud of galloping horses.

Thomas J. Valentino, a slim, lively little man, smiled gently and said: "Want any more? Maybe Times Square on New Year's Eve, or the love call of a hippopotamus? Or perhaps some babies in a maternity ward at feeding time?"

Valentino wasn't making idle boasts. Possessor of one of the largest libraries of sound effects in existence, he can, at the flip of a record on a turntable, produce an incredible range of noises—from an earthquake to a carousel playing *The Beer Barrel Polka*.

If you have ever attended a college dramatic show or church production which required sound effects, or if you listen to the radio, you probably have heard one of Tom Valentino's recordings. And if you saw a certain newsreel company's dramatic movies of the atomic bomb explosions at Bikini, that ominous burst you heard was

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Valentino's Record 5048—"Depth Bomb Explosion With Sound of Splashing Water."

For 15 years, Valentino has been tracking down sounds and putting them on records—familiar, unusual, weird, frightening, sentimental, martial, sad, laugh-provoking sounds. Churches in the tiniest hamlets today resound with the majestic notes of a giant organ by use of special Valentino recordings appropriate for every occasion. Also by transcription, the most indigent church can reproduce the awe-inspiring chimes of the Marble Collegiate Church on New York's Fifth Avenue.

The problem of getting sound effects on a platter has never daunted Valentino, who is a stickler for accuracy. When he recorded 5031 A—"Subway Train & Turnstiles"—he parked his equipment in a station wagon on the street and carried a microphone on a long line into the Lexington Avenue subway station at 116th Street.

Passengers stared as he hung over the edge of the platform to record every decibel of sound from approaching trains. While others swarmed into the cars, Valentino stood outside, his microphone greedily swallowing the grunts of the passengers as the doors were pushed home.

"I spent at least 20 nickels trying to get the actual sound of a turnstile, but it was worth it," says Valentino. "Now you can relax in an easy chair, turn on 5031 A, close your eyes, and have all the excitement of a subway rush without even losing a button."

Valentino's sound effects have been heard in every corner of the globe. In 1934, when Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd broadcast from the South Pole, the world heard the howling of Antarctic winds and the excited cries of sledge dogs. But the wind and the barks came from a shiny ten-inch record.

VALENTINO ESTIMATES that he provides sound for at least half the Broadway productions requiring special effects. *Idiot's Delight* used his bombing planes; *Othello* his fanfare and church bells; *Dodsworth* his Naples street noises. His favorite, however, is the realistic job he turned out for *Casey Jones*, produced by the Group Theatre in 1938.

The stage set consisted of a roundhouse and a full-size steam engine with tender. The morning after the play opened, drama critic Burns Mantle declared: "Valentino has supplied a series of records full of the gosh-durndest railroad sounds that any theater has ever produced."

In order to win that accolade, Valentino had to induce the New York Central to loan him a locomotive and a mile of track at the road's busy switching point at Harmon, New York. But the engineer was stumped when Valentino explained that the script called for the sound of a train going 90 miles an hour. On a stretch of track only a mile long, the engineer explained, he *might* get to 60 if the train didn't leave the rails.

Finally Valentino had an inspiration. The tracks were smeared with grease, the train proceeded at 40 miles an hour, the wheels spun madly at 90, and the sound effects for *Casey Jones* were born.

Once, Marc Connelly rejected Valentino's record of a baby crying

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which he needed for *The Farmer Takes A Wife.*

"I want something like this," explained the celebrated playwright. Whereupon he emitted a caterwauling that conveyed the depths of infant anguish.

"Wait a minute!" said Valentino, reaching for a microphone. Then he turned back to Connelly. "Now do that again."

Audiences hearing the bawling of an infant in a Broadway theater a few weeks later never realized they were listening to playwright Connelly.

Valentino's greatest satisfaction comes from the hundreds of small organizations which use his recordings—Boy and Girl Scout troops, church dramatic societies, college and small-town theater groups.

"Formerly," he says, "these groups could not use many sound effects because of the expense and the equipment needed. Now, with only a record off stage, they can put on a polished, full-scale show."

An Italian-Albanian, Valentino got into the business of noises by using the same ingenuity he does today in trapping new sounds. An organ tuner, he offered to tune the pianos of a small radio station gratis for a two-minute daily announcement plugging his services.

"I saw them trying to imitate thunder by rattling a sheet of tin and producing a forest fire with strawberry crates. That's when I began making sound effects."

Continually he is on the lookout for new sounds. When he noted a large excavation being dug on Grand Central Parkway on Long Island, he rushed his crew out to make a record of the trip hammers and steam shovel.

"Personally," says Valentino, "I like to work on spectacular things like avalanches and cannon shots. Just think, someday soon I may be able to offer the sounds of a jet plane take-off and a rocket bomb being launched, on a single record!"

Junior Jesters

THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD son of a radio comedian came home with his report card.

"Well, son," asked the radio star, "were you promoted?"

"Better than that, Pop," replied the boy happily. "I was held over for another 26 weeks." —*Empire Crown*

HERBERT WAS NOT MUCH different from other boys: arithmetic threw him for quite a loss.

"How much are six and two?" he asked the teacher one day.

"Six and two are eight," she told him. "And seven and one are eight, and five and three are eight, and four and four are eight . . ."

"Gee, teacher!" gasped Herbert, "is *everything* eight?"

—MAURICE COSLOW

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THE GRIM FACE OF PEACE

WHEN PEACE CAME in August, 1945, most Americans looked forward to a golden era of ease and prosperity. But now, after two and a half years, we find ourselves face to face with some of the most perplexing problems the world has ever known. It is time to look around and see where we are. To help the average citizen measure the troubled state of the world Coronet this month devotes its entire pictorial section to a stirring 40-page summary of the peace, told with some of the most provocative photographs taken since VJ-Day. Here you will see what the peace today means to you as an American.

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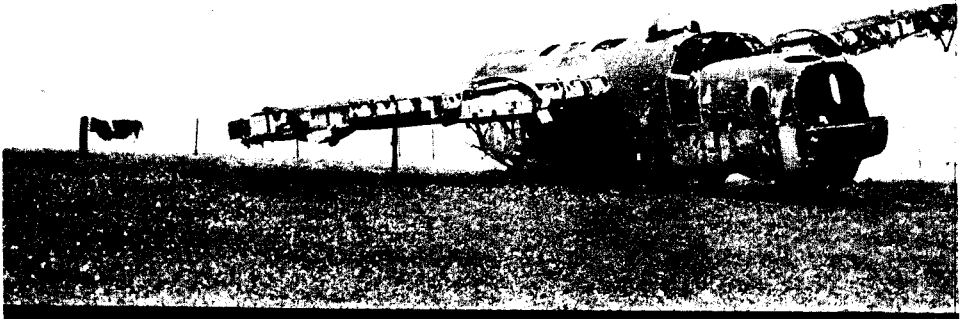
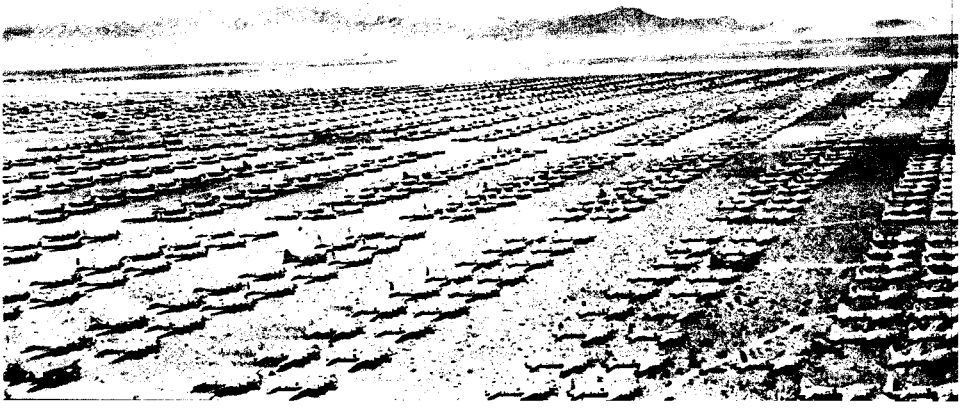


Today on the half-forgotten battlefields of Europe and Africa and out across the vast Pacific, broken monsters of war sit and rot . . .



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This was it! For if ever there was a land to come back to, it was the U.S.A. If ever people knew how to spend peace in a big way, we did. In 1946, we poured $8,000,000,000 into the biggest good time on record.

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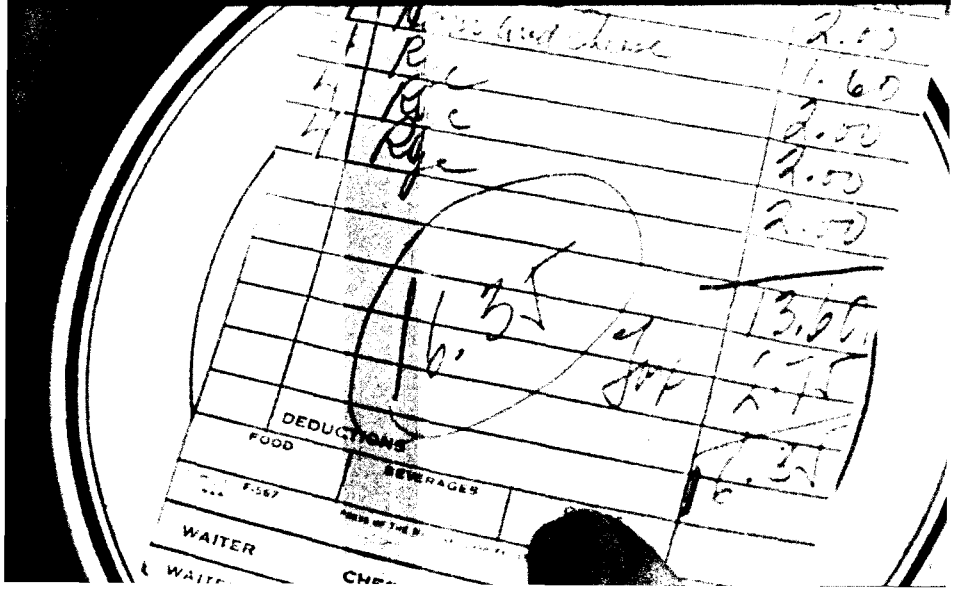
Joe was home for keeps, and the radio was full of ball games and disc jockeys, singing commercials and hit tunes. The sun was warm and there was no thunder over the seas.



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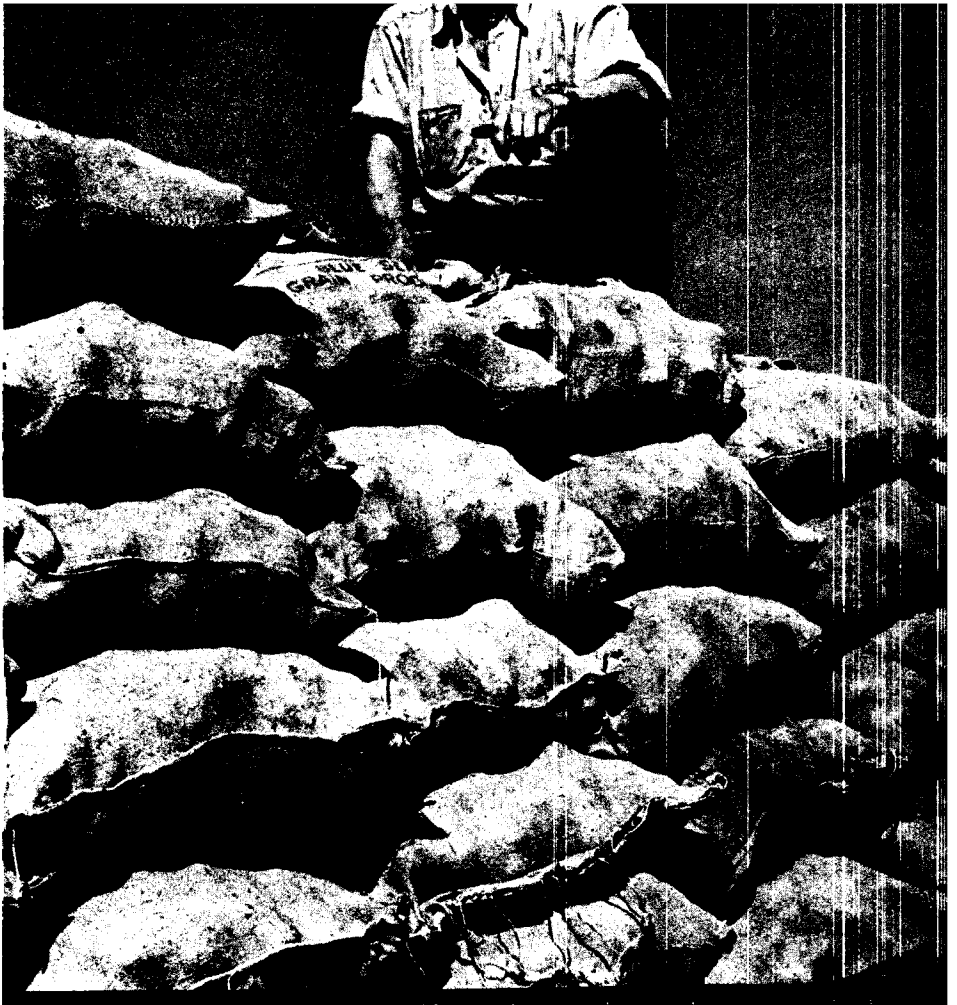

Yes, sir, in 1946, at the end of history's most devastating war, we had in our hands the fat of the land and a brand-new era filled to bursting with bright promise.

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Slowly, as the bitter smoke of battle cleared, the bombed-out thousands, the slave laborers, the refugees from hate, began their long journeys home, past the ghosts of farms and railroads, the shells of factories . . .

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Today, barely two and a half years after the defeat of the Axis, mu
Europe is still little more than a shell. In vanquished Germany, cr
roam the streets in search of food and clothing . . .

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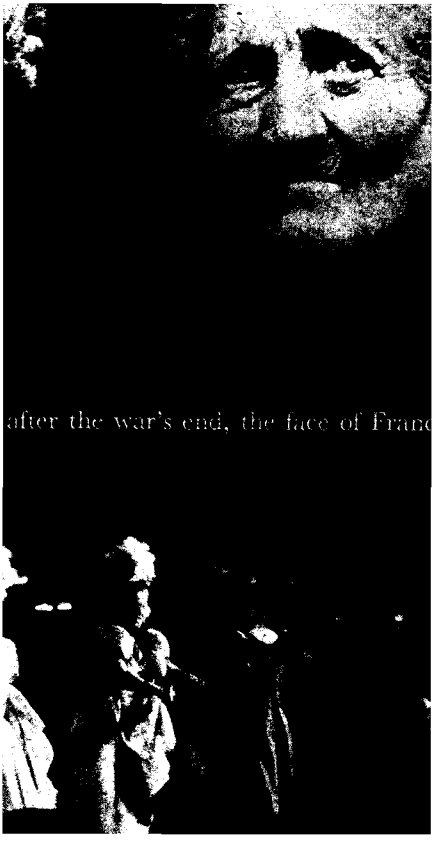

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Yet the peace has been darkened by more than hunger and waste. Ever since early 1946, when the city of Trieste was caught in the first post-war boundary dispute, many a nation has trembled with strife . . .

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. . . while recently in Asia, where British India has been split into the new Hindu India and Mosiem Pakistan, people once united are struggling with the problems of new-found independence.

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Yet for countless millions still trapped by hunger and torn by strife, there shines a ray of hope. Since January 10, 1946, the United Nations has been meeting regularly, in an effort to solve the ills of the world . . .

. . . despite struggle, friction and hot debate, the member nations, each in their own way, seem determined to find a real peace . . .

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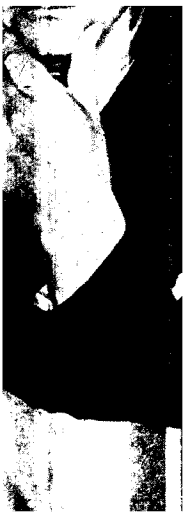

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Least scarred by the global war which ended in 1945, the U.S. under President Truman has made the most progress during the peace. Yet even here the problems of adjustment are great.

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In Congress, committees have been working to add up the price of war . . .

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Soon after the peace burst upon us, some insensitive leaders of industry and powerful labor leaders like John L. Lewis seized their chance to clash openly . . .

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. . . and though the great majority of labor difficulties in 1946 were settled peaceably, many plain, hard-working men and women were tossed, in open conflict, on a sea of strikes . . .

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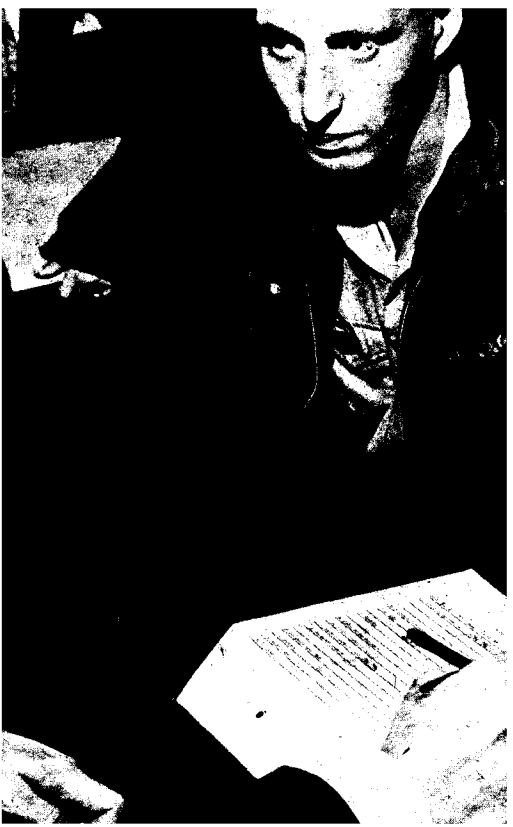

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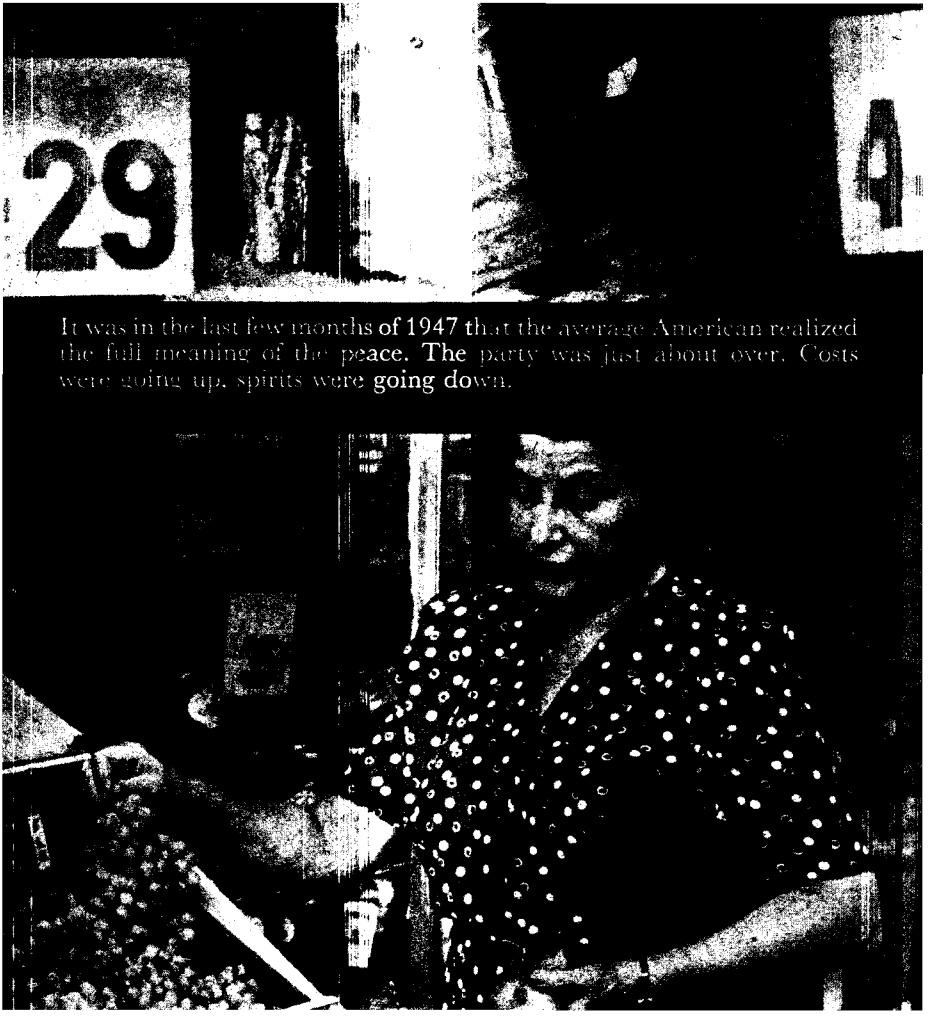

It was in the last few months of 1947 that the average American realized the full meaning of the peace. The party was just about over. Costs were going up, spirits were going down.

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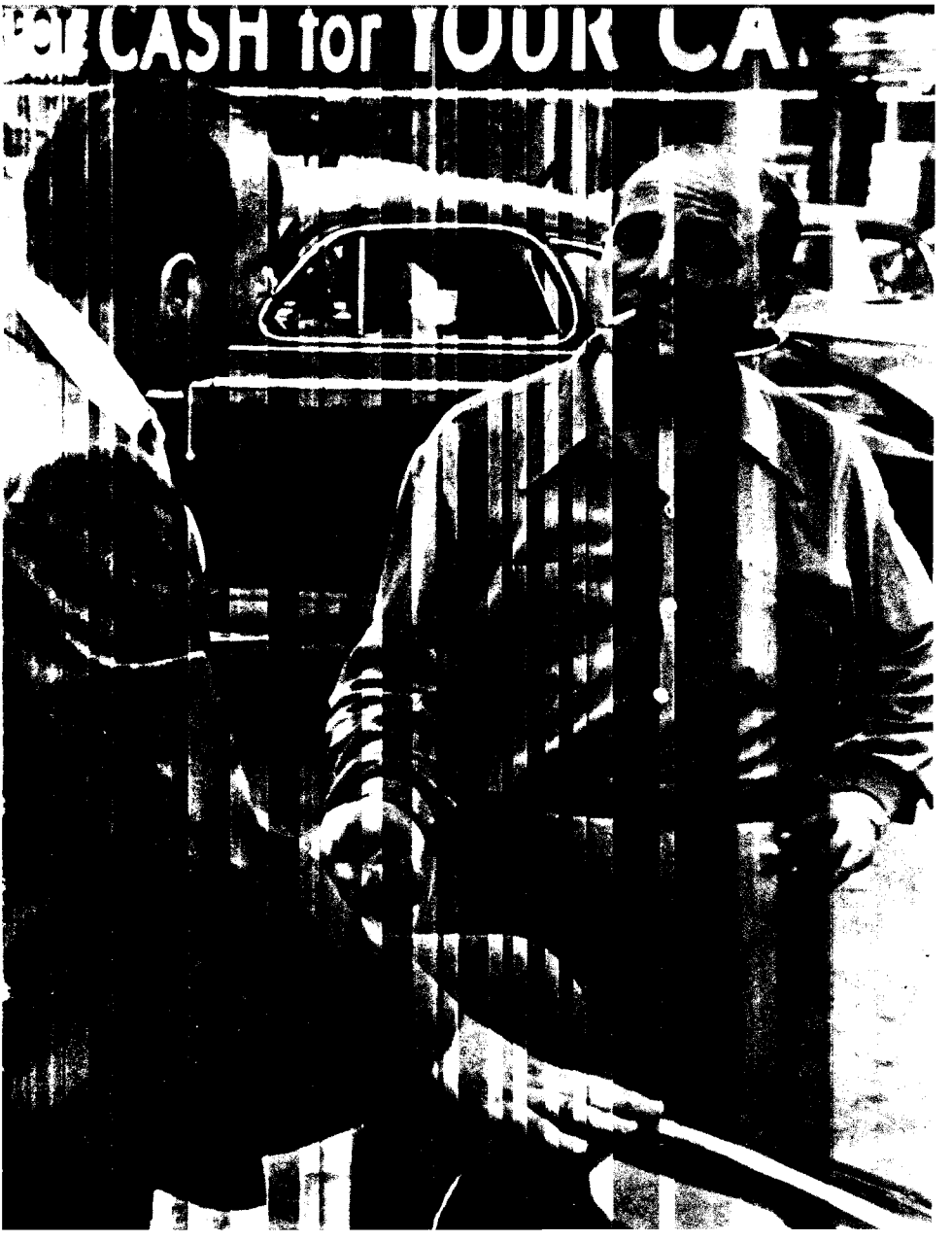

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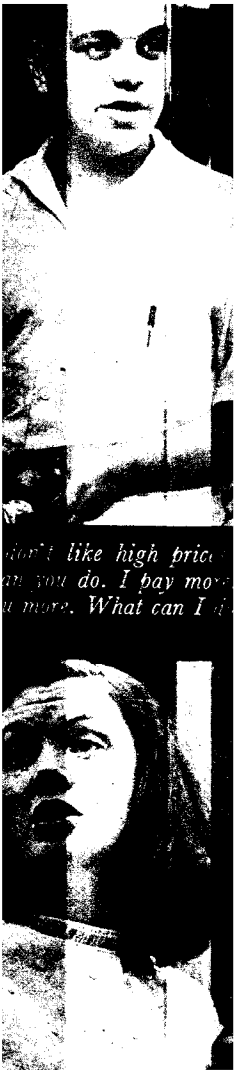

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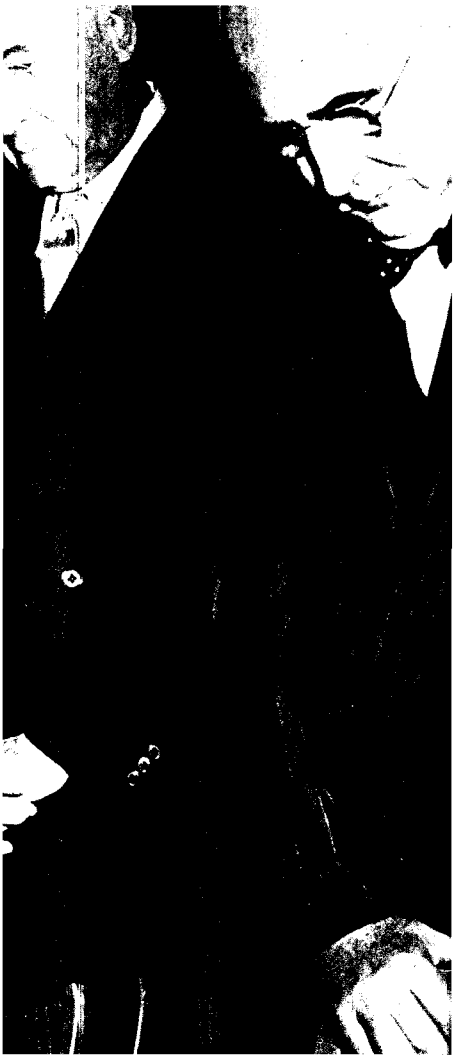

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Revolution in Glass

Science is finding countless new uses for an age-old product that has learned to bounce and "talk"

by MADELYN WOOD

"GO AHEAD—PUT YOUR hand on it. Don't be afraid."

The invitation didn't sound safe to me. A searing gas flame was fanning up beneath that sheet of curious-looking glass. The sheet was only two inches thick, not much protection against a flame of 1,800 degrees Fahrenheit.

Gingerly I put my hand down, fully prepared to jerk it away. But I kept it there. The thin sheet of glass fiberboard was barely warm!

This magic insulating board was just one of the unbelievable things I saw when I visited the laboratories of some of America's great glass centers. I found myself in a glittering wonderland where this common material stepped out of familiar roles to appear in a dizzying variety of forms and with a set of capabilities that violate all notions of what glass ought to be able to do.

I saw glass that could "talk," glass that could bounce, glass that I could cut with a saw and pound nails through, glass stronger than steel, lighter than aluminum. Before I was through, I realized that, in today's world, glass is going to take over many of the jobs previously performed by wood, metal and textiles.

Men have known about glass for a long time. The Egyptians knew how to make it long before the Pyramids were built. But useful as it has been through the centuries, no one really knew what glass could do until modern scientists went to work on it. As a result of their efforts, there is bound to be a lot more glass in your future.

I had heard enough about glass fabrics to put them high on my list of subjects to discuss with the laboratory scientists. What were these fabrics like, anyway? For answer I was given a piece of silky-soft material to examine.

"Came from this," the scientist said laconically as he handed me a dozen green glass marbles. Then he told me how it's done. They melt the marbles down and, at a tem-

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perature of 2,500 degrees F., the molten glass drips through small holes in a metal plate. From here they are whisked violently away by jets of air moving at a high velocity, hurled to a belt where they appear as tiny fibers of glass.

It had taken less than ten marbles to make the yard-square cloth I held in my hand!

There's a very good reason why they make the glass into marbles first. Manufacturers of glass fabrics must be sure that the glass fibers are strong, with no flaws or breaking points which will weaken the finished fabric. By forming the glass into marbles, any flaw can be detected easily and quickly.

Let an ordinary cloth curtain whip into a flame in your kitchen and whoosh!—you have a fire on your hands. This can't happen with fireproof glass fiber, which withstands temperatures up to 2,000 degrees. What's more, the new silky, gleaming fabrics are mildew-proof and waterproof.

That's a combination that makes them practical for awnings, which take a beating from the weather and from lighted cigarettes dropped on them from windows above.

To dispel my doubts about the strength of glass fibers, the scientists invited me to try a regular playground swing supported by a glass rope. I eased myself down, then let my whole weight rest on the seat. The strand didn't break, and I was told why. It was made up of more than 100,000 separate filaments, a single one of which has a tensile strength of 250,000 pounds per square inch.

Glass fiber is used for so many things that you will find it hard to escape during everyday living. You will sit in luxurious chairs with glass-fiber upholstery; you will rest your head on glass-fiber pillows; you will wear winter clothes lined with glass fiber Furniture, household fixtures and luggage will be fashioned from glass fiber—and perhaps even auto fenders that will spring back into shape after being smacked by somebody's bumper.

But why, you ask, must science work so hard to make glass take over jobs now being competently handled by other materials? I asked this same question of a glass scientist, and got a startling reply.

"Glass is made of silica," he said. "But let's not be fancy about it. Silica is sand. And you know how common sand is. That means it's cheap. Pound for pound, the raw materials for glass are cheaper than those for steel or most plastics."

So there is the answer to "Why glass?" Nature has blessed this earth with a substance more plentiful than any other; it is up to us to use it. Yet the revolution in glass has barely begun. The changes it will ultimately make in the lives of all of us are beyond imagination.

ALREADY THERE ARE more than 1,000 different kinds of glass, with more emerging from the laboratories every day. How does science create such variety? It's really quite simple, the technicians say. You mix silica, soda and lime —the basic stuff of glass. The trick hinges on what you decide to put into the solution next.

There is a choice of at least 80 substances, to be used in any proportion from a pinch to a barrel. For instance, one part in 100,000

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of cobalt will give the glass a bluish tint. Put in one part in 10,000, and the glass will have a purplish tint. Put in one part in 50,000 of gold salt, and the color is ruby red.

You can get dizzy trying to calculate the number of combinations possible. Look how many words we manage to create from an alphabet of 26 units. Now imagine how much more you could do if you had 80 units to juggle. Naturally, you will come up with a lot of useless formulas, but then you may hit on one that produces a totally new type of glass. No wonder science predicts that in the not-too-distant future we may have 10,000 different kinds of commercially usable glass.

Consider, for instance, those glass dishes and tumblers that I watched a chemist toss on the floor. They bounced, but didn't break. And plate glass has been toughened, too, which will eliminate the expense of broken windows for storekeepers.

In a playful mood, the scientists staged a startling demonstration to prove the strength of this new glass. They laid a sheet of it between two platforms and let an elephant stand on it. The glass sagged a trifle, but it didn't break.

In the old days, you couldn't take baby's bottle from the refrigerator and put it into boiling water without losing bottle, formula and all. Now, the laboratory men lay a sheet of this super-glass on ice. When it's good and cold, they pour on molten metal. The glass takes the change without even cracking!

Industry is already profiting from this miracle. Super-glass has been used for bearings in machinery after other materials had worn out. As piping in chemical factories, it has lasted for years where other types of pipes collapsed in 60 days. And as for glass springs, the scientists can show you one that has been flexed almost 500,000,000 times without apparent ill effects!

This super-tough glass has domestic uses, too, chiefly in new glass utensils that can stand considerable heat and in metal-coated glass panels to provide the radiant heat for your new home—or, for that matter, your old one.

Another commercial product of the laboratories is Foamglas, one of the world's lightest building and insulating substances. Whereas a cubic foot of ordinary glass weighs 156 pounds, a cubic foot of Foamglas weighs only ten, and contains 15,000,000 cells of gas. No wonder it's light! Cut into slabs, it is used to construct walls and ceilings which are proof against fire, dampness and termites.

Still another new type of glass improves the quality of your home movies and reduces the possibility of inflammable film catching fire. By blending phosphorus, aluminum and silicon oxides, the chemists have produced a glass that lets light through—75 to 80 per cent of it—and at the same time absorbs about 45 per cent of the heat.

When a piece of inflammable film jams in a projector with a lens made of ordinary glass, the film may burst into flame. Pass your hand in front of the lens and the intense heat tells you why. Now put film in a projector equipped with the new heat-absorbent glass. It remains cool and unaffected.

In Hollywood, perspiring stars are grateful because the new product eliminates the plaguing heat

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produced by powerful lights. You merely place screens of heat-absorbent glass in front of the lights; the light gets through, but very little of the heat does.

Throughout all their research, the scientists never forget the one basic use of glass — in the field of optics. Consider what a world this would be without optical glass. Your life span would be shorter, your health impaired, for medicine would still be in the dark ages without the microscope.

There would be no photographs, no motion pictures, no television, without the lenses that make these inventions possible. Our knowledge of the universe would be primitive without the telescopes that have enabled us to probe the vast reaches of space.

Yet despite all their achievements, the scientists keep right on working at the seemingly impossible job of making glass more transparent than it is. And they have succeeded so well that the spectacles or contact lenses you wear, the windshield of your car, the lens of your camera, and many other visual adjuncts have acquired new standards of visibility.

New kinds of glass are serving new medical purposes. Surgeons are experimenting with sutures made of glass fibers. They are strong, nonabsorbent and do not irritate tissues. Dentists have found, in similar experiments, that the same fibers solve the troublesome problem of filling nerve canals. The fiber goes into place easily, can be tightly packed.

Glass that talks? It sounds fantastic, but the researchers have developed it. The general idea is that you place two pieces of Polaroid in front of an electrified beam of light, revolving one of them while keeping the other stationary.

By revolving the Polaroid at different speeds, a musical note can be produced when amplified. This leads to the fascinating idea that a completely new kind of musical instrument may some day come from the glass laboratories. Meanwhile, talking glass has other potential applications, such as being used in a fog beacon to project both visible and audible messages.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to squeeze a handful of broken glass? I didn't like the idea either, but a scientist persuaded me to try it. I closed my hand gingerly — and nothing happened. The glass was rough to the touch, but there were no sharp edges, no cut fingers.

This miracle of glass chemistry was used for runway lights at army airports during the war. If the lights were broken, there were no jagged bits to puncture plane tires. The same glass is scheduled for use in certain types of windows, and in lots of other places where broken fragments spell danger.

In fact, there seems to be no limit to the ways our ingenious chemists are putting glass to work. For military men, they have produced a bullet-resistant uniform made of a glass-fiber plastic. For inhabitants of cold climates, they have turned up with a coat, lined with glass pile, that is guaranteed to keep you warm at 40 below zero. For the motorist, they have partially solved the problem of frosted windshields with a special coating for glass that makes it a conductor of electricity. A

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small amount of current defrosts the whole windshield.

For the shopper they have produced those glass-fiber-lined refrigerator bags that protect frozen foods and ice cream on the trip home. For your sleeping comfort, they have created tiny glass fibers to make fireproof stuffing for pillows. For medical men, they have perfected such valuable aids as glass surgical cloth that won't stick to incisions like ordinary gauze.

For the home owner, they have an answer to noise problems in the form of glass fibers that go into paint to make it a sound deadener. They even have a special kind of glass fertilizer which contains boron, an important plant food. The idea may be worth a great deal to agriculture, because glass fertilizer dissolves slowly over a period of years, imparting boron, a necessary chemical, to the soil during each growing season.

In the light of these exciting new developments, it is no wonder that laboratory scientists are optimistic about the future of glass—a future that promises greater comfort and convenience for all of us.

Want more information about this subject? Write to the Coronet Shopper, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York, and enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

So Much Beauty!

I SOMETIMES THINK that in the mad race toward our misconceived Utopia we overlook many of the simple little beauties and blessings of life. We are so busy chasing rainbows of material gain that we haven't time to appreciate the sunlight of spiritual possessions.

Did you ever stop to watch children at play and wish again that *you* might know that happy abandon which doesn't even dream of the problems ahead?

Do you ever halt in wonderment at the sight of some beautiful garden, or come up short in front of a florist's window and pay starry-eyed tribute to the riot of color and sweetness?

Does a lump ever come into your throat when some helplessly crippled fellow-being shambles by, and do you silently give thanks that you are not so inescapably burdened?

If you have known none of these attitudes—brother, you aren't living; you're just skidding through. There is so much beauty in the world that we should be ashamed of ourselves for ever noticing occasional ugliness.

Thomas A. Edison once said that we don't know one millionth part of one per cent about anything. Then it's up to us to learn—by opening our minds in the direction of better things; by letting our souls drink deep of life's almost awesome possibilities; by reaching out for stars with fingers that have known only mire.

Happiness isn't in getting. It is in appreciating and working toward.

—JEROME P. FLEISHMAN

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GRAND HOTEL FOR *King Chinchilla*

by JAMES F. SCHEER

ONE OF LOS ANGELES' leading furriers recently called Chapman's Chinchilla Farm at near-by Inglewood, the ranch which has the world's largest stock of chinchillas—2,200 of them, valued at about $1,000,000.

"I need 125 top-quality pelts for a coat," the furrier said. "How soon can I get them?"

"Sorry, but I can't help you," replied Manager Luther Helleson. "We've sold our year's quota."

"If you aren't selling fur," the irate dealer snapped, "why are you still in business?"

A proper question, the answer to which is given to similar requests by phone, wire and letter from furriers in New York, London, Paris and even Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, where some of the wild chinchillas have been found.

Lanky, bronzed Helleson, a plain-speaking ex-Texan, says the policy of turning down sales is not at all irrational. "We have 2,200 animals or, broken down into terms of wearables, about 18 full-length fur coats on the hoof," explains this custodian of rodent royalty. "We're looking into the future—to 1955—when the industry will have about 500,000 animals. Only then can we pelt them in any number."

The Chapman plan of taking a limited quota of furs yearly—mainly from old and weak animals—is the general pattern followed by the other 313 smaller ranches in the U.S. and Canada. And there are two prime reasons for the glaring scarcity which permits only 25 genuine chinchilla coats (value,

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$25,000 each) to exist in the world.

First, the wild Andes variety of the sprightly little animal, once abundant, is now hardly more than a legend. Second, North American fur farmers, who have the globe's principal stock, quite naturally refuse to kill a pair of breeders today when tomorrow the same pair could run up a family well into the multiplication tables.

In the minds of the world's chinchilla raisers, the name Chapman is penciled indelibly. This is less a tribute to young Reginald Chapman, the farm's present owner, than to his father, the late M. F. Chapman, a burly Anaconda Copper engineer who patiently worked the miracle of transplanting the precious animals from South America's snowy Andes to sun-bathed California.

On the Chapman Chinchilla Farm in California, everything is arranged for the comfort and well-being of the tiny, precious animals that were threatened with extinction until a daring American brought 11 from the snowy Andes to found a million-dollar business.

He not only saved the chinchilla from extinction; he pioneered a new venture in North American commerce. For with few exceptions, chinchillas on every U.S. ranch are relatives of the original 11 downy-furred animals that Chapman brought to San Pedro in February, 1923.

One day in 1919, while Chapman was in the Andes developing claims for Anaconda, a native brought him a tiny, soft-furred creature. "*Chincha,*" said the native proudly. "I catch him for you."

It was a case of love at sight—for animal and man. Chapman quizzed native workers, who told him that the cunning little creature was named for the Chincha Indians whom invading Spaniards in 1524 first observed using the fur.

For the next four centuries, a vast spiraling industry was built around the pelts, but by 1918, the Peruvian, Chilean and Bolivian governments stopped exports to save the chinchilla from the dodo's fate. Then came the royal rodent's savior—Chapman.

"I like this little fellow," the engineer confided to his associates as he stroked the new pet. "I'll take him and others back to California and raise fur coats."

"That's madness," said one. "In the first place, you won't catch enough of them. If by accident you do, you'll never condition them to the climate of California."

While the know-it-alls peppered Chapman with sarcasm, he refused to abandon his dream. After three trying years, he had 11 fine chinchillas, suitable for breeding stock. Then he built rude wooden cages and iced them to keep the temperature constant as the carriers, sure-footed burros, inched down slippery mountain trails.

Rather than risk losing his prize cargo by moving to warmer levels too rapidly, Chapman said: "We'll descend 1,000 to 2,000 feet each month so that the little fellows can adjust to the change."

Within a year, the party reached sea level in Chile, all 11 of the chinchillas still alive. Aboard ship, the

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creatures were kept in a hold packed with ice and ventilated day and night by electric fans. At the month's end, Chapman welcomed the sight of San Pedro harbor.

However, after his seven males and four females settled in Inglewood, one problem blossomed into another. It was March, and nature had provided the chinchillas with a thick coat in preparation for the frigid Andes winter. In California's hot May and June, the creatures suffered to the verge of heat prostration, and their appetite disappeared. Chapman offered tempting tidbits—bean sprouts, alfalfa, hay, walnuts—all suited to their strictly vegetarian diet. How they lived until fall is a mystery, as well as a testimony to the rodents' durability.

Then, to Chapman's dismay, the chinchillas began to molt and the naked creatures huddled together, shivering. He rushed in blankets, heaters and hot-water bags. Finally, in November, a slight fuzz began obscuring the animals' nudity. Suddenly they started eating, and the long-repressed sex urge expressed itself. With the fall of 1923 came tiny new members to the chinchilla colony.

Thus began Chapman's Chinchilla Farm, a million-dollar industry on two fertile acres near bustling Inglewood. In the red-tiled main building are the offices of Manager Helleson, his two feminine office assistants and two guides, who escort visitors on free inspection tours.

The guests see rows of screened hotels for royal rodents—a suite for every pair of silky, gray-white animals with shoe-button eyes. By connecting runways, King Chinchilla scampers from his main suite to an anteroom or nest box, which hinges at the top so that caretakers can remove him easily.

The chinchilla has no use for water, other than drinking. So a nippled pipe runs through each apartment. When the animal becomes thirsty, he stands on hind legs, presses his teeth against the nipple and drinks.

A six-inch-wide metal wheel is the chinchilla's exercise treadmill. "Chinchillas are sleepy during the daytime when their vision is limited," Helleson explains. "But at night they speed around the exercise wheel, chasing one another and scuffling playfully."

ONCE ADAPTED TO AMERICAN climate, the chinchillas became sturdy citizens. Fleas, lice or mange are unheard of with them. They get a daily bath, nevertheless, at Chapman's, in pans half-filled with white sand and unscented talc. They roll over and over in the mixture until immaculate.

The chinchilla's family life parallels that of a human being. He courts his mate, wins her, or is rejected. Once accepted, he settles down to a monogamous life. In a year's time a pair will usually produce its first brood—a litter of one to four, an average of two.

"A large litter is something we don't want," says Manager Helleson. "In fact, we try to control the brood-bearing, through diet, to a maximum of two litters a year so that parent chinchillas will live out their regular life span—six to seven years.

"The tiny whelps—about as long as your thumb—are born with eyes open and bodies covered with

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downlike fur. In an hour's time they are snooping around the nest. All the while, the father paces up and down, concerned with his brood and the little woman."

As visitors to the ranch are informed, you too can raise chinchillas on little more than a shoestring. For $1,200—$400 down and the rest in easy payments—you can cultivate the softest and most expensive fur coats in the world.

A pair of chinchillas eats from three to four ounces of food daily, and even at today's inflated prices a year's bills would add up to only $2 or $3 per animal. A gold-seal guarantee goes with each pair, along with a pedigree registered by the National Chinchilla Breeders of America. If the pair does not litter within eight months, another pair, which has just given birth, is substituted, along with its litter.

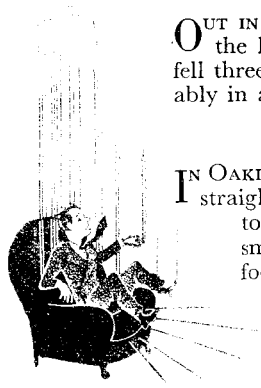
"Within five years, one pair of chinchillas will run up to 30 or 32 pairs," says Helleson.

Reginald Chapman now lives at California's Big Bear Lake where, in addition to his 2,200 Inglewood animals, he has a herd of 600 chinchillas in cooler, higher altitude. Periodically, animals from the lowland and upland stock are compared, but thus far differences are negligible.

Owners of mink and fox farms charge that chinchilla pelts are perishable, unable to stand hard wear, and too lightweight. But chinchilla breeders hit back with the fact that most of the 25 genuine chinchilla coats owned by celebrities were made years ago and are still scintillating enough to be worn on state occasions.

Yet no matter how the inter-industry argument runs, one thing is certain. As long as chinchilla fur remains the most handsome and the hardest to get, there will always be ladies who have $25,000 to spend for the greatest luxury in the world of fashion.

Freak Squeaks



OUT IN SEATTLE, Washington, James Hearn took the least inconvenient tumble of the year. He fell three floors down an air shaft to land comfortably in an easy chair.

IN OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, a man saw a car coming straight at him. He jerked his steering wheel, only to sideswipe another auto which sent him smashing through a guard rail down a 200-foot embankment to end his disastrous journey with himself and his car up a tree. Unscathed, he clambered out to view the wreckage. He was knocked cold by a falling rock.

—GRACE POSTON

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PONZI'S Fabulous Jackpot

Here is the amazing true story of a get-rich-quick artist who defrauded thousands and raked in $20,000,000 in eight months

by DEAN JENNINGS

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY today there is a plump, graying little man with pale hands and soft brown eyes. Idle most of his waking hours, he spends his time sipping strong coffee or cheap wine and chatting sadly of his long-ago years in America. He is a lonely man, living and dying with his dreams.

But little Charles Ponzi is an immortal, in his own way. He was never a citizen of this country, yet he discovered the weakness of the average American. International finance baffled him, yet he humbled the keenest banking minds of the age. He never earned more than $16 a week, yet in eight dazzling months he raked in $20,000,000. He was not fluent in the English language, yet he gave it a new and imperishable word, synonymous with greed, fraud and heartache.

The Ponzi get-rich-quick legend has a renaissance whenever the nation's purses are full of spendable dollars, as they are now. The financial world said it could not happen the first time, but it did. And though there may never be another

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such scheming Midas, it could happen again to those trusting souls who believe there is gold at the end of the rainbow.

Twenty-eight years ago, on a miserable December morning still remembered with a pang by thousands of families, Charles Ponzi opened a modest investment office on Boston's School Street. Ironically, he called it the Securities Exchange Company—SEC for short.

Unknown and unheralded, Ponzi was then a dapper mite of a man with the glib tongue of a race-track tout. No one bothered to investigate his background or his financial standing, for Charles Ponzi was offering 40 per cent interest on funds invested with him, payable in cash in 90 days. Furthermore, as his first customers discovered, he was actually paying off. Inevitably these delirious pioneers talked about their lucky strike, and soon Charles Ponzi was no longer obscure.

The trickle of gossip swelled to a bounding stream that leaped through Boston, on into the suburbs and finally splashed all New England. Ponzi was the new Messiah of Money and to his headquarters marched an ever-growing army burning with the zeal of something-for-nothing.

Traditional New England caution vanished. Housewives and cops, bartenders and clerks, women with furs, women with shawls, fools and scholars lined up in the street for the chance to press crumpled bills into his hands. Soon Ponzi was collecting $2,000 a day, then $10,000, then $200,000.

Incredibly, official Boston chose to ignore the phenomenon. There were no outcries from bankers: newspapers passed up the story. Only Ponzi talked, confessing that his formula for sudden wealth involved nothing more than smart trading in international postal coupons. These coupons, used in lieu of cash for small transactions, could be bought in one country and redeemed for stamps in another.

Ponzi claimed that fluctuations of exchange made it possible for him to buy the coupons for one cent in Spain, for example, and redeem them for five cents in the United States. He made it look absurdly simple, and it was obviously quite legal.

NOW THERE WAS a new high tide of money, and Ponzi brashly announced he would raise the interest to 50 per cent and cash the notes in 45 days. He hired half a dozen clerks, bought himself a green sports jacket, white flannels and a cane. In Washington, meanwhile, postal authorities quietly began X-raying Ponzi's past.

They found he had arrived in America in 1899 at the age of 17, an immigrant from Parma, Italy. He landed with $2.50 because, significantly, he had lost the rest of his money gambling aboard ship. He had floated from one job to another—dishwasher, grocery clerk, sign painter, and only recently had been employed as a clerk, at $16 a week, by a Boston brokerage house. Plainly, Ponzi was no financial mastermind, and he himself was first to proclaim that his colossal idea was sheer accident.

"The truth is," Ponzi said airily, "the bankers are shocked that I can do all this so easily. They remind me of the rube who saw a

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giraffe for the first time and said, 'There ain't no such animal.' I'm just trying to create an institution where the depositor gets a fair deal that he's not getting in the banks."

The government answered with a new law preventing anyone from cashing more than ten postal coupons a day. Thus stripped of his talisman, the Boston wizard would seemingly have to quit.

But on School Street the feet of the mob beat a thunderous echo. Coupons or not, Ponzi was now taking any amount from $50 to $50,000 and offering 100 per cent interest to those who held their notes 180 days.

In June, the golden river was sweeping $500,000 daily through his office, and Ponzi hired a butcher boy as manager at $1,000 a day.

The master himself wore velvet-collared coats and drove to the office in a $12,000 custom-built Locomobile. Police begged him not to park the gaudy machine too near the office because the crowds rioted whenever Ponzi appeared.

Women flung themselves at Ponzi's feet, clawing each other. Men fought their way to the counters, bellowing for someone to take their money, and blood was spilled in the crush. Hundreds of families withdrew their lifetime savings from banks and scuttled to Ponzi's office.

PONZI WAS SOON compelled to open branch offices. They flowered like weeds in Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Maine. There were no complaints, no doubts, and even those who were paid on schedule thrust their money back into the pool. In Boston, Ponzi rented an additional office around the corner, where red-eyed clerks floundered in the rain of cash. Still the law was silent, and the press closed its eyes.

Evidently piqued at this indifference, Ponzi engaged a responsible Boston press agent named William McMasters, and gave out his first newspaper interview, a simple if somewhat cocky reaffirmation of his principles. After the paper hit the streets, a new horde of investors converged on Ponzi's office. By nightfall, when battered police slunk homeward and Ponzi's clerks wept under the strain, the people had left behind—in one day—the staggering sum of $2,000,000!

McMasters was appalled at his handiwork. He had seen paper money blowing across the counters like green snow, money dumped into wastebaskets, stuffed into drawers, or just swept into the nearest corner. There were no adding machines, no ledgers, and the only record of this gigantic dawn-to-dusk transaction consisted of a card file, hopelessly muddled.

Shaken with distrust, McMasters decided to keep a sharp eye on Ponzi's moves. But Ponzi was now beyond subtleties. He swallowed up the brokerage company where he once worked, and bought controlling interest in a large Boston bank, the Hanover Trust Company. He purchased a $40,000 home in historic Lexington and babbled of his plans for changing the world. He said he was acquiring a steamship line and a string of theaters, and would share his profits with the common man. Also, he hired bodyguards and began carrying a gun.

The first disquieting echo rippled through the Ponzi empire when

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C. W. Barron, the financial expert, launched an editorial attack with the cry: "Why not stop the farce now?" Ponzi filed a $5,000,000 libel suit, snorting: "I've forgotten more about international finance than Barron ever knew."

McMasters, growing more uneasy, urged his bragging client to visit District Attorney Pelletier and submit to questioning. Ponzi chuckled at the audacity of the idea, took along a certified check for $1,000,000 and told Pelletier he could write 12 more just like it. Instead of cracking down, the district attorney shadow-boxed, politely suggesting that Ponzi slow down until someone could audit his books. Ponzi affably agreed.

Two days later, U. S. Attorney Daniel Gallagher announced his men would also audit the books, adding that there was no evidence of criminal operation. And in Lexington, Mrs. Rose Ponzi, the wizard's pretty young wife, casually discussed their servants and their new car and said, "You can't resist him. That's how he got me."

On August 2, McMasters had had enough. In a bitter exposé in the Boston *Post*, the erstwhile press agent denounced Ponzi as a titanic fraud. Ponzi's supposedly canny manipulation of postal coupons was pure fiction, he said, and the only money he had was what he was getting from new investors.

McMasters' dynamite set up a mighty tidal wave, and presently the crest broke at Ponzi's feet. Unperturbed, he was waiting with bales of money to redeem his notes. "I have only one word for the public," he said. "It can come and get its money."

The public came in panic, and Ponzi's strong-arm squad had to slap them into line. In six days, while the world looked on in awe, Ponzi served free hot dogs and coffee in the streets, and paid out close to $4,000,000.

"What's your greatest worry, Charlie?" a reporter asked.

Ponzi grinned. "I'm afraid my clerks will get writer's cramp."

The fantastic run ended on the eighth day, and Ponzi wearily blamed the bankers who plotted his ruin because he was "a friend of the people."

Ready to resume business, Ponzi addressed a crowd outside his office. "How I make money nobody knows but Charlie Ponzi. I'm not going to run away." He even led a friend to a hidden closet in his office and showed a suitcase stuffed with $1,000 bills as evidence that he would never run out of cash.

But to himself he was whistling in the dark. The fatal blow was administered on August 11. The Hanover Trust Company was closed by the state, and Ponzi was revealed as an ex-convict who had served two terms for forgery and smuggling. Staring down at the exposed clay in his well-shod feet, the diminutive scoundrel sobbed that he wasn't the only prominent citizen with a jail record.

Two days later Ponzi was arrested, and a federal auditor estimated that his liabilities were $8,000,000 or more.

The sound of jail doors clanging shut on Charles Ponzi touched off a grim finale. Thousands of hysterical men and women milled around state and federal offices, waving worthless notes. The city

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throbbed with cries of "Kill Ponzi!" and "We want our money!" And there was little balm in a statement from Chief Postal Inspector Hal Moseby, who said:

"I can't understand why people fell for Ponzi. We warned hundreds against him, yet he dazzled them out of their money. It's the most tremendous fraud I've ever seen."

And so it was. No less than 50,000 investors had bought Ponzi notes; a third of them closed out savings accounts in other banks to obtain the funds they entrusted to the get-rich-quick artist.

TO THIS DAY NO ONE really knows how much Ponzi collected, but it was probably not less than $20,000,000. Ponzi's filing system was so chaotic that auditors were unable to collect from those fortunate investors who kept their profits and remained silent after the crash. Even members of Ponzi's family were wiped out. Millions of dollars had vanished, and thousands of once-thrifty families were ruined.

In the showdown the crestfallen Ponzi reflected a galling ignorance. He couldn't recall the names of his various agents, didn't know who was authorized to sign checks, was unfamiliar with his own accounts, and admitted the business was actually run by an 18-year-old girl in his office. Consequently, investigators never did find the end of the labyrinth, and losses averaged 65 cents on the dollar.

Despite the black record, many Bostonians hopefully clung to their certificates, and the first day Ponzi came to court the mails brought $5,500 from die-hard followers who thought he might somehow beat the law. But their hopes died when he was convicted in September, 1920, on the federal mail-fraud charge and given a five-year sentence.

Ponzi's legal maneuvering kept him out of custody for more than a year, during which time he was tried on state charges and, to the people's consternation, acquitted. Following this fiasco, blamed on poor preparation by the state, Ponzi was finally clapped into federal prison and remained there until August, 1924.

Ponzi had hoped that time would soften people's hearts, but he was grabbed by detectives as he stepped from prison, and after three trials was convicted on a new series of state indictments. Unbelievably, the now-seedy promoter was allowed bail on an appeal, and he fled to Florida. There, under the name of Charles Borelli, the brazen little man tried to recoup in fake real-estate deals.

Recognized, he slipped past police and got aboard a freighter headed for Italy. The ship put in at Houston and there Ponzi was exposed by a radio operator to whom he had boasted that he was the one and only Ponzi.

He was brought back to Massachusetts in February, 1927, and hustled off to Charlestown State Prison, where he served every day of his seven-year sentence. When he came back to Boston in 1934, angry creditors with long memories swarmed around him at the station. Next day he was picked up by government agents on a deportation warrant, and the law now snuffed out the last flickering light of his unlucky star.

During his long years in Italy,

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Ponzi has occasionally made news. He used to talk with newspapermen about his dreams of new financial schemes. Once he was run down by a truck in Rome, another time he threatened to tell "the real dirt" about his fallen kingdom in a book which he planned to call *Boston Merry-Go-Round*. Finally, in 1936, Rose Ponzi obtained a divorce and, impoverished by years of struggle, went back to work in Boston under her maiden name.

"I'm going to hell," said Ponzi when he heard the news. "But some day I'll make a surprise visit to the United States."

Another 11 years have passed since then, but Charles Ponzi has never come back. Once, during that time, he said he was too busy with other plans. This time he was involved in an even bigger deal, a sure thing. He was betting everything on one man, a man whose name was Mussolini.

Security is Not for Sale

FOR SOME YEARS, we had been looking for an ideal desert spot on which to build our hacienda. A recent trip took us through one of the most beautiful sections of Arizona, in the hills northeast of Phoenix. As we came to a turn in the winding desert road, a breathtaking view unfolded before us. We could look out across hundreds of square miles of flat, emerald-green irrigated fields ringed on the southwest and west by the Sierra Estrella and White Tank mountains. We followed a side drive through the mesquite and cacti to a neat cottage back off the road.

A leathery-brown, smiling man gave us a hearty welcome, and we asked about his desert ranch. He told us he had 640 acres and had lived there for a quarter of a century. It was all desert except for the bit of oasis around his cottage. When we asked if he would consider selling a few acres for a homesite, he shook his head. "A fellow offered me $100,000 cash for the ranch the other day and I just laughed at him," he said. We wondered if the rancher was crazy; the land was worth no more than a dollar an acre.

"I told him this is my social security," he went on. "As long as I keep it, I have security. If I sell it, I have the money but no security. Money is no good if you don't have security."

While we were still trying to figure that one out, his eyes swept out across the valley to the setting sun. Great splashes of color streaked the sky.

"Just look at that sunset," he said in a reverent voice, and we knew then what he meant.

—LAWRENCE ANDREWS

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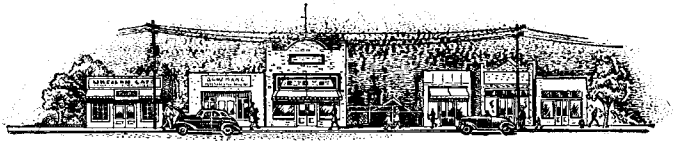
Strange Case of the HAPPY TOWN



Community teamwork and a genuine good-neighbor policy have made Yorba Linda a California Utopia

by KEITH MONROE

NO ONE HAS SATISFACTORILY explained the town of Yorba Linda, California—not even lifelong residents. For how can anyone explain a community where a church owns a liquor license, where there is no jail or policeman, where even children attend Chamber of Commerce meetings?

"All the big Los Angeles bankers tried to figure out why Yorba Linda was so peaceful and prosperous," says realtor Slim Worsham, who has lived there for many years. "Seemed like they thought we were contrary to economic law. Nobody gets rich here, but not a soul has ever needed charity."

Olaf Martin, who recently bought the town restaurant, knows why he moved to Yorba Linda: "The wife and I first saw this town when we attended a dance. Folks were the friendliest we'd ever met anywhere. Right then, we decided to settle here."

Ralph Phillips, a come-lately rancher, got the same impression on his first visit. "I've lived in lots of places, but I never saw any town with less snobbery or more neighborliness," he says.

At Los Angeles headquarters of the Bank of America, Yorba Linda has been discussed in the same manner parents discuss their favorite child. Brad Lane, comptroller, beams as he says: "If ever I saw a town haul itself up by its bootstraps, Yorba Linda is it. Somehow that little bunch of farmers, by main strength and earnestness, manage to ram through civic projects that would be too big for towns ten times the size."

Since its earliest days, the village has been used to winning against odds. It began as a subdivision 30 miles from Los Angeles, tucked away among warm hills in a citrus valley. Realtors promised that water, electricity, and roads would come soon, so the newcomers settled down trustingly and began planting orange trees.

Months passed before county supervisor Bill Shoemaker finally trudged into town. "The county has

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$300 for new roads," he told the Yorba Linda men. "I might be able to allocate $100 to you, if you'll match the sum."

Art Pickering, a lively little rancher, spoke up. "We'll do better," he said. "We'll pledge our own labor to build the road, if you'll give us materials and help."

Shoemaker, touched by the man's earnestness, certified a longer road than he had intended. Thirty men pledged to build it, and 29 did. The county was so startled and delighted that it spent $1,500 on roads to the town, instead of the $100 contemplated.

"Every dollar you give that gang goes five times as far as in any other town," Shoemaker explained.

That was in 1911. Then Clifford N. Jones, a white-haired Quaker minister, wanted to build a church, and townsfolk hastened to donate labor and materials, though only a minority were Quakers. Later a Methodist church was also erected by unanimous effort, and today the two houses of worship are ample for most of the 500 families who live in and around Yorba Linda.

The town holds to the old-time Sabbath. Not a shop or eating place opens on Sunday, except the drugstore. Likewise the inhabitants take a stern stand on pool playing.

Once, when a poolroom established itself in town, a committee headed by the Rev. Mr. Jones urged the proprietor to convert to some other enterprise. He refused. That evening the committee returned.

"We're fixing to move thy furniture out," Jones announced politely, rolling up his sleeves. "Would thee prefer to move with it, or wait till we move thee?" The proprietor promptly left town under his own power.

Some years later, when Jones died, he was succeeded by Elden Newkirk, another Quaker minister. Soon after Newkirk's arrival, a stranger opened a bar before townspeople realized what was happening. At the minister's suggestion, a group hurried to the State Board of Equalization, which said the newcomer was legally entitled to sell liquor. Thereupon Newkirk and the committee visited the bar.

"Thee won't find business good in this town, because nobody drinks," Newkirk told the owner. "If thee move out now, we'll buy the liquor license, so thee won't take a loss."

The tavern keeper, already dismayed by lack of customers, agreed. The town chipped in and bought his license, which they transferred to the Quaker church. Thus, presumably, Newkirk became pastor of the only church in America which owns a liquor monopoly.

YORBA LINDA HAS NEVER needed a policeman; the only crimes have been a few car thefts. During the war, the black market never got a local foothold: the town was too busy pouring money and effort into every sort of patriotic drive.

Perhaps the neighborly spirit of cooperation explains the absence of "charity cases." Once, when fire destroyed a man's home, he faced ruin because of lack of insurance. But townspeople passed the hat and built him an even better house.

Yorba Lindans believe in sharing their wealth. When the women decided they should have a clubhouse, businessmen chivalrously said: "Let the ladies take over our stores for a

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day and keep whatever they make."

Joyously the women began making plans. Soon the shopkeepers noticed that money was only trickling into their stores—everybody was saving up to buy on Ladies' Day. When the day dawned, women moved in like happy locusts. Sales were the heaviest in history, and the clubhouse was a certainty.

Although Yorba Lindans spend generously they watch each dollar of public expenditure. Any town disbursement is debated at monthly Chamber of Commerce meetings—which are in startling contrast to similar gatherings elsewhere.

"Everybody goes to Chamber meetings in Yorba Linda," says Hal Lucas, former Bank of America branch manager. "And I mean everybody—men, women, children! They thrash out every issue, from appointing a volunteer fireman to campaigning for a factory. Debates get mighty angry—but there are no hard feelings afterward."

BY PULLING TOGETHER, Yorba Lindans have produced many good things. They decided they wanted a public library, so they donated old books, persuaded larger towns to contribute discarded volumes, chipped in to hire a librarian and got the project started. They needed a bridge across a dangerous railroad crossing; they took off their coats and built one. They thought their town looked bare; they planted trees on every street.

The Rotary Club lacked help to wait on luncheon tables; members set their own tables and cleared them afterward. Citrus farmers struck snags in packing and selling fruit; they built a communal packing house, then pooled their crops for marketing.

Not long ago, merchants on Yorba Linda's block-long business street grew uneasy at the number of residents who drove to other towns to shop. "People go out of town to make bank deposits, so they shop on the same trip," they reasoned. "We better get us a bank."

At a Chamber meeting, the whole town approved, so a committee headed by W. H. Barton went to Los Angeles to ask the Bank of America to open a branch.

Brad Lane, who received the delegation, was friendly but frank.

"We'd need a permit from the U. S. Comptroller of Currency," he explained. "But first, the government must be convinced that the community really needs a bank. Now, there are ten banks within ten miles of Yorba Linda, and—"

"But we need that bank and no mistake," Barton interrupted pleasantly. "If we're going to grow, we've got to keep our shoppers at home."

The argument went on for eight months. Yorba Linda delegations went to Los Angeles again and again. Gradually the bankers realized they were confronted by men of unusual determination.

"Sometimes we base decisions on character instead of statistics," Lane explains. "We came to feel that if Yorba Lindans promised to make a branch a success, they would."

Nevertheless, Yorba Linda's application gathered dust in Washington. So the militant townspeople peppered their congressman, senators and the Comptroller of Currency with letters, telegrams, phone calls and personal visits. Soon the application was pried from a pi-

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geonhole, and a dormant charter which had been given to the Bank of America for another town was transferred to Yorba Linda.

Since then, Bank of America men in Los Angeles have watched the town with fascination. One day an Eastern furniture manufacturer asked the bank's help in finding a location for an assembly plant. Promptly they escorted him to Yorba Linda—and now a $400,000 building is under construction. It will neither smoke nor smell, and the 200 employees are to be drawn exclusively from the community.

But the good people of Yorba Linda still refuse to relax. Now they are talking of better school equipment and higher pay for teachers. They want a civic theater, a swimming pool, a bigger park. No doubt they will get them, too, for the town that has already pulled itself up a long way by its bootstraps never intends to quit pulling.

Reporting the News

A MIDWESTERN NEWSPAPER heads the list of births, marriages and deaths briefly as: Hatched, Matched, Detached.

—NORMA H. ENGER

THE LOCALS COLUMN of a small daily carried this enlightening news: "Mrs.————, well-known clubwoman, spent the day decently in town."

IT WAS HARD to determine the extent or location of injuries described in this item:

"Mrs. ————, in attempting to get out of the auto, fell to the pavement, injuring her somewhat."

THE CHURCH-NEWS WRITER of a daily put together an involved sentence, resulting in this startling information:

"The regular meeting of the finance committee was held Monday night with the Rev.————in bed."

A KENTUCKY WEEKLY, in reporting a prominent wedding, wound up its story with this regrettable, if perhaps honest, bit of description:

"The bride was gowned in white lace. The bridesmaids' gowns were punk."

—From *The Grapevine* by JOE CREASON in *The Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine*

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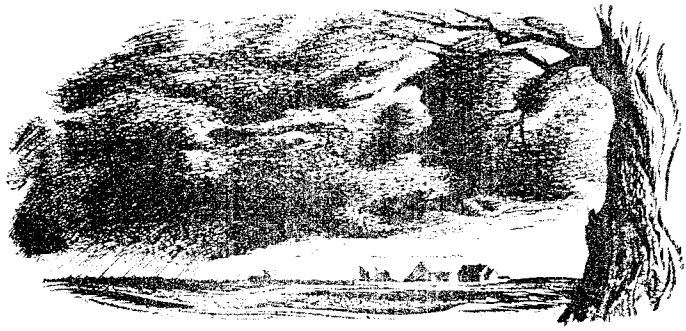

Mystery Stories of the SKY

by JOSEPH A. MURPHY

Today it's "flying saucers"; yesterday it was horses, serpents and pigs that went soaring through the heavens

WHEN "FLYING SAUCERS" captured the public's eye and imagination last year, one more chapter was added to the endless book of secrets of the sky. In scientific journals, newspapers and magazines of the past 100 years, flying objects of various shapes, flying animals and even flying humans have had their brief fling of glory. Like the "saucers," all have been seen soaring mysteriously through the heavens, leaving a trail of public excitement and mystery.

Thousands of people crowded the streets and roof tops of Chattanooga, Tennessee, on a January morning in 1910, gaping at a mysterious white aircraft that flew over the city, its engines chugging audibly. Later they read that the mystery craft had been seen over Huntsville, Alabama, 75 miles southwest.

In the broad light of next day, crowds saw the sky prowler again, this time sailing north over Chattanooga. After a fruitless night's watching, the mystified citizens saw the final appearance of the craft at noon next day as it coursed to the southeast and disappeared, forever, over Missionary Ridge.

Today such an event would cause little comment. But in 1910 the airship was an infant. How was the mystery explained? It never was. It remains, to this day, one of the secrets of the sky.

The summer of 1908 brought many reports of mysterious bright lights cruising the skies over Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont. At first thought to be lights from balloons, the lights were placed on the "unknown" list when investigations accounted for all

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known airships. People gossiped about the strange lights for months, then reached a new pitch of excitement when they heard the story of two undertakers.

At 4 A.M. on October 31, the undertakers saw a bizarre sight in the sky over Bridgewater, Massachusetts. It appeared to be a searchlight, they said, stabbing its beam on the earth as though it were a celestial prowler looking for a means of entry. After a time the light flashed upward, then vanished.

Again authorities tried to link the light with a cavorting balloon, but none had been near Bridgewater. Public curiosity gradually settled back to normal. Then it happened again—this time with sound effects and a humorous touch.

On the night of September 8, 1909, countless people in New England saw a luminous object riding overhead and heard what seemed to be an aircraft engine. Again the East seethed with excitement. Then Wallace Tillinghast of Worcester, Massachusetts, entered the picture. Calling in the press, he "explained" the nocturnal sky voyageur.

"I did it," Tillinghast told the reporters modestly, "with my little secret airplane."

Carrying a lighted lamp, he said, he had flown his "secret airplane" from Boston to New York and back. Because the longest plane flight on record at the time was 111 miles, whereas Boston and New York were 188 air-line miles apart, the gullible New England public acclaimed Tillinghast the new air hero.

Then the night-flying object was seen again, this time when Tillinghast was at home.

Three months later, a few days before Christmas, a Boston immigration inspector reported seeing a bright light passing over the harbor. Two days later, a mysterious skyship appeared over Worcester, "sweeping the heavens with a searchlight of tremendous power."

Next night, Bostonians saw sky searchlights, and swamped police and newspaper offices with phone calls. Similar reports soon came from other towns. But by Christmas Eve, whatever had been nosing the New England sky had gone back to wherever it had come from.

One possible clue came from across the sea. An Irish astronomer, writing in a British scientific journal, reported seeing a luminous object appear from the northeast at 8:30 P.M. on December 24. It moved slowly south for 20 minutes, turned and retraced its course, then disappeared in the northeast.

Was this the same object that Massachusetts had gaped at? Was there a relation between the New England sky objects of 1908 and 1909? Could the same mysterious "airship" have appeared a year later over Chattanooga? No one has ever supplied the answers.

THE OBJECTS SEEN LAST year in American and Canadian skies have been variously described as "saucers," "washtubs," "stovepipes" and "cymbals." But the sky's book of secrets contains stranger objects than these. Today's flying "saucers" are yesterday's flying cigars, torpedoes, dumbbells, trumpets, flying horses, pigs, serpents and just plain monsters.

A farmer of Parkersburg, West Virginia, saw the horse, a white one, in 1878. He said it swam in

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the clear atmosphere about a half-mile overhead. The pig seen by many Welshmen in 1905 was described as ten feet long, with four legs, short wings and webbed feet.

In the summer of 1873, farm workers at Bonham, Texas, were frightened by the daytime appearance in the sky of a huge, serpent-like form. A New York paper called this story the worst case of delirium tremens ever recorded. But next day the same paper carried a report from Ft. Scott, Kansas, that a sky serpent had been seen there. Mass hysteria is minimized in this case because communication was slow in the days before the telephone.

In 1881, people of Virginia and Delaware reported seeing uniformed soldiers and white-robed, helmeted angels in the night sky. Modern psychologists would probably explain these sights as optical illusions, but the open-minded student of sky mystery would shrug and murmur, "Who knows?"

One of the sky's most successful shows had a sensational, seven-day run through the Midwest and Southwest. Opening in Chicago on April 9, 1897, the show featured a large cigar-shaped object, bearing great wings and carrying green, white and red lights. Soon the entire Midwest was seeing it, then Texas and Colorado.

Scientific observers saw it, too, and one claimed the object was a star, Alpha Orionis, which, through atmospheric effects, gave a changing red and green appearance. The savant did not explain why or how this one star happened to be singled out for special effects.

Other explainers were jokers who reported landings of strange craft, letters dropped from airships and boats rising from Lake Erie to sail in the sky. But neither joker nor scientist could make a definite, conclusive identification.

The sequel, perhaps, came on April 19 in Sisterville, West Virginia. About 9 P.M. the northwest sky showed an approaching visitor, flashing brilliant white, red and green lights. Examined through powerful glasses, the object was described as a "huge cone-shaped arrangement 180 feet long, with large fins on either side."

What were these strange sky-craft? What were the flying discs? Where did they come from? To these questions, the sky's book of secrets gives but one answer: mystery unsolved as yet.

Improving on the Dictionary

Con'science—That which makes a man tell his wife something that he thinks she is going to find out.

Old Maid—A female who said "no" once too often.

Rich Man—One who isn't afraid to ask the clerk to show him something cheaper.

Va-ca'tion—Something that you need by the time you finish paying for one.

—HY GARDNER in *Parade*

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The LINCOLN Jinx

by SIDNEY CARROLL

Coincidence or the hand of Fate? Judge for yourself after reading these strange events in the life of a President's son

THE DISAPPOINTED ACTOR, John Wilkes Booth, brother of one of the century's greatest actors, Edwin Booth, stepped from his hiding place in Ford's Theater and fired the bullet into Abraham Lincoln's brain. That was the night of Good Friday, April 14, 1865. They carried Mr. Lincoln to a house across the street and laid him in a bed in a small room. At 7:22 the next morning, the President died.

There were approximately 25 people in that room when Abraham Lincoln breathed his last. Among them, standing by the President's head, was his eldest son, Robert Todd Lincoln.

Sixteen years later, on July 2, 1881, President James A. Garfield, about to make a tour of New England, walked into the waiting room of a railroad station in Washington. Among the crowd was the uninvited guest, Charles Jules Guiteau, who, immediately upon the appearance of the President, pulled out a revolver and fired two shots at him

Among the witnesses was Robert Todd Lincoln, a member of Garfield's party.

Twenty years later, on September 6, 1901, President William McKinley was guest of honor at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. At the height of the celebration, the anarchist Czolgosz fired two fatal shots at the President.

One of the many witnesses was Robert Todd Lincoln.

There, in brief, is one of the most remarkable coincidences ever recorded in American history. In all the years of the Republic, only three Presidents have been assassinated. And one man was witness to the death of the first and to the shooting of the other two.

Small wonder that after the McKinley assassination, Robert Lincoln is supposed to have developed a strange complex. He considered himself a jinx to any man in the White House, and though Presi-

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dential invitations poured in on him, he never accepted another. Until the day of his own death in 1926, the son of the Great Emancipator refused to see any President again—for the President's own sake.

Who can blame Robert Lincoln for deciding that he was no ordinary mortal—that his mere presence might bring death in high places? With some of his father's mysticism in his blood, he resigned himself to the fact that he was, in his own way, cursed. Yet Robert Lincoln had still a fourth reason for entertaining a sense of fatalism about himself. There was a fourth event in his life that, in its way, was even more remarkable than the coincidence of the three deaths.

In terms of strict chronology, it happened before any of the others. It happened before his father was killed. It had nothing to do directly with the lives of Presidents, yet it was closely concerned with his own.

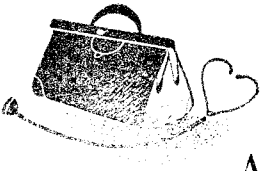
That the event really happened is unquestionable, for Robert Todd Lincoln himself told the story in these words:

"During the Civil War I was a student at Harvard, and on a holiday, while waiting for assignment of a berth on a train at Jersey City, I was leaning against a car when suddenly it started and I was thrown off balance. Just when I was about to fall under the moving train, a strange man grabbed me and pulled me onto the train."

Not extraordinary, you say. No—aside from the fact that a man was snatched from the jaws of death. Unusual because it happened to the son of the then President? The answer again is no.

But Robert Lincoln has not yet finished his Jersey City story. He has one more sentence to add.

"I discovered soon afterward," he said, "that my rescuer was Edwin Booth."



They Don't Forget

ARE people growing more calloused in this modern day?

In our town there was a doctor. Among his patients were a poor farm couple with many children, most of whom needed medical attention to an extent entirely out of keeping with their family purse.

The good doctor never failed to answer the family's numerous calls, though he often sacrificed a night's rest in their service. They paid what they could, supplementing small sums of money with eggs and other farm produce.

The doctor, who answered his last call some years ago, now rests in the family plot beneath the trees he loved. The farmer and his wife are just another old couple, the children all grown, their barefoot, sickly days far behind them.

Yet a representative of that family appears regularly at the home of the doctor's daughter with a gift of eggs or some other offering of love from the grateful family that still remembers.

—HOMER TWILL in *Between Friends*

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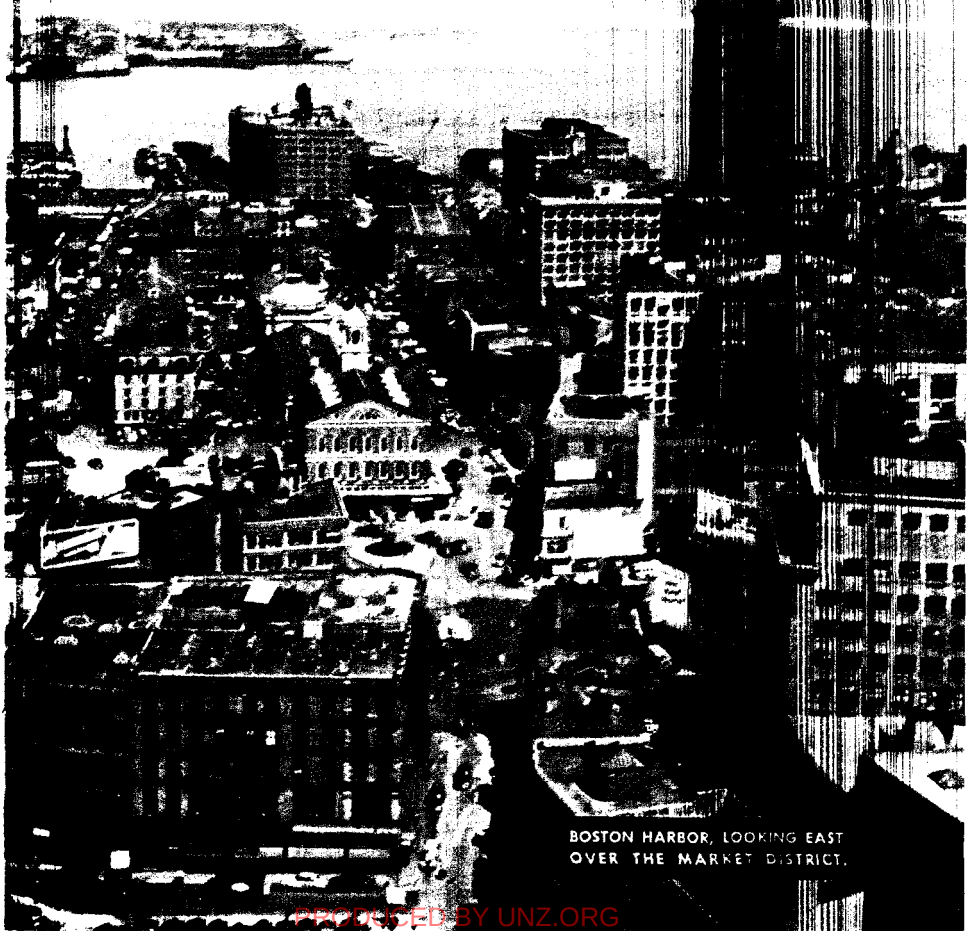
Boston — Cradle of Freed[illegible]

THE TRADITIONAL CAPITAL of American history and patriotism is Boston, Massachusetts. Despite its massive industrial areas, it is cherished everywhere as one of the most pleasant cities in the United States. Now, with the magnificent photographs by Arthur Griffin on these pages, Coronet brings you Boston—and all of its enduring, native charm.



BOSTON HARBOR, LOOKING EAST OVER THE MARKET DISTRICT.

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Side by side in the downtown area, B
mon and its formal Public Garden (
the city's beauty. They re-create the c

In warm weather, long motorless
winding lagoon in the Public Gardl
grass here, but they may stroll or sit

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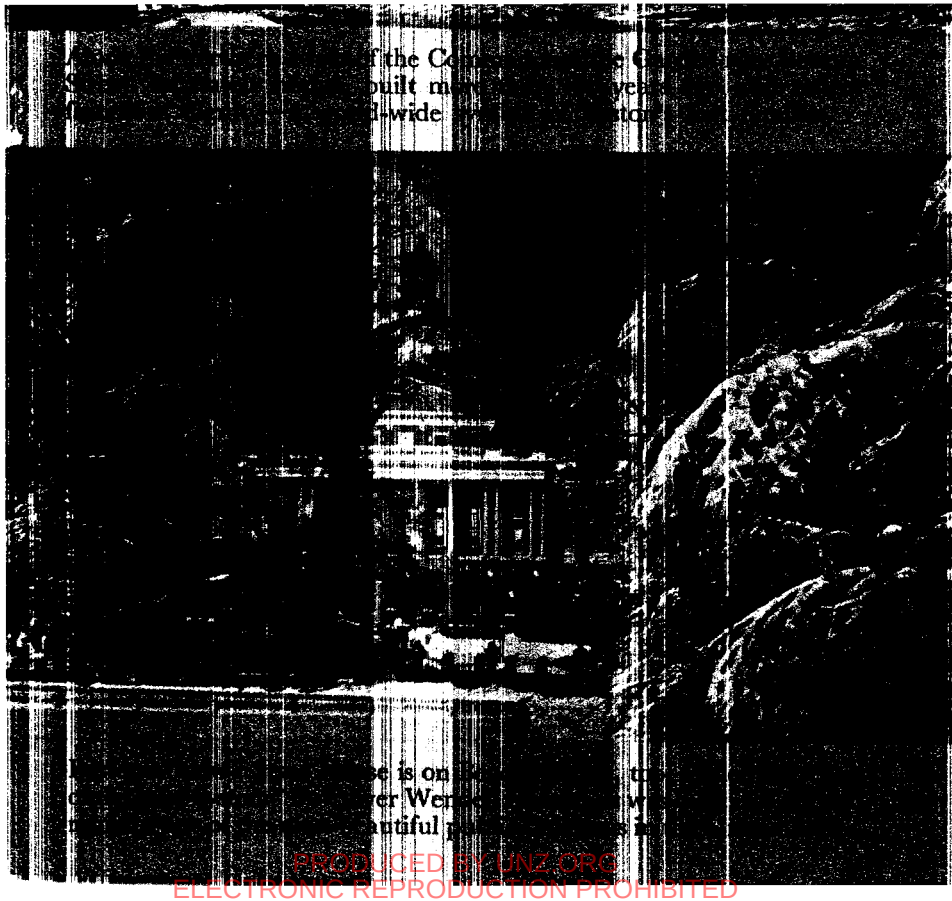

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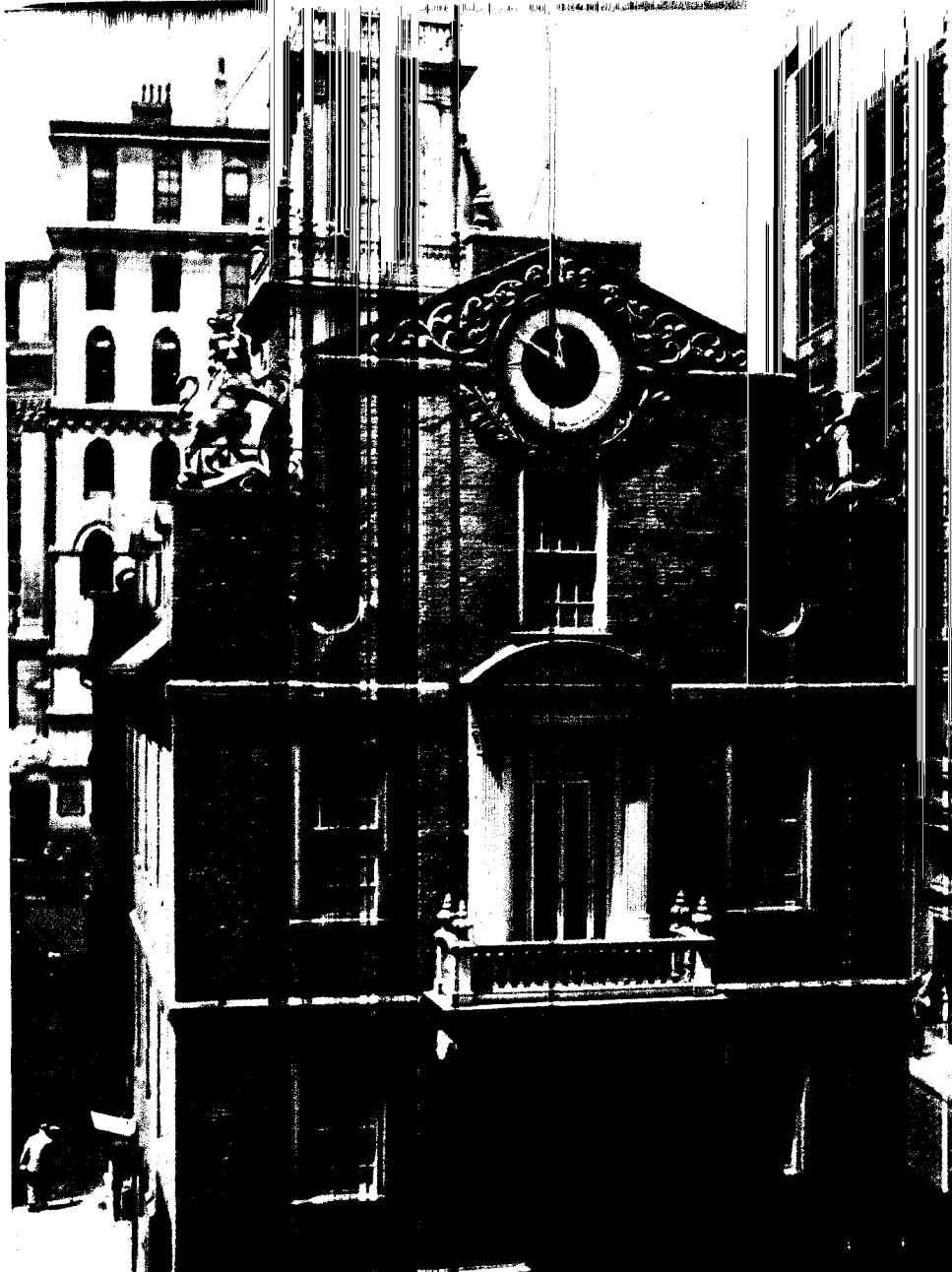

Historical Boston centers around the Old State House erected in 1713. Decorated with the British lion and unicorn, it stands today in the middle of bustling State Street, recalling America's colonial past.

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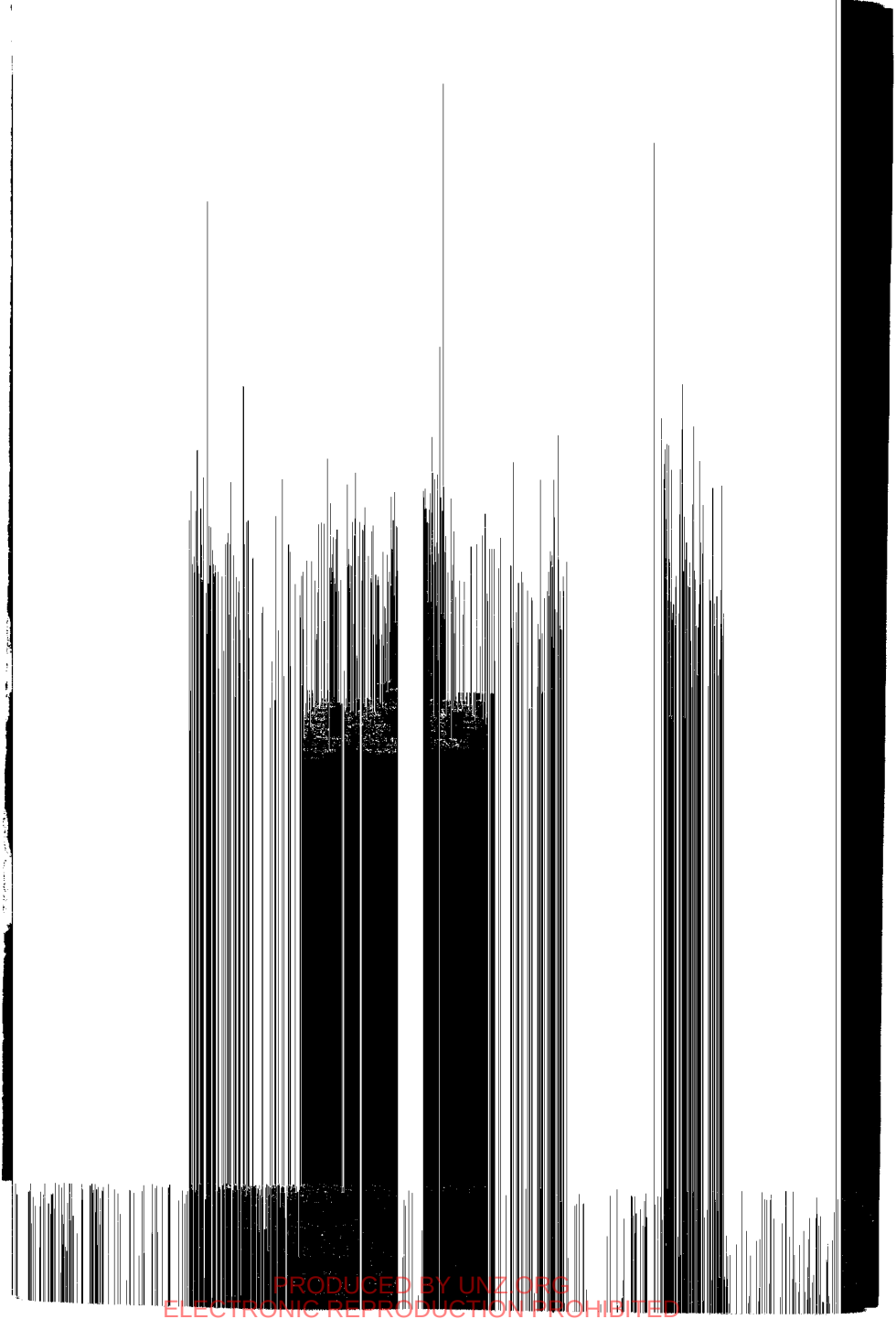

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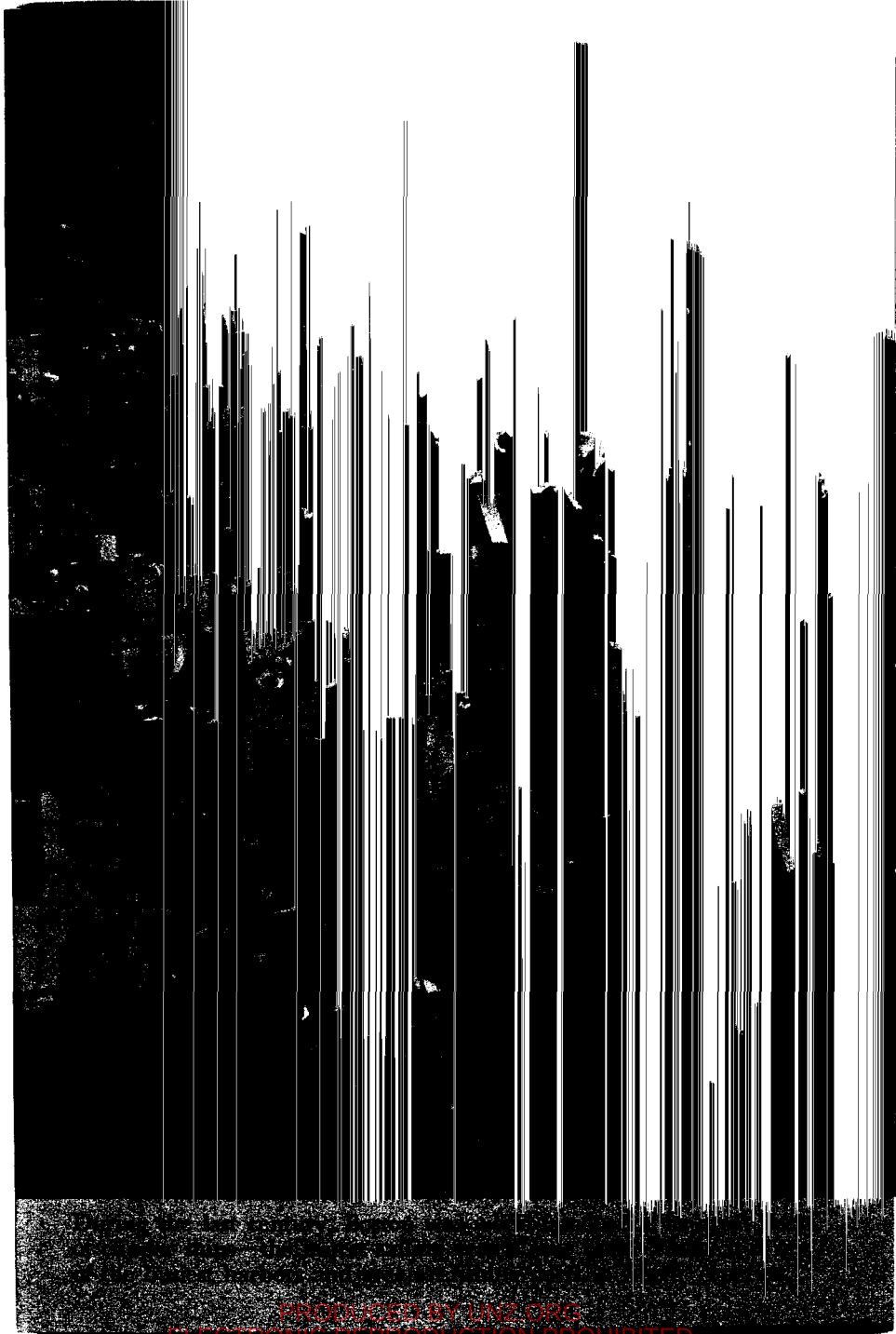

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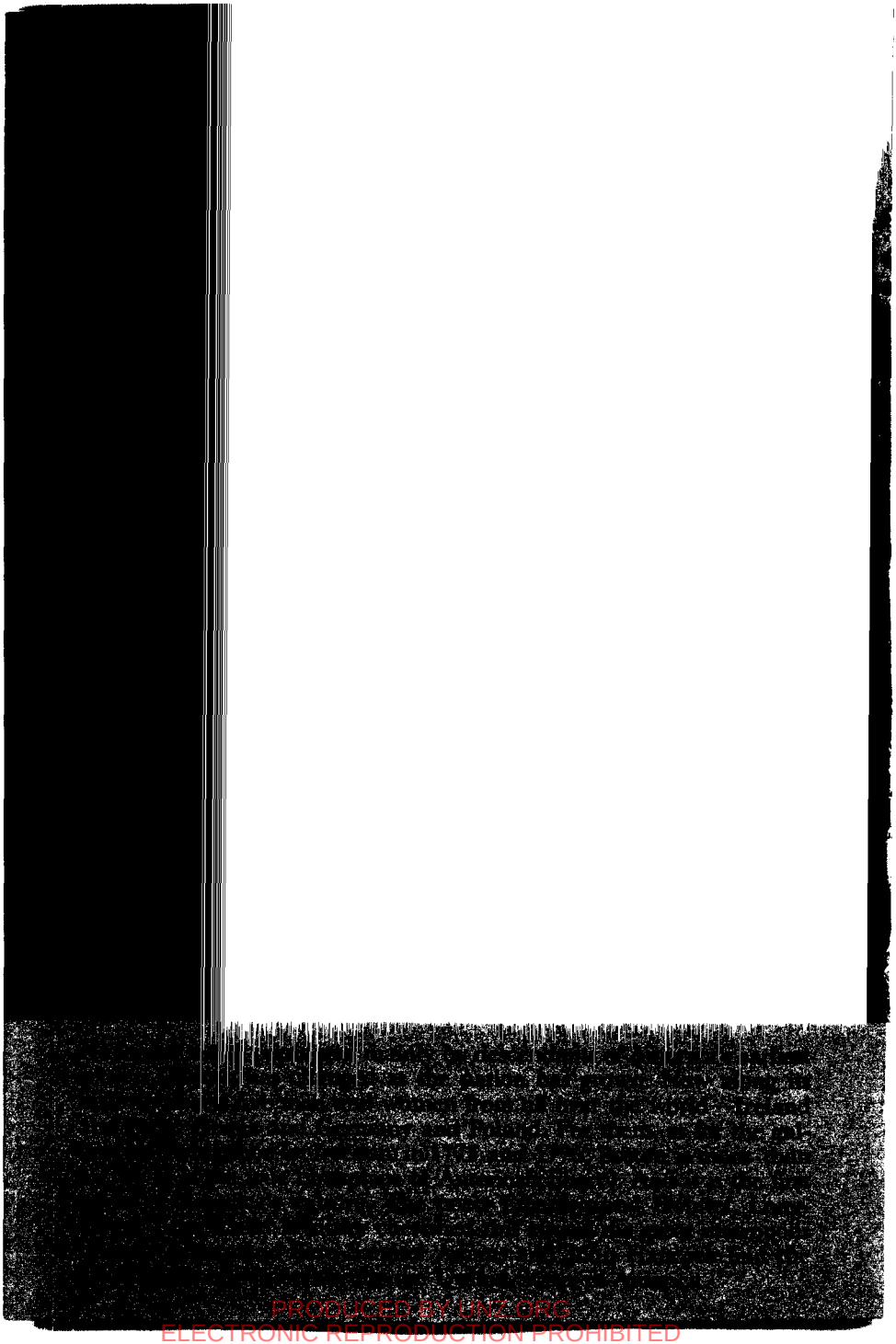

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This Way To SUCCESS

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

Here, based on the findings of a CORONET survey, is a "success road map" designed to show the speedy main highways, bumpy side roads and time-consuming detours

TELLING OTHER people how to become rich and successful is a unique American profession. Every year it brings forth at least a dozen new books, a few score magazine articles and hundreds of lectures.

Each of these writers and lecturers apparently has the true formula for success. And each, it would seem, is so altruistic that instead of putting his formula to work and cleaning up a few quick millions, he must go out and share his magic secret with others.

Most of these success salesmen frankly base their appeal on man's vanity. Forget the Golden Rule, they say. Remember instead that man loves to be flattered. Tell him what a smart fellow he is, remember his name, praise him lavishly even for minor achievements.

Despite the distorted perspectives inherent in such success formulas, the Editors of Coronet have long felt that much could be learned from studying the careers of successful men and women. While it was realized that no magic formula would emerge, it might nevertheless be possible to prepare a sort of "success road map," showing the main highways to seek out and the byways to avoid.

With this goal in mind the research staff of Coronet recently compiled a list of 300 successful young men and women. All were under 40, chiefly because it was felt that those achieving success early in life would have a keener appreciation of the factors that led to their accomplishments.

The researchers did not seek people who had the largest incomes or were the best known nationally. Instead, they singled out men and women who were mainly on the

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middle rungs of the success ladder.

Perhaps there are a few geniuses among the 202 who filled out the careful questionnaire, but the vast majority are average. Among the 202 are two men who have annual incomes above $100,000, but the median figure is closer to $9,000.

The answers that the 202 gave to the 32 key questions provide many useful and valid conclusions about this elusive business of being successful. Knowing the answers won't necessarily permit you to switch from your $60-a-week job to a $10,000-a-year executive post tomorrow. They will, however, enable you to avoid many of the bumpy roads, detours and washouts that confront anyone setting out on the highway to success.

A COMPOSITE PICTURE of these successful men and women would show that most of them grew up in towns or cities, with only one per cent coming from farms. All completed high school, and 96 per cent were graduated from college. Most were only good students, their grades averaging "B."

In college their favorite extracurricular activities were athletics and the campus newspaper or magazine. Most feel that these activities played a considerable role in preparing them for successful careers. About two-thirds had to earn some part of their college expenses, while nearly a third went on to take graduate work.

Most of them married between the ages of 21 and 30, before being really established. More than two-thirds have children. Most drink and smoke "sometimes" rather than "regularly." They read two or three newspapers a day and are only occasional radio listeners or movie-goers. The majority were not influenced by any one book, but among those who were, the Bible led the rest. Books of an inspirational nature were mentioned most frequently.

The successful 202 are active in trade and professional groups, and even the clubs to which they belong seem to have a connection with their present work. About 15 per cent have been active in politics, only nine per cent in religious affairs. Their closest friends are chiefly business associates rather than neighbors or former school chums.

Most were between 22 and 25 when they first saw the opportunity which started them upwards, and generally it took from six to ten years for their plans to materialize.

Why did they enter their present line of work? A few drifted into it and stayed, but the *overwhelming majority long had an inclination toward that field.* Here, obviously, is an important factor in achieving success. By the time they were 25, more than four-fifths of our 202 successes had already entered their present spheres of activity.

Must you like your job to make a success of it? *More than 90 per cent agree that you do.* The young sales manager of a big corporation added these points: "The first essential is to choose a line of work about which one is enthusiastic and in which one believes. Not only must one like the day-to-day operations of a job but he must also feel that it has significance to society."

Did you commence with a large or small organization? Nearly two-thirds started with a small organiza-

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tion (one employing less than 100 people). The young president and founder of a specialty manufacturing concern put it this way:

"The talent scouts of big corporations who hit the campuses in May always talk of the wonderful opportunities in their firms. But I've noticed that all my classmates who fell for the line are still lost in the shuffle of the big outfits. One trouble is that most big corporations look outside their own organizations for the really big jobs."

How did you get most of your promotions? The largest single group, 52 per cent, got theirs *simply by waiting for them*. Apparently they were so competent that they didn't have to wait very long. The next largest group, 30 per cent, got theirs by changing jobs. Some 16 per cent won promotions by asking for them. And, of course, luck occasionally played a part.

An advertising executive who was trying to get up courage to ask for a $30-a-week raise one day went to his luncheon troubled. In the crowded restaurant, he recalls, "the waitress asked if she might seat someone at my table. I said 'sure.' The man who joined me was looking for an advertising manager, and before lunch was over I was it—at $27,000 a year."

What did you do when you felt promotion or recognition was withheld? "Talked to the boss," replied 42 per cent. "Worked harder and waited," answered 37 per cent. Some 18 per cent looked for a new job. Most of the men who "talked to the boss" admitted that the talk led to something only when they had a bona fide offer at a larger salary from another firm.

Do you take work home? The vast majority of those polled, 86 per cent, have done so regularly. A top-flight industrial engineer emphasized the homework problem with this comment: "The old sweatshop days are supposed to be gone forever, but I wonder why most American executives still put in 12 hours a day regularly?"

ASKED TO SELECT three factors which contributed most to their success, the 202 respondents selected (1) *assuming responsibility and leadership;* (2) *education;* and (3) *new ideas they had. Experience* was a close fourth, followed by *individual talents and skill*, and then *personality. Meeting the right people* and *just plain luck* brought up the rear.

The vice-president of a large advertising agency who stressed the assuming of responsibility recalled this incident in his career:

"Too many people are so eager to hand the 'hot potato' to the other fellow that they overlook many opportunities. In my case the 'hot potato' was a large account that my firm seemed certain to lose. The vice-presidents were passing the buck to one another.

"I spent a few nights studying the account and found what I thought was a fresh approach. Everybody said I was crazy; but my approach worked and we kept the account. It was the main reason I started moving up in the company."

This man now treasures an interoffice memo from the vice-president who had originally given up the account as hopeless. It reads: "Congratulations! One man with courage *is* a majority."

Outside of your own field, in what

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other fields would you have done best? In most cases the "other" fields were closely related to the present ones: a public-relations executive thought he would have made a good magazine editor, an industrial designer felt he would have been happy as an architect.

What single ability is most essential to success? In answering this query, the 202 men and women were nearly unanimous—"*the ability to get along with people.*"

An aeronautical executive who attended Massachusetts Institute of Technology wrote that the most valuable single course he had taken there was called "Human Relations." Students are given real-life problems in factories and offices, and are asked to work out solutions.

A publisher wrote: "The most important thing in getting along with people is to know yourself thoroughly first. Whenever I think I'm on the verge of outsmarting myself, I recall a saying I heard long ago: 'No man ever deceives another in so clumsy, stupid and impudent a fashion as he deceives himself every hour of the day.'

"When you stop kidding yourself you can begin to understand others. Anyone who can develop a short cut to that knowledge without years of experience is two-thirds on the way to success."

The old stereotype of the ambitious young man foregoing pleasures in order to attain later success doesn't seem to hold for most of the 202 success stories. Nearly two-thirds did not deprive themselves of fun or enjoyment.

"Don't forget," explained a motion-picture executive, "that if you like your work tremendously, you don't think of it as displacing outside pleasures. You get a big kick out of the work itself."

Looking back, can you think of a better or quicker way in which you could have achieved success? Some 84 per cent answered with a frank and honest "No."

Was there a distinct turning point in your career or was progress gradual and steady? The vote here was fairly even: 53 per cent discerned a turning point, 47 per cent could see only steady progress. Many in the first group admitted, however, that an unexpected event had led to sudden shifting upward. These "magnificent microscopics of business," as one personnel authority has called lucky little breaks, seemed so trivial at the time that their real significance was overlooked.

A young executive in charge of production for a large firm recalled a routine conference to which junior engineers like himself had been invited a few years ago. One topic they discussed was the feasibility of installing a certain new process in the plant.

"I spoke briefly," he said, "and mentioned that the supposedly 'new process' had been tried by a long-defunct firm in our field back in 1913. When the production superintendent checked my statement, he found I was right. Years later, when I was promoted to my present job, he told me he had never forgotten that I knew the details of an obscure process first used the year I was born."

In what field or job do you think the greatest opportunity lies today for men or women? More than two-thirds of those who answered voted for their own fields, revealing that they are

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Books That Changed Lives

"WHAT BOOK OR BOOKS most influenced your life and contributed to your success?"

Coronet asked this question of 300 successful young people and carefully tabulated their answers. Listed below are the books most frequently mentioned by the men and women polled—books which, so to speak, changed lives!

THE BIBLE

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE by Dale Carnegie; *Simon & Schuster, Inc.*

LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN by Ida M. Tarbell; *The Macmillan Co.*

THINK AND GROW RICH by Napoleon Hill; *McClelland and Stewart, Ltd.*

ESSAYS by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

DISSENTING OPINIONS OF MR. JUSTICE HOLMES; *Vanguard Press.*

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORK OF GEORGE SANTAYANA by Irwin Edman; *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

CONNECTICUT YANKEE by Wilbur Lucius Cross; *Yale University Press.*

occupationally self-satisfied. Half of those who voted for other fields gave the nod to the general field of "science," followed by "business" and then "television," "radio" and "industrial engineering." The traditional professions of law and medicine were weak "also-rans."

IN 1883 A WASHINGTON, D. C., lecturer named Wilbur F. Crafts wrote to 500 successful men asking *what factors they considered essential for a young man entering business.* The factors mentioned most often were: capacity and determined purpose; concentration of mind; complete self-surrender to God; sobriety; avoidance of bad habits; integrity; unceasing labor; punctuality; and marrying early and well.

Now, 65 years later, a similar question was asked of our 202 latter-day successes. The vast difference in responses indicates a tremendous shift in values during the intervening period. For example, none of the 202 mentioned sobriety, punctuality, early marriage or religious devotion. Today the emphasis centers on three key points:

1. Pick a field you really like; you won't be happy in any other.
2. Get a broad general education and then at least one year of specialized training.
3. Above all, acquire the ability to get along with people.

The woman president of a large fabrics firm added a pertinent footnote of her own, directed mainly to college girls.

"I find that many young people are unwilling to put in an apprenticeship of hard work," she commented. "This may be the fault of many of the schools which stress personality. I have often had to

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tell young girls that a 'personality' is something to earn. No one is born with it."

A final point of advice in our success story comes from the young research director of a leading advertising agency, who did graduate work in psychology and has kept up his interests in that field. Here is what he says about success:

"The most valuable suggestion I can give to a young man is to remind himself constantly that success is a habit. To acquire it, as with any other habit, one must practice it. The best way to begin is with little things. Once you've acquired the habit that way, it's likely to stick with you when you tackle big things.

"This isn't a Horatio Alger maxim," he continues. "Careful psychological experiments have proved it, as in the case conducted by Dr. Beatrice Lantz in California.

"Dr. Lantz selected 212 nine-year-old boys of similar background and intelligence. First they were given intelligence and personality tests. Then they had to play a 'game' made up by Dr. Lantz. If they succeeded in winning, the youngsters would be properly rewarded with such prizes as marbles, tops and bars of candy.

"Each boy had to remove a ball from a small walled square on a table just beyond his reach. There were three improvised aids he could use to capture the ball. If the boy succeeded—more than half did—he was congratulated and given a prize. Immediately after the 'game,' the boys again were given the personality and intelligence tests.

"Those who had successfully removed the ball earned higher IQ scores upon retesting and did much better in the personality tests, getting higher ratings for willingness, self-confidence, social confidence, cooperation, alertness, friendliness, boldness, talkativeness, cheerfulness and persistence.

"This proves what a lot of us have always thought: success begets success. Once you get used to being successful in whatever you undertake, it is much easier to develop a favorable outlook for future successes. So concentrate on being successful in small things. It will prepare you admirably for tackling the bigger jobs."

Definition of a Boy

A BOY IS A BANK where you may deposit your most precious treasures—the hard-won wisdom, the dreams for a better world. A boy can guard and protect these, and perhaps invest them wisely and win a profit—a profit larger than you ever dreamed.

A boy will inherit your world. All your work will be judged by him. Tomorrow he will take your seat in Congress, own your company, run your town. The future is his, and through him, the future is yours. Perhaps he deserves a little more of your attention now.

—ANONYMOUS

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"Welcome to Our Town!"

by TOM MAHONEY

How a unique enterprise based on simple friendliness became big business while spreading good will in 600 communities

WHEN A HOUSEWIFE moves today into any one of some 600 communities in the United States and Canada, she is promptly called on by a charming woman of uncertain age, carrying a heavily laden basket. The visitor, presenting a letter of welcome from the mayor, explains that she is the Welcome Wagon hostess and has come to greet the housewife on behalf of local merchants.

Then, one article at a time, the hostess presents the contents of her basket, comprising items ready for use and coupons that can be exchanged for goods and services at local business establishments. Although the gift list varies from town to town, nearly every basket contains milk from a dairy, bread from a bakery, coffee from a grocery and flowers from a florist.

There may be a necktie from the local men's shop. Garages send road maps and windshield-cleaning fluid, along with a coupon good for a free grease job. One department store presents a washcloth and a coupon that may be exchanged for a towel to match. Another store gives a free lunch in its tearoom and a complimentary pair of nylons.

Beauty shops contribute a card for a free facial. Various stores present letter openers, cookbooks, ash trays, calendars, birdhouses and plastic clothespins. Sometimes there is even a bank passbook, showing $1 credited to the newcomer, or a white Bible from an undertaker.

Since the housewife has had no time to form buying habits in her new locality, she promptly becomes

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a customer of many of the establishments which cooperated to supply the gift basket.

While presenting the gifts, the hostess cheerfully volunteers information as to schools, parks, transportation and churches, meanwhile discovering the ages of members of the family, their religious affiliation and any special interests. As a consequence of her visit, a minister of the proper faith also calls and the family receives invitations to various social activities. In just a few days, the newcomers find themselves integrated pleasantly into the daily life of the community.

Welcome Wagon hostesses function with such smoothness and authority that many lonely housewives, some of whom are moved to tears by the unexpected visit, think the women represent the local city government, or at least a civic club or benign chamber of commerce. But actually, the Welcome Wagon Service Company, to give its full name, is a unique multimillion-dollar enterprise conducted by 3,000 women—and only three men. To the 3,000 women, mostly matrons of outstanding charm and business sense, it is also a profitable enterprise, for they receive both salaries and commissions.

In addition to supplying the gifts, sponsors pay the company 25 cents to $5 per hostess call. Dairies, laundries and others likely to profit promptly are charged the most, with lower rates for insurance agents and funeral directors, whose chances of business are less immediate.

Each sponsor receives a typewritten report on the new family and, where a coupon is involved, a chance to meet the housewife when she presents it. As the Welcome Wagon hostesses now make more than 500,000 calls a year, the service is obviously big business.

It began modestly, however, in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1928 as a side line to a newspaper service operated as the Briggs Enterprises by Thomas W. Briggs, a soft-spoken Southerner. Today, Briggs is president of the company, while the only other male members are his nephew, Raymond Briggs, and Australian-born Eric Lord, both vice-presidents. But Mrs. Rosanne Beringer and Mrs. Katherine Mara are also vice-presidents, and the secretary and treasurer are also women.

BACK IN 1928, TOM BRIGGS learned from Western history that early California settlements sent "welcome" wagons, loaded with provisions, to meet famished wagon trains from the East. Why not, he reasoned, apply somewhat the same technique to modern families moving into strange communities?

At first, his brain child required only desk space in an office devoted to production of special newspaper editions and convention programs. But the service in Memphis was so successful that it was soon expanded to Pittsburgh, Vancouver and other cities. It grew steadily through the depression years, and during the war hostesses were allotted gasoline and tires as employees of an essential industry.

The original housewarming visits have now been expanded to include calls on families who move from one neighborhood to another in a city, as well as those who move from town to town. In both cases, the hostess usually appears within three

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days after the newcomers arrive.

Recently two new types of calls have been added, in which the recipients are brides or brides-to-be and new mothers. For the new mother, the "baby-time call" rates a ribboned basket, containing mostly infant needs. One Illinois newspaper presents a special copy labeled: "News of the world on the day you were born." In other communities, photographers offer free sittings.

"There is a big boom in babies," explains President Briggs. "This is our fastest-growing service."

A number of men were originally employed by Welcome Wagon but it was soon apparent that this was essentially a woman's business. The first hostesses drove white automobiles decorated with the company emblem, a covered wagon, but now they use any car they happen to own.

Mrs. Beringer joined the organization when the service was inaugurated in Pittsburgh. At the time, she was caring for four children and an ill husband, yet she performed so well that the organization now has some 50 hostesses in the Pittsburgh area alone.

Women from 21 to 45 are employed, some of the most successful, like Mrs. Beringer, being mothers with children. Many are widows. Some are ex-Wacs or ex-Waves. The only requirements are that they be residents of the communities in which they serve, that they drive a car, and that they type well enough to prepare reports. All new hostesses, however, receive a brief training course in the New York, Memphis, Los Angeles or Toronto offices of the company.

The women sometimes have special qualifications which particularly fit them for the work in their communities. Making calls on the embassies in Washington, for example, is Mrs. Cecile Cuttler, who was reared in the U.S. Embassy in Paris. In addition to English, she speaks French, German and Spanish fluently.

Hostesses call on the wives of notables as well as ordinary folk, and they find governors' wives as interested as any housewife in becoming oriented in a state capital.

If they are not already well known in their communities, Welcome Wagon hostesses soon become so through the organization of Newcomer Clubs and similar activities. Mrs. Olive Dawley, veteran hostess in Hartford, Connecticut, has been included on several lists of the state's outstanding women. Active in Red Cross and civic affairs, she works with a private secretary and has a chauffeur who drives her and her pet Boston bulldog, Judy, on calls.

ADVENTURES ARE THE everyday lot of hostesses. Miss Lois May of Birmingham, Alabama, heard a woman scream as she knocked at the door of a newcomer. Pushing her way inside, she found a mother bending over a baby who had just swallowed a safety pin. There was no telephone in the house.

Miss May threw a blanket over the mother, another around the choking baby, and drove to a hospital. A surgeon removed the pin, the mother collapsed, and Miss May took the second child in the family to her own home until the father returned from work.

Mrs. Helen M. Schoeck, a hostess

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in Newark, New Jersey, found a wife helpless on the floor with a broken leg. She summoned medical help quickly. Mrs. Frances Ross, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, has arranged for the adoption of many children as a side line to her work. And Mrs. Erna V. Colville of Montclair, New Jersey, says proudly: "I've found sitters, music teachers, dressmakers, puppy dogs and apartments for my young people."

During the war, Welcome Wagon hostesses checked up on suspicious individuals for the FBI. So efficient were they that they turned up 59 persons, many of whom went to jail, in a single city.

While six calls a day are normal for a hostess, Mrs. Brooks Cottle of Morgantown, West Virginia, recently called in one day on 127 veterans and their wives in the trailer camp adjoining the state university. Other hostesses are teaching war brides from abroad how to cook from recipes by English measurements instead of the metric terms to which they are accustomed.

The success of Welcome Wagon is explained by Briggs simply as "subtle, low-pressure selling," combined with a form of service that is needed in every community. So far, 150 types of business, ranging from big department stores and newspapers to beauty shops and filling stations, have found hostess sponsorship profitable. Briggs is now planning to introduce the service in Cuba, Latin America, Europe and Australia.

Today, Welcome Wagon is definitely big business. Instead of having desk space among the Briggs newspaper enterprises, it now has its own busy hostess headquarters on Madison Avenue in New York.

Grounds for Divorce

BECAUSE HER HUSBAND made her address him by his military title of Major and salute him whenever he passed, a Milwaukee woman was granted a divorce. —W. E. GOLDEN

A WOMAN COMPLAINED to a Detroit court that her husband sprinkled snuff on her and then hit her with a cabbage. —HAROLD HELFER

IN MISSOURI, A HOUSEWIFE charged in her divorce suit that when she served steak and onions, her husband had his own ideas about sharing them: he ate the steak and left her the onions.

A PITTSBURGH WOMAN didn't consider her husband's attentions during an illness as being properly solicitous. She sought divorce, charging that while she was ill her husband sent an undertaker to see her and also ordered funeral wreaths. —V. J. CROWDUS

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The Biggest Company in the U.S.A.

This, the second of two articles, completes the story of a fabulous, far-flung organization that contributes to the health and well-being of millions of Americans

by NORMAN CARLISLE

THE WHOLE FABULOUS enterprise of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is so vast that it staggers the imagination. You can't measure its $8,000,000,000 in resources, its 45,000,000 policies, by ordinary standards of comparison. Yet despite astronomical size it is a down-to-earth organization that never strays far from Main Street.

In the great headquarters skyscraper on Madison Square in New York City, the company's 15,000 home-office employees feel as if they stand at the crossroads of American life. They get a continual street-by-street, house-by-house picture of America, its health and its way of living. For the Metropolitan boasts a veritable army of reporters in some 17,000 agents, who last year walked and drove millions of miles and rang about 170,000,000 doorbells in order to bring the company some 2,250,000 new policies.

A Metropolitan agent generally sells $80,000 worth of ordinary life policies each year to keep up the average. To help him do that, the company tries to make him not only an insurance expert but a human-nature expert as well. Why does a man put off buying insurance until he is persuaded by an agent? Probably because almost every human being seems to have the incurable belief that death will always strike somebody else, but not himself.

To make their appeals effective, Metropolitan agents are infused with missionary zeal, insisting that they are doing a man a favor by selling him insurance. They can sometimes cite the instance of John Doe down the street who bought a policy just a month ago and was killed two days later in an auto-

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mobile accident. His widow received $1,000 in 48 hours.

Eager as he may be to sell more insurance, the agent is nevertheless instructed never to oversell, for that means lapsed policies and a loss all the way around. He is given elaborate instructions on how to size up a family's financial situation, and taught to ask adroit questions that don't seem like prying so he can recommend a workable program. On all policies, small and large, he will emphasize security. Only on the very largest will the word "investment" be used.

THE AGENT NEVER KNOWS exactly what will happen when he pushes a doorbell. In Atlanta, an agent got no answer to his ring, then heard a groan inside the house. He rushed in, looked quickly around, then called the ambulance. But he had delivered a baby boy before the ambulance arrived.

In a Chicago apartment, an agent waiting for his client to bring her book saw the woman's four-year-old daughter teetering on the edge of a fourth-story window; he drew her safely inside. In Minneapolis, an agent who heard shrieks from the kitchen dashed in, found some dish towels on the stove ablaze, swiftly put out the fire. But he didn't forget to make his collection.

In Los Angeles, an agent was startled when a housewife greeted him with a resounding kiss. She had just won $120 on a radio program that asks questions by telephone. She felt so good about her windfall that she wanted to buy more insurance, but the agent felt the family already had all the insurance it could afford, so he advised the woman instead to pay up some of her premiums in advance.

The average agent's pay check totals about $86 a week, although beginners get much less and a top-notch old-timer can make five times that amount.

Back in the mid-'20s, turnover among agents was as high as 40 per cent, but today only about seven out of 100 quit their jobs annually. However, the company is constantly recruiting new men.

The Metropolitan's success can be traced directly to the kind of executives it has always had at the helm. From the days of hard-hitting Joseph Knapp, early president of the company, who was willing to risk his all to keep the company going, the Metropolitan has always seemed to have just the right man for the job of president. Knapp managed to guide the company through perilous days when failure seemed inevitable.

After Knapp came the shrewd, financially-minded John Hegeman. He surrounded himself with a brilliant group of men who made the company the biggest insurance organization in America. Into Hegeman's shoes stepped Haley Fiske, who helped establish the Metropolitan not only as a thriving commercial enterprise but also as a powerful social institution.

After him came Frederick Ecker, who had joined the Metropolitan as an office boy and had the right kind of skill and vision to run a company that was both a national institution and a business. The present president, tall, quiet-spoken Leroy Lincoln, is a keen-minded attorney who is capably fitted for the responsibility of running the

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company with the largest aggregation of private capital ever assembled in a single enterprise.

Here is a company with $8,000,000,000 that must be put to profitable work. You will find these dollars working on America's farms and factories, for the Metropolitan owns billions in bonds and mortgages. They are working to help run the U. S. Government, for the Metropolitan owns about $4,000,000,000 in federal securities. Yet the company must always be on the lookout for new and safe ways to invest.

DURING THE '20s THE company carried a lot of farm mortgages and did very well with them. Then came the Depression and farmers couldn't pay. The company sought to avoid foreclosures, but by the mid-'30s, it owned enough farms to form a mile-wide strip across the continent.

Glenn Rogers, now Metropolitan's second vice-president in charge of farm mortgages, made a whirlwind survey of the properties the company had reluctantly acquired. He found many farms run down, many homes shabby and primitive. But the company wasn't stumped. Rogers, receiving orders to go ahead, set up the project like a strategic campaign.

Hiring a small army of former county agents, he installed each as supervisor of 80 farms. These men made detailed surveys, checking every field and building. Then workmen swarmed onto the farms, rebuilding barns, building new houses, pouring in tons of fertilizer, halting erosion. Never in history had a private company undertaken such an enterprise. While many a farmer shook his head, the farms were put on a sound new basis.

Wherever possible the Metropolitan then sold them to their former owners on easy terms. Tenants could apply their rent toward purchase. To keep absentee owners from acquiring possession of the now highly desirable farms, the company made special terms for purchasers who would live on them.

New tenants worked the farms according to a scientific schedule laid down by Metropolitan experts. Crops had to be rotated in accordance with this plan. Invariably, those who protested the plan came to admit that it was the biggest boon that had ever hit farming. Agricultural experts from our government, and from foreign governments, thought so too.

Here is an example of what Metropolitan's agricultural doctrines meant to the people of the Midwest. In 1920, a Dakota man inherited his father's farm with an $11,000 Metropolitan mortgage. He worked the farm for 16 years, but lost it to the company by foreclosure when the Depression wiped him out. However, Metropolitan asked him to stay on as tenant farmer. He did, and saved money by following Metropolitan's crop and business methods.

By 1946, he was able to buy the farm back—still with an $11,000 mortgage. Metropolitan's moral encouragement to that man at a time when neither he nor most of his fellows could visualize any agricultural prosperity for generations to come is now paying off in profits to him. A few months ago this farmer retired $9,000 of the

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mortgage out of his phenomenal 1947 profits. Now, at 69, he owns a going business with a negligible mortgage of only $2,000.

On a big farm in Arkansas, the cotton yield, which had been 171 pounds per acre, was increased to 229. In Iowa, corn yields were boosted by one-third. Plans for soil building leaned heavily on planting crops that would help to restore fertility. One of them, an incredibly sturdy plant called lespedeza, was so widely used that in many sections of the country it is still called "the Metropolitan weed."

In the late '30s, Metropolitan owned 7,337 foreclosed farms. Today it does not have a single one. All of them have been sold back to private owners.

WHEN THE DAY COMES that you move into a gardened apartment in an American city, laid out in new and spacious manner, you can thank the Metropolitan for pioneering a bold idea in urban living. It began as a dream in the mind of Frederick Ecker, the "Grand Old Man of Insurance." People needed better places to live. Why shouldn't the Metropolitan provide them?

He proposed that the company erect vast garden-apartment projects that would dwarf anything of the kind ever built. Ecker's dream took a form that has made the Metropolitan the world's largest landlord, with some 100,000 people living in its 31,566 apartments.

First and biggest of all is Parkchester, the fabulous assemblage of apartments in New York's upper Bronx. In keeping with the Metropolitan's genius for acquiring superlatives, it is the world's biggest single-planned housing project—and that includes government development. Its 51 buildings contain 12,272 apartments with 42,000 rooms, inhabited by 35,000 people. Walk down its pleasant parkways, look across the green lawns of its 130 acres, and you can see the pattern for the city of the future.

Parkchester's landscaped design departs sharply from the conventional block system. Two broad parkways divide the community into four major sections or quadrants, each a village in itself. At the center of the community is a large park, while each quadrant contains an inner park surrounded by recreational areas, tree-bordered paths and gardens.

In addition to a huge playing field, there are six wading pools, six basketball and volleyball courts, four roller-skating ovals, 22 shuffleboard courts, seven paddle-tennis and badminton courts, three horseshoe courts and six handball courts, not to mention scores of slides, sandboxes, swings and climbing apparatus for children.

The development offers almost everything you would find in any modern city, including a 2,000-seat theater, department stores, banks and shops. The Parkchester apartments were built as a low-rental project for tenants with an income of around $3,500 a year. Rental, including gas and electricity, ranges from $32 for a two-room apartment to $71 for a five-room suite.

Not content to halt with the spectacular achievement of Parkchester, the Metropolitan has set up a string of similar projects—Parkfairfax in Alexandria, Vir-

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ginia; Parklabrea in Los Angeles; Parkmerced in San Francisco. In addition, it has three big projects completed or under way in New York City—Stuyvesant Town, Riverton and Peter Cooper Village. None is as big as tremendous Parkchester, but Stuyvesant Town will still be one of the world's largest projects, with 8,755 apartments.

Many Americans are happier and safer today because men of courage and vision have built the biggest company in the U. S. A. Whether you are conscious of it or not, the watchful eyes of the men beneath the beacon at 1 Madison Avenue—"The light that never fails"—may see something that will save your life. Look what happened not long ago when Metropolitan statisticians were running a batch of claim cards through the marvelous machines that do everything but think for themselves.

The man in charge of the cards noticed an unusual number of records of a contagious disease. There were hurried conferences, then a long-distance call to a Southern city. That city didn't know it, but it was headed for a typhoid epidemic. An emergency investigation found the cause, a dangerous source of infection in the city water system.

Yes, the Metropolitan will go to a lot of trouble to save a human life. Perhaps that is the chief reason why the company is the largest private enterprise in America.

The Story of the Little, Round Boxes

They don't look like very much . . . just little round boxes. Inside each one, there's just a long strip of film. But to the thousands of schools, churches and clubs which receive these little packages each month, they mean a world of vivid, dramatic pictures, for each contains a Coronet documentary picture story chosen for reproduction on slidefilm because of its value for use with groups.

Each month, October through May, subscribers to this Coronet service receive a Coronet Picture Story reproduced on 35 mm slidefilm by the Society for Visual Education. The entire series is available this year for only $4 . . . eight film-strips for the usual price of two.

All of the colorful picture stories released to date will be forwarded to you just as soon as your order is received by the Society for Visual Education, 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois. The others will follow . . . one each month through May. If you wish additional information on this Coronet service, write to:

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Birth of the Bird's Eye View

by CAROL LYNN GILMER

CITIZENS OF Boston gathered in the streets that October afternoon in 1860 and gaped skyward. There, high above the city, was *Queen of the Air*, a giant balloon, though it looked like a child's toy from the earth below.

"It's those crazy balloonists again," snorted one man. "They'll all be killed yet."

But others gazed in envious wonder. "Those fellows must feel like birds," they said. "Think how the city must look to them up there."

Most Bostonians didn't realize it, but they were witnessing an exciting moment in aeronautical history. The two men who had ascended in *Queen of the Air* were taking the first successful aerial photographs ever made. Soon Bostonians would be able to see how their city looked from "up there." For, as the newspapers put it at the time, in a phrase that has been popular ever since, the photographs made by the two balloonists, Samuel A. King and William Black, were truly "bird's-eye views."

King, one time Philadelphia cigar-store proprietor, had made his first ascent nine years earlier to win a $50 bet with a customer. He had then gone on to become one of America's most daring aeronauts, making demonstration ascents at fairs and expositions throughout the country, to prove that balloons were not only safe but had practical value. So when Black, an outstanding photographer of the day, suggested that they try taking aerial pictures, King quickly gave his enthusiastic assent.

They chose an almost windless day, ascended to 1,200 feet and then moored their balloon by ground cable. Of the six plates exposed, only two proved satisfactory when they were developed. But those two were so clear that the city's familiar landmarks—the harbor, Faneuil Hall, Old South Church, Quincy Market, the Custom House—were sharply defined. It was even possible to read some of the signs on store fronts.

Almost 50 years later, in 1903, a scientific magazine commented: "Notwithstanding great improvement in lenses, plates, cameras and shutters, no clearer photographs have been made than those taken by King and Black." Yet in 1860, the pictures were considered mere parlor curiosities. Only after King's death in 1914, at the age of 86, was the importance of aerial photography fully realized.

An exciting moment in aerial history is recorded in this scene, as painted especially for CORONET by Harper Goff

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Dancing Around the World

At home or far away, Terpsichore often takes strange forms

by NINA ROGERS

WITH OUR SOPHISTICATED night clubs and dance palaces, our college proms and high-school dances, our dance orchestras and juke boxes, modern Americans like to think that they are the world's most dance-conscious people. But actually, dancing is important to every race, and though the customs of faraway places may seem strange to us, their dances and ours have much in common.

Among the Wolof Negroes of West Africa, certain women are believed to possess clairvoyant powers. When in a trance they can't be restrained from dancing to the beat of drums, and they keep it up for days without rest or food until finally they drop to the ground.

"Civilized" people profess astonishment at such goings-on. Yet consider how strange American antics would have seemed to the Wolofs if they could have witnessed a Marathon Dance during the craze of the '30s when American couples danced for weeks on end, stopping only for meals and brief rests.

A ceremonial dance staged by the Parasara Indians of the Guianas requires each performer to play the role of some animal. And in a dance performed by the Guaymi tribes of Panama, each celebrant wears a stuffed animal skin. All very strange, we say. Yet our favorite number is called the Fox Trot. And at one time or another, 20th-century Americans have also enjoyed such dances as the Bunny Hug, the Turkey Trot and the Grizzly Bear.

Even our professional dance groups might take a lesson from primitive tribes. A Radio City Music Hall extravaganza would be hard put to match the spectacular beauty of the river dance performed by the Nesshoué West Africans. The dancers, wearing silver ornaments and robes of many colors, move in slow, undulating rhythm, advancing and retreating and gradually gathering speed until the line of dancers seems like a wave of water.

Yes, weird dances are performed throughout the world. Yet a favorite subject for "lighter-side-of-the-war" photographs was the energetic GI teaching a confused Irish (or Australian, German, English, Japanese or French) girl how to jitterbug. The astonished faces of non-American spectators in these pictures are proof of how fantastic our dances appear to others.

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You no longer need to lie abed for weeks after an operation; you'll make a quicker recovery by getting up and walking as soon as possible

GET UP *and* *get well!*

by ZULMA STEELE

"No! No! No!" THE GIRL's protesting cries pierced the quiet of the hospital.

In her private room, young Emily glared defiance at doctors and nurses. Last night she had been operated on for appendicitis and now these "inhuman" people wanted her to get out of bed.

"I can't get up," she wailed. "If I do, I'll faint!"

The surgeon went out to the corridor and paced impatiently. "It's sheer hysterics," he told his assistant. "We must get that girl up. But how?"

Suddenly he halted. "I have it," he snapped. "Bring a stretcher!"

Emily shrank back as the stretcher was rolled to her bedside. "We're just going for a little ride," the doctor said. "There's something I want you to see."

With the nurse trundling Emily at his heels, the surgeon made the rounds of his patients. Two women who had been operated on that morning were already up. One felt her way gingerly from bed to bed; the other sat erect with a pleased expression on her face. "Feel fine," both women agreed.

In the ward, more chairs than beds were occupied. One patient at a card table called, "Hi, Doc—how about tomorrow?" The surgeon nodded in reply.

"I took out her appendix three days ago," he remarked to Emily. "She can't wait to get home."

"Is it really *good* for them to get up?" she asked.

"Yes. Good for them—and good for you, too!"

An hour later a wiser Emily took a few faltering steps on her nurse's arm. Then she straightened up. "Why, it doesn't hurt," she said in

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surprise. "I don't even feel sick."

What happened to Emily can happen to anyone, rich or poor, who enters a hospital today. For "early ambulation," as it is called, has knocked the props from under the old medical theory that prolonged immobilization in bed is essential to recovery.

Who does not remember weeks spent staring at bare hospital walls while doctors frowned upon our impatience to get up? What awful things were promised should we sneak a walk to the bathroom. We would faint and fall on our face. Our stitches would "burst open." We might even die!

Today, doctors and nurses can reassure patients in most cases that when they get up they will feel not more but less dizzy, that nausea and gas pains are likely to disappear, and that even the freshly stitched wound will heal faster.

Of course, some cynical objectors assert that modern hospitals rush patients to their feet only in order to clear the beds, cut down on nursing care and thereby increase revenue. Well, the speed-up *does* help overcrowded hospitals, and overbusy doctors too. But far more important than that is the benefit to you, the patient.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU lie in bed for weeks after an operation? Your blood circulates more slowly, encouraging the formation of fatal blood clots. You breathe less deeply, reducing the intake of air—or "vital capacity"—thus inviting growth of bacteria in the lungs, which may lead to pneumonia. Your digestive apparatus is apt to go on strike; your muscles grow flabby and weak. Even the needlework of the surgeon heals less quickly because of a sluggish letdown in body functions.

The new practice of getting you up as soon as possible is based on an ancient premise: human beings are dynamic organisms. We live, grow and heal through action. Even in sleep—nature's own cure for tired bodies—we move constantly. Hence the drugged-sleep treatment, once so popular, may cause some of the complications mentioned before.

Yes, you may protest, but drugs are given to relieve pain as well as to induce sleep. You *must* feel more pain, some people say, when you strain an incision 24 hours or less after operation instead of waiting for the wound to heal. Yet those who have undergone the knife followed by both early and late rising say this isn't true.

Take the amount of morphine needed to quiet a patient as an index of discomfort. Two surgeons recently applied the principle of early rising to half of 300 appendectomy cases. While the 150 patients who rose from bed within 48 hours after the operation received an average of 3.7 injections each, the control group needed almost twice as much morphine.

But what, you ask, about cases that fail to heal, requiring more surgery months or years later? Doctors find that "repeaters" are few under the new regime; fewer, in fact, say some medical men, than used to occur when patients lay coddled for weeks in bed.

For example, consider hernia, which has a tendency to recur even under the best surgical care. Doctors at Peter Bent Brigham Hos-

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pital in Boston began in 1942 to apply early ambulation to half of their hernia patients. Recently they checked the record on some 300 cases, followed for six months to six years. The patients consisted of two groups: those in the early-ambulation tests of 1942, and an earlier group treated in the traditional manner. When the surgeons in 1946 published their conclusion—"that early ambulation has no significant effect on recurrence of hernia"—they gave another important boost to the new method.

It was in that same city of Boston, nearly 100 years ago, that the medical profession was shocked by one of the first recorded cases of early ambulation, applied to hernia. Doctors in a small hospital near South Station repaired a "rupture" for brawny Pat Dugan. At noon, fire engines clanging through the street drew the nurse on duty to the other end of the floor.

Clang! Clang! The rumpus awakened Pat. He stared about him. Where was he? Was the hospital on fire? Scrambling out of bed, Pat pulled on his clothes and stumbled down a back stairway to the street. There, still drugged and confused, he boarded a streetcar for home.

Days later, Pat turned up at the clinic. Surprised to see him alive at all, the doctors were even more amazed to find his wound healing well. With a disbelieving shrug, they snipped the stitches from his incision and sent him back to his job. "Dumb luck," they laughed—and later generations of Boston medical students also chuckled over the story of Pat Dugan.

Almost to a man, surgeons ignored the occasional "ignorant" or "uncooperative" patient who insisted on getting out of bed when he felt well. Such patients were a nuisance to established routine. They broke all hospital rules, and then generally added insult to injury by getting well.

Despite such rare "freak" cases, it wasn't until World War II that field hospital doctors, patching up the wounded, began to accept the routine of early rising through sheer necessity. There were not enough beds to go around. When these soldier-patients proceeded to regain strength in record time, the doctors realized they had made an astounding discovery.

Credit for spreading the new method through civilian hospitals, however, goes largely to Dr. Daniel J. Leithauser, chief of surgery at St. Joseph Mercy Hospital, Detroit. Ten years ago, Dr. Leithauser ran up against a most disheartening experience for any doctor: he lost control of a patient.

The man, 38 years old, came to him with a troublesome appendix. A couple of hours after a normal appendectomy, he awakened from the anesthetic, stiff and thirsty. Brushing aside the nurse, he walked to the hall to fetch a glass of water. The rest of the day he visited other patients up and down the corridor. Doctors and nurses pleaded, but he would not go back to bed.

That night, Dr. Leithauser slept poorly—but not his patient. "I feel first-rate," the man declared next morning. "In fact, I think I'll go home today."

Deaf to all warnings, the patient cheerfully signed a release absolving the hospital of responsibility, and departed. The next three days he

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ran errands by car and worked in his garden. On the fifth day, the patient reported to the doctor's office—in excellent shape!

Dr. Leithauser began to weigh the chances of other surgical cases getting up and getting well. Moving cautiously, over the next two and a half years he allowed appendectomy patients out of bed the day after operation. Finally the method was employed in all surgical cases. The good results astonished the doctor, the hospital and the patients themselves.

Soon Leithauser was insisting that surgical cases of all types—including gall bladder, hernia, pelvic conditions—walk within three to four hours after leaving the operating table. In 1946 he published results on more than 2,000 cases. Lung complications were severely reduced; thromboses and embolisms occurred rarely; wounds healed faster; and the general well-being of patients improved 100 per cent. The report is a triumph for early ambulation—and its champion, Dr. Leithauser.

OTHER FIELDS THAN SURGERY now report happy results with early rising—notably maternity care. Startling improvement has been noted in the mothers' condition, and fewer cases of that once-common scourge of pregnancy, "milk leg", have occurred.

Last spring in Connecticut, a strong young mother, after being delivered of her first child, weighing nine pounds, spent the next three days walking about the ward. On her fourth day she returned home with the baby.

Chronic ills of all types are now reacting to early ambulation. Doctors at Vanderbilt University recently noted that patients crowded from the wards recovered more quickly from certain heart ailments under moderately restricted home care than those in hospital beds. Now these cardiac patients are kept on the move.

Severe bone infections and arthritis may improve when exercise is substituted for canes and casts. Old people are not allowed to "give up and die," even following such a severe setback as fracture of the hip.

But are there no exceptions to the rule of early ambulation? Doctors divide on this point. Dr. Leithauser holds that cases of profound shock or uncontrollable internal hemorrhage should be kept inert; also, patients with very long incisions and those on whom unsuitable sutures were used.

Even infected cases and fever conditions, he believes, do better when the patient moves about. Other physicians restrain in bed the patient suffering from peritonitis, active hemorrhage, severe anemia, cardiac failure, pneumonitis, and actual or potential complications. But mounting evidence shows that in most cases, once trouble has been removed or repaired, constant immobilization and confinement to bed are harmful.

How, then, will *you* react should you find yourself in a hospital bed? Not, we hope, with tears and self-pity, but with every nerve, muscle and blood vessel straining its way back to health.

Even before you are allowed up, you can start things moving on your own initiative. Are you really so helpless—flat on your back? You

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can still wiggle your toes. Try it. Try also to clench and relax your fists, flex and extend your feet. Turn your head vigorously from side to side on your pillow.

Are you just awaking from an anesthetic? Then breathe as deeply as you can. Take six slow deep breaths every half hour—it will aerate the lungs. Then, as soon as you can stand, breathe deeply and cough as you exhale. Vigorous coughing helps to raise the mucus plugs which are apt to cause collapse of the lungs.

Don't attempt to get out of bed the first time alone, Pat Dugan notwithstanding. The nurse, and perhaps your doctor, will want to check your color and pulse rate; if you feel faint on standing they may have to guide your progress from bed to chair until you are stronger.

Dr. Arthur B. McGraw of Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit, suggests this slogan for patients: "Use your legs, your arms and your head for every move, and be sure that whatever you grasp or lean on is going to stay put!"

But in your joy of getting up, don't overdo the first few days. Better to lie flat doing setting-up exercises and "riding a bicycle" than to tramp the corridors to the point of exhaustion. If you're smart, you'll alternate your periods of lying down, sitting and walking.

With early ambulation, your budget will profit from a shortened hospital stay. The doctor will count you among his successful cures and you will stand a good chance of avoiding the complications likely to harass a bedridden patient. And the hospital will be able to make your bed afresh for one of the many patients waiting in line for much-needed medical attention.

So—get better, quicker. You'll benefit not only yourself but your community, too!

By George

When George Washington was a boy, he wrote the following set of rules as a guide to his daily conduct:

"Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

"In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than to procure admiration.

"Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

"Undertake not what you cannot perform; but be careful to keep your promise.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience.

"What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

"Let your recreation be manful, not sinful." —*A Trotty Veck Message*

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On With The Dance!

I recently attended a formal dance where I watched 24 famous men and women dance the evening through. When it came time for the last waltz, as is the custom, every man was instructed to dance with his own wife. Thereupon, the gentlemen lined up on one side of the ballroom and the women on the other in the following way:

1. Porfirio Rubirosa	a. Brenda Frazier
2. Humphrey Bogart	b. Lily Pons
3. Harry James	c. Faye Emerson
4. Robert Taylor	d. Gloria Vanderbilt
5. Henry Luce	e. Lucille Ball
6. "Shipwreck" Kelly	f. Lauren Bacall
7. Desi Arnaz	g. Barbara Stanwyck
8. Elliott Roosevelt	h. Betty Grable
9. André Kostelanetz	i. Doris Duke
10. Leopold Stokowski	j. Clare Boothe
11. Artie Shaw	k. Helen Gahagan
12. Melvyn Douglas	l. Kathleen Winsor

Can you pair the numbers with the letters to have each man dance the last waltz with his own wife? Just to get you started, I'll tell you that Number 1 chose i. (The complete list of answers is on page 127.)

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You See but You Don't Observe!

Ask anyone what it says on the lid of a street letter box and his answer will be "U.S. Mail." What it really says is "Pull Down." You do a lot of phoning and yet I'll bet you can't tell what side of the pay phone the coin return is on. Everyone sees things, nobody observes them, so this is more of a guessing contest than a quiz. I doubt that anyone will get more than four correct, so if you make a better score you are extremely observant—or just plain lucky. **(Answers on page 127.)**

1. Do you play gin rummy or bridge a lot? Which king on the standard playing cards has no moustache?
2. You certainly look at money a great deal. Can you say positively that the U.S. Coat of Arms is on the one-dollar bill?
3. Go out at night much? If so, is the full moon low or high in the Northern Hemisphere at midnight in December?
4. You use your car a lot, I suppose. What is its license number?
5. You shop a great deal and undoubtedly go to the A & P. What is that company's full name?
6. You salute the flag, pledge allegiance to it and may even have fought for it in the last war. What color stripe is directly under the blue union?
7. And this Liberty we all struggle for —does she have her right or left arm upraised?
8. If you are like everyone else you use book matches frequently. Can you guess how many matches there are in a standard book?

A Letter for You

Can you change one letter in a word pertaining to *ocean* and get a word pertaining to *dry land?* Can you change one letter in a word which tells what most women *are* and get another word which tells what many women *were?* (If not, see page 127.)

The $103 Question

A friend of mine bought a watch for $103 with tax included. Being an unusual fellow, he paid the exact amount with eight bills, and there were no one-dollar bills among the eight! How was this possible? (Solution on page 127.)

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SIMPLE MATCHIC

Place a cigarette on a clothless table. Next, rub a wooden match on your coat sleeve several times, explaining that this generates static electricity in the match and will repel the cigarette when the match is brought near it. Now bring the match near the side of the cigarette, and the cigarette will move slowly away. The secret is simple. When you bring the match near the cigarette, blow GENTLY on the cigarette without being observed. Be sure to *blow gently* because the cigarette has to move away *slowly*.

Putting You on the Spacht

Ivor Izeweckschki was learning English slowly . . . and having difficulty. "Why," he wrote, "should *enough* rhyme with puff while *cough* rhymes with off and *through* rhymes with canoe? What's the use of the i in plaid or the b in comb? I say there is no sense to it! I can give you a word that I'm sure you can't pronounce correctly, yet it obeys your own rules of spelling and pronunciation. How, I ask, would you pronounce PHOTI?" Can *you* pronounce PHOTI? (Give up? Then turn to page 127.)

WOW!

What is the largest number that can be written with three digits? It is NOT 999 although it is written with

9
9

three nines. It is 9. This means 9 multiplied by itself more than 385,000,000 times. Written in digits this size it would extend from New York to Kansas City, Missouri. That many drops of water would make an ocean more than eighteen million times as large as all the oceans of the world put together. That number of grains of sand would cover the entire earth to the depth of a mile!

The Innocent Letter

During World War II, the innocent-sounding letter in the adjoining column was found on a suspicious character in London. Scotland Yard's best minds examined the letter carefully and discovered that it had been sent from New York a few days before, that it contained a message of great importance to the enemy, and that it demanded immediate action. Can you decipher the message and discover for yourself why it was so fortunate for the Allied Forces that the letter had been intercepted in time? (Correct solution on page 127.)

Dear Hans:

I am writing this in my new home by the SEA. OH how you would ENVY me if you could see this place. Why, OH WHY don't you pay me a visit soon?

I have just completed a long ESSAY on a man who was made EYELESS in the recent war. On page EIGHTY I reveal what his emotions are.

Do drop in on me OH ANY time and I'll be happy to see you. Try to come FRIDAY.

Sincerely,
Fritz

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Who's Who?

In my profession I meet all kinds of people. I recently attended a party at which everyone had a fine time discussing subjects which did or did not have to do with his profession or vocation. An actuary was talking about insurance statistics, which is what he should be talking about, but when the cattyman started talking about cattle I knew he didn't know his subject. Can you tell me which of these people is discussing a subject foreign to his profession or vocation and which is talking shop? (If you need help, see page 127.)

1. **Dick Tucker, the ophthalmologist, gave a lecture on birds.**
2. **Phil Daly, the cartographer, talked about old wagons.**
3. **Joe Burns, the orthodontist, discussed jaw formations.**
4. **Jim Briggs, the Savoyard, gave a talk on ancient diseases.**
5. **Bill Smythe, a bushelman, talked about barreling fruit.**
6. **Harvey Owens, a famous pediatrician, lectured on diseases of the feet.**
7. **Rowland Peters, a successful osteopath, told about the science of bone manipulation.**
8. **Jerry Waters, an enthusiastic philatelist, bored everyone for an hour on the subject of stamps.**
9. **Jesse Moore, a well-known ornithologist, discussed dentistry with a pretty young college girl.**
10. **Peter Wolf, the young paleontologist, told us all about fossils.**

Which (by number) talked shop and what should the others have talked about to be within their respective professions or vocations?

THE GIRLS STEP OUT

Two girls, assisted by two men, race from one end of a long hall or room to the other as follows: each man has two cardboard squares which each girl has to step on, as first one and then the other is placed in front of her. At the word "GO" each man puts a cardboard square in front of his female partner and she immediately steps on it with her left foot. Now the other square is placed in front of each girl, who immediately steps on it with her right foot. The first squares are now picked up by the men and placed in front of the girls again, and thus the race goes on. Of course, each man will try to place his square as far in front of his partner as he thinks she can step without missing it, but this may not always work out well. You can play this as a relay race, making up your own set of rules.

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ANSWERS

On with the Dance!

1-i 2-f 3-h 4-g 5-j 6-a 7-e 8-c 9-b 10-d 11-l 12-k

You See but You Don't Observe!

1. The Heart King. 2. Yes, it is. 3. High. 4. Look and see. 5. The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. 6. White. 7. Right arm. 8. Twenty.

A Letter for You

The words are:
SURF-TURF WIVES-WAVES

The $103 Question

One $50 bill, two twenties, one five-spot and four twos.

Who's Who?

1. Eye diseases. 2. Maps. 3. Talks shop. 4. Gilbert & Sullivan operas. 5. Tailoring. 6. Children's diseases. 7. Talks shop. 8. Talks shop. 9. Birds. 10. Talks shop.

The Innocent Letter

The words in capital letters give the clue. Read them aloud:

SEA OH ENVY OH WHY ESSAY EYELESS EIGHTY OH
C O NV O Y SA ILS AT O
ANY FRIDAY
NE FRIDAY

Putting You on the Spacht

The word is FISH. PH as in Philadelphia, O as in women and TI as in nation.

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DOC MERRITT'S "Out of Trouble" CLUB

A humble Negro porter is the best friend the boys of Martinsville, Indiana, ever had

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

ASK THE WHITE BOYS in Martinsville, Indiana, to name their best friend, and they will probably point to Doc, a Negro porter at the fashionable Martinsville Sanitarium. In 44 years, this dark-skinned and warmhearted benefactor has befriended nearly 2,000 poor little urchins from the "other side of the tracks," meanwhile getting along on as little as a dollar a week for his own expenses other than room and board.

He has been voted the "First Citizen of Martinsville" by the town's school children, and is credited with turning a tough, lawless section into a law-abiding community. He has seen some of his boys grow up to become prominent citizens in various parts of America. Yet Doc, whose full name is Albert Lawrence Merritt, is the son of slaves. In his first job he earned a nickel a week pulling weeds and cutting wood.

His unique career in philanthropy began at the turn of the century, when the young Kentucky-born Negro came to Martinsville in search of work. One day, while he was weeding the sanitarium lawn, a ragged white boy greeted him: "Hi, Mister!" Albert Merritt came back with a smile. "How are you?"

"I'm lonesome," replied the lad.

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"I haven't anybody to play with."

The Negro talked sympathetically, urging him to be friendly with others. Next day the boy came back for another talk with the kindly porter and brought a grimy-faced youngster with him. Before long, several other boys barged in on the strange assemblage.

Soon Albert began taking them for hikes during his spare time. Out of his meager tips he would buy them candy and ice cream. Deeply religious, he would guide his motley crew to a rural church for Sunday-night worship.

One of Albert's jobs was to take a wealthy woman patron of the sanitarium for a daily airing in her carriage. One afternoon he approached her with a bow.

"Would Madame permit a white boy to ride with me some evening?"

"Certainly," she replied.

Albert was excited when he talked to his ragged little friend next day. "Scrub your neck and ears, and put on clean overalls," he admonished the boy. "You're going for a ride tonight."

Next evening another white boy took the coveted seat beside the driver, a third one the following night, and so on. The woman was delighted. "Those are nice, well-mannered boys," she told Albert. "Who are they?"

"They're poor boys from the mill district, Madame," he replied. "They have no place to play, no one for a friend, so I'm trying to help them out."

"Why don't you organize them into a club?" she asked.

Eagerly, Albert grasped the idea, and that is how the "Junior Boys' Club of Martinsville" came into being—as strange and colorful a group as you will find in all America. For years it had no meeting place but the Big Road—meaning the railroad right of way. Evenings and Sundays, Albert—whom the boys christened Doc—would gather his assorted juveniles along the tracks to romp and play or plan jaunts. Out of his tips he saved enough to buy a buckboard, in which he transported groups of boys on their "high adventures" to the swimming hole or to services in country churches.

DOC AND THE GANG met on the Big Road for 15 years before the dream of a "clubhouse" came true. By this time, Merritt had laid by $300, including two $50 Liberty Bonds of World War I. It was little more than a shack beside the railroad that he bought, but to Doc and the boys it was paradise.

In 1926, a real expansion took place, with a second floor added from Doc's savings and finished by the boys themselves. For six months the porter and 20 or 30 boys labored at odd hours to make the "bigger and better" clubhouse complete. Today the club is still housed in that selfsame structure, which is no larger than a small two-story house with a one-room addition. Yet since its completion hundreds of boys have found it not only a place of recreation but also a character-building institution.

The main club room downstairs has pink-tinted walls covered with pictures of the boys — basketball teams, servicemen, wood-burned etchings done by unskilled hands. There is a bewildering array of pennants from colleges, states and

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cities, and a loudly ticking ancient clock. Also on the wall are colored lithographs of familiar American faces and scenes, each nicely framed. There is a picture of George Washington at Mount Vernon, and other lifelike reproductions of Presidents Lincoln, Garfield and Theodore Roosevelt. If you are observant, however, you notice that dim lines crisscross the lithographs.

"Where did you get those pictures?" I asked Albert.

"Look closer," he grinned. "They're big jigsaw puzzles that the boys themselves put together and pasted on cardboard. We hung them in frames that were salvaged from the city dump."

Between the pictures on the wall hang inspirational mottoes: "God Is Love," "Prayer Changes Things," "Love One Another" and "Seek the Lord While He May Be Found." Also, signs prohibiting smoking and profane language.

In the center of the room is an old-fashioned potbellied stove, the club's chief source of heat. In one wall is a brick fireplace, built by the boys with materials provided by a $25 check from an admiring sanitarium patient — the biggest cash gift Doc ever received for the club. Stored in a box are tin plates, cutlery and cups which Doc and the club members use for their frequent snacks. Checkers and other games are also handy.

On a rickety table are magazines, a Bible, Sunday-school papers, Western yarns. On a bulletin board I found a list of boys' names, with small sums—10 to 25 cents—entered after each.

"Contributions to the club?" I asked Merritt.

"In reverse, yes," he smiled. "You see, we don't have any dues. Most of our boys have no spending money. When somebody gives me a generous tip, or a friend donates a dollar or two for the club, I divide the money among the boys. That list tells how much has been distributed lately."

On the second floor is an emergency dormitory, the fulfillment of Doc's dream. It has only a bed, a couple of pallets and some plain chairs, yet here the boys can come, with their parents' permission, to spend a night—part of it sleeping, part of it pillow-fighting, part of it just joking and talking. But Doc always makes sure that his young "house guests" say their prayers before drifting off to sleep.

In addition, the club boasts a playground across the tracks, acquired through Doc's pleas to the owner of a vacant lot. The boys call it their "out of trouble" recreation field. It has a crude basketball court, baseball diamond, croquet court and horseshoe pit. The field is enclosed by a neat, whitewashed picket fence which Albert and the boys built. Every youngster gets boxing lessons, while older boys give instruction in swimming, fishing and hunting.

Once a week Doc and his gang give the whole club an old-fashioned scrubbing, and for two weeks each summer they are busy repainting inside and outside.

Doc Merritt is now 75. His shoulders droop a little, sometimes he finds heavy luggage hard to carry. His hair is almost white, and clipped close. Yet his eyes are as bright and his face as shining as

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ever. At all times, he possesses a serene appearance—unruffled, calm, soft-spoken, intelligent. He dresses simply but neatly, and is always gracious and deferential.

Doc was born in 1872 in Kentucky. When he was 18, he went to Bowling Green where his first job paid him 75 cents a week and his keep. After working as a houseboy, waiter and hotel porter, he came to Martinsville Sanitarium in 1902. The institution has changed hands several times since, but each bill of sale has contained the clause that Albert was to have a job there as long as he lived.

Doc has never married, preferring to devote his life to his "family" of boys. He has seen almost 2,000 youngsters pass through his club and go on to happy homes and useful citizenship. Some of Martinsville's most prominent citizens grew up under Doc Merritt's beneficent influence and were spurred by him to success as businessmen and community leaders.

The very first boy whom Doc befriended so many years ago died recently in Philadelphia, one of the city's wealthiest and most influential men. One "graduate" of the "Out of Trouble" Club became owner of a big store in a near-by city. Another served as bodyguard to an Indiana governor. Still another became a leading citizen of Cleveland. Two ragamuffins turned out to be clergymen. One, a manufacturer of highway equipment, now lives in a fine home in California. Most of the youngsters, however, have matured into well-paid mechanics and tradesmen.

What a contrast they offer to the days before Doc Merritt befriended the boys of "poverty row"! With no place to play, no friends, no one to inspire them, many had ended up in reform school for stealing and rowdyism.

Mechanics always abound among the "graduates," because Albert believes that men who work with their hands are happy and useful. He encourages club members to develop any natural talents they have in that direction.

To aid his boys, he has always kept at hand a desolate-looking automobile or truck. This freak, which looks as if it were ready for the junk heap, serves a double purpose: as a medium of transportation and as a guinea pig for mechanically inclined kids. In between jaunts to the country in the "wreck," they swarm over the vehicle like ants, tearing it apart and putting it together again.

Once in a while, when an old part collapses, they salvage a less-ancient one elsewhere, and graft it onto the perennial vehicle. For a long time they had a venerable Maxwell touring car, with the top ripped off. Now they have a Model T truck, which gives off ear-shattering noises which sound like a series of bomb explosions as the truck wobbles down country lanes, carrying a load of shouting boyhood.

"How long do you think this old crate will last?" I asked Doc.

"Providence willing," he grinned, "it will survive until somebody gives us another old castoff. Somehow, we've always managed to get one when we needed it."

Doc Merritt has never solicited a dime from anybody, puts on no drives for funds, and accepts no dues from poverty-stricken boys;

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he has faith in prayer and hustle—he prays that the Lord will open the door and then tugs at the knob with all his might.

He doesn't even try to "sell" the club to residents of Martinsville or to patrons of the sanitarium. But if he sees something that he feels his boys should have, he goes after it regardless of reason or economics; and he always manages to get it. Sometimes it comes like manna from heaven—a woman patient at the sanitarium supplied the boys with pup tents for camping; a Californian donated a boat; another friend contributed a trailer.

Albert has frequently been called a "George Washington Carver among boys." One of his devoted admirers is a distinguished fellow-townsman, Paul V. McNutt. An old-timer, whose son years ago came under Doc's influence and inspiration and is now a wealthy businessman, said to me:

"Albert has touched more boys for good than any other 20 men in this community."

Meanwhile, Albert Merritt's working principle is as great as it is simple. Here is how he puts it: "When a boy gets out of line, I must step right up to him and keep him close. If he doesn't want to listen, I make him listen. Then, when he gets civilized, he'll always turn out fine!"

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

California, U.S.A.: As California begins the celebration of its twin centennials—the discovery of gold and admittance to statehood—Coronet salutes "the land of blue and gold" with 16 pages of magnificent photographs in rich, full color.

In Memoriam to an Unknown Little Girl: Her family and friends have never claimed Little Miss 1565, pathetic victim of the Hartford circus fire, but she is not forgotten. Here is a heart-warming story that will renew your faith in humanity.

High Water: Here, in 19 pages of dramatic flood pictures, is a memorable photographic record of raging flood waters on a colossal rampage.

How to Choose the Right College: Mrs. Glenn Frank, widow of the noted president of the University of Wisconsin, offers some invaluable suggestions on how to find the school that best fits the personality and talents of your child.

India's People: In a penetrating 16-page picture story, Coronet shows you the people of the new India who are destined to play a major role in the Eastern world.

Who Wears the Pants in Your Family?: Dr. Marynia F. Farnham, author of the best seller, *Modern Woman: the Lost Sex*, issues a clarion call to all husbands who want to escape domination by their wives.

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by DUNCAN HINES

In this feature—one of a series—Duncan Hines takes Coronet readers to some of the outstanding restaurants which are listed in his famous book, *Adventures in Good Eating.* —THE EDITORS

DUNCAN HINES

RESTAURANTS noted for "atmosphere" usually achieve their reputations by carefully planned decorations, clever methods of service and unusual specialties that fit the theme. But the Buckhorn Restaurant, located down by the railroad tracks in Denver, offers its patrons not only the "best steaks in Denver" but also an authentic Old West atmosphere that is derived chiefly from the personality of the owner.

Henry H. Zietz, 82-year-old proprietor and onetime Indian scout, is a true product of the Old West. Sitting Bull and Buffalo Bill Cody, whose pictures hang above the bar, were friends of Zietz. The 700 stuffed animal heads that line the walls were killed by Henry himself.

Zietz began his career as a Western pioneer at the age of 10, when he ran away from his Wisconsin home and hitchhiked to Colorado on a covered-wagon train. At the ripe age of 20, Zietz retired from scouting and set out for the Colorado gold fields. Then, in 1894, he opened the Buckhorn Saloon and made it one of Denver's most popular establishments. During Prohibition, Zietz and his wife turned the Buckhorn—still in the original location—into a grocery store. But with Repeal they combined the food and liquor business by making it the Buckhorn Restaurant.

At first, Zietz himself did all the cooking and dishwashing. But as his business and fame increased, he moved out front to greet his customers. Now, at 82, he's still on the job every night.

WHEN YOU ORDER a bowl of split-pea soup at Andersen's Valley Inn in Buellton, California, it is served with the fanfare that most eating places reserve for such delicacies as *crêpes suzette* or flaming-sword dinners. A cart bearing a huge tureen mounted over a burner is wheeled to your table; a white-coated attendant ladles out a bowlful of the steaming soup and sets it before you with the air of a knight offering jewels to royalty.

There's good reason for all this ceremony. Andersen's is probably the only restaurant in the country

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that claims to be built "on a solid foundation of split-pea soup."

It started in the early '20s when Anton Andersen, a Danish immigrant who had served as a *maître d'hôtel* in New York, decided to "retire" in California. But Andersen couldn't resist the impulse to take over a small roadside café which was being offered for lease. On his bill of fare he featured split-pea soup, prepared according to a recipe from Mrs. Andersen's French family cookbook.

Truck drivers and traveling salesmen were his first patrons. Then some of Andersen's New York customers, vacationing in California, "discovered" him, and soon limousines were parked alongside trucks outside his cafe.

Today, Anton's son, Bob, is managing the Valley Inn. He uses 20 tons of fresh peas and serves more than 200,000 bowls of the famous soup annually. In fact, his product has now been put in frozen form, for use in customers' homes throughout the country.

BOONE TAVERN, LOCATED on the campus of Berea College in Berea, Kentucky, is a unique eating place. Owned and operated by the college, it was established in 1908 as a student industry to give mountain boys and girls a chance to "earn while they learn." It has also given thousands of tourists a chance to enjoy such specialties as Southern fried chicken, spoon bread, pecan pie, beaten biscuits, wild honey and old Kentucky ham.

All students at Berea work part-time. And although not all of them work specifically for Boone Tavern, the guest enjoys the products of most of the student industries. Vegetables are grown in the college's big garden; farm products are produced on the 475 acres where students learn good farming methods. Much of the tavern's furniture and draperies were made in Berea's woodworking and weaving shops. Even the brooms are products of the students' handcraft.

EVERY CHRISTMAS TIME, Harold T. Hayes, interior decorator of Buffalo, New York, used to take over his wife's kitchen for a candy-making session, turning out delicious homemade sweets which he gave to friends.

In 1933, when the Depression hit his decorating business, Hayes began wondering if confections might not sell better than wallpaper and Chippendale. So he took samples of his sweets to various shops and soon began receiving orders.

Henceforth, Hayes' hobby was a full-time vocation. He opened a small shop, the Quaker Bonnet, and sold candies himself. Then he started serving light lunches and homemade ice creams, and soon Quaker Bonnet lunches were as popular as Quaker Bonnet candies, because they included such treats as cinnamon ice cream topped with hot fudge, and coffee eggnog.

Quaker Bonnet has followed one rule that is chiefly responsible for its fame and success. It sells only food products made in its own kitchens, including the mayonnaise and French dressing used for sandwiches and salads.

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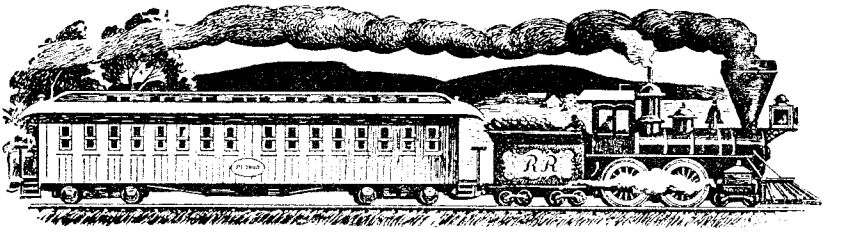

Golden Palace on Wheels

by OSCAR LEWIS

Rail travel in America has come a long way since Grandpa first rode in the "luxurious" new cars of George Pullman

PERHAPS OUR sophisticated age is puzzled to understand the extent to which the sentimental '60s romanticized the Iron Horse. Yet in those days railroads represented far more than mere transportation. Not small boys alone but half the male population would have chosen to occupy the engineer's seat rather than the Governor's chair.

When George Pullman's first palaces on wheels appeared, they added even more glory to the Iron Horse. It was the boast of the ex-cabinetmaker who built them that as much money and taste were expended in their decoration as on a rich man's parlor. And thousands of impecunious Westerners cheerfully paid extra fees that they might see first-hand the luxury of combined drawing room, dining room and sleeping quarters—all within the walls of a 40-foot coach.

Pullman's Golden Palace cars boasted velvet upholstery encrusted with braid and tassels, scrollwork and gilt in intricate patterns, carpets with huge floral designs. In addition to the opulent furnishings, there were potted ferns and rubber plants, organs and hymn books, and towering wood stoves.

But the car's luxury was not synonymous with comfort. In summer, heat and dust reduced the travelers to misery. Sweltering in plush seats, passengers could keep doors and windows closed and endure semi-asphyxiation, or open them to the clouds of dust that swirled up from the unballasted roadbed.

Wrecks were inevitable, for the roadbed was uneven, tracks had been hastily laid, and iron rails frequently broke. In the Sierras a derailed engine might careen over a 100-foot cliff, drawing half the train after it. A cartoon in a San Francisco weekly portrayed a nervous Englishman addressing a fat miner in the seat ahead: "I say, my man, would you mind leaning toward the *center* on the curves?"

But pioneer passengers looked on

Excerpted from the book *The Big Four*, published at $3.75 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York; copyright, 1938, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

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the discomforts and dangers as a small price to pay for the privilege of passing from ocean to ocean in eight days, a journey never before possible in twice that time. The opening of the Union Pacific in 1869 made the transcontinental tour the world's premier novelty in travel. Thousands overcame their fear of starvation, derailment and wild Indians when they courageously set out for the West Coast.

Gathering at Council Bluffs over the three lines then operating west from Chicago, crowds of adventurers were daily ferried across the Missouri to the 15-year-old metropolis of Omaha, eastern terminus of the Union Pacific. There they forced their way past clamorous peddlers and salesmen to the waiting train, found the seats assigned them, and sank down exhausted.

Soon the engineer applied his steam to the cylinders, released long blasts from the whistle, and rattling crashes ran down the train as cars jerked into action. Almost at once the train entered the uninhabited prairie, and the adventurers were free to examine the flat landscape, to admire the trappings of the Pullman, or to "sit and read, play . . . games and indulge in social conversation and glee."

TO THE SOCIALLY CORRECT, cross-country travel presented a variety of problems, not least of which was the question of what to wear. For a summer passage between Omaha and San Francisco, one authority recommended: first day, light spring suit; second day—for the approach to the Rockies—winter suit; third day, for Salt Lake and the Nevada desert, summer suit; for the ascent of the Sierra, the winter suit again, plus "all your underclothing."

Once the mountains were left behind the traveler redonned his summer suit for the passage down the Sacramento Valley, and at the approach to the bay made a final change to winter garments.

Three stops a day were made for meals. Long before the towns were reached, passengers crowded on the steps and platforms, ready for a dash to the eating house. The frame structures were filled with long tables laden with steaming platters. The trains remained 20 minutes, the meals were *table d'hote*, and the price was a dollar greenback or 75 cents in silver.

But stations were infrequent and by no means evenly spaced. Eating places were sometimes eight hours apart, even when the trains were on schedule. Guidebooks urged travelers to carry "a little lunch basket nicely stowed with sweet and substantial bits of food" as insurance against prolonged fasts.

The Pullman tourists occasionally caught fleeting glimpses of the interiors of other passenger coaches, far less ornate. These were the immigrant cars, in which settlers newly arrived from Europe were moving out to populate the railroad's lands from Omaha to the Pacific.

A picture of life on the immigrant trains was preserved by a thin Scotchman who late in 1879 boarded a dilapidated coach leaving Omaha. The amateur immigrant, Robert Louis Stevenson, found himself in a long, narrow box filled with bare benches, a wood stove at one end, a water closet at the other. A railroad official

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New Luxury for Travelers

NOW THAT AMERICA'S railroads are catching up with their postwar building plans, travelers are in for some pleasant surprises. Luxury accommodations of the new crack trains which are now in operation or scheduled for service in the near future include dining cars that resemble swank night clubs; coaches with reclining chaise longue seats; club cars with a movie theater at one end and a dance-floor cocktail lounge at the other; club cars for children, with puppet shows, toys and other amusements; and glass-roofed observation domes, where passengers may enjoy the sun and the scenery.

New engineering devices have done away with jerky stops and starts. Improved car design has practically eliminated sidesway. Radio and public-address systems are being installed in coaches, diners and observation cars, while radiophone service is available on many new trains for personal calls to any spot in the country.

divided the travelers into pairs and introduced them, unconditionally guaranteeing the honesty and sociability of each.

When each man had been provided with a companion, the reason for the company's solicitude became clear. To each pair the agent offered at a bargain price "the raw materials of a bed"—a board and three cotton bags leanly stuffed with straw. These were the mattress and pillows; the travelers provided their own blankets. The price of the outfit was $2.50. A few stations beyond Omaha, peddlers offered passengers identical outfits for 45 cents.

Westward from Omaha the trains maintained a speed of 20 miles an hour. From the velvet-hung windows of the Pullmans, passengers found even the prairie fascinating; the sunsets were highly spoken of by all. In the summer, tourists were likely to be treated to an even more spectacular display, for sparks from the locomotives often ignited dry grass and for hours the horizon was reddened by prairie fires.

During the daytime, amateur hunters kept watch for sight of the still-numerous herds of wild animals. Word that there were deer ahead was passed down the coaches, windows were thrown up, pistols were drawn from pockets, and soon a rattle of gunfire ran down the length of the train.

At points where the railroad chanced to parallel one of the old stage routes, a covered immigrant wagon crawling westward over rutted roads might be met and passed. In the plush seats of the Pullmans, passengers stared at the vehicles, reflecting upon the rocket-like progress of their age.

When night fell and suspended kerosene lamps spread a yellow glow, a more social atmosphere prevailed. Musically inclined travelers clustered about the cabinet organ, songbooks were distributed and the notes of popular hymns rose above the clank of the rails, the rattle of windows and the eerie

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blasts of the locomotive's whistle.

Meantime porters converted the seats into comfortable if not completely private sleeping quarters. Train officials nightly patrolled the curtain-lined corridors under orders to nip in the bud any attempt at breach of decorum.

Despite this precaution, thousands of Americans lay awake until dawn, the ladies keeping foot-long hatpins, brought for the occasion, close at hand. Yet such measures were commonly followed the first night only, for even the strong-willed could hardly remain continuously awake through a 90-hour journey. As the second evening approached, fatigue persuaded even the most resolute ladies to adopt a rational viewpoint. For they had come to realize, in the language of the guidebooks, that "a restful night's sleep is the only wise preparation for the enjoyment of the wonders of the morrow."

The Light That Didn't Fail

IN NEW YORK HARBOR, between Manhattan Island and Staten Island, is a sunken shoal called Robbins Reef. A small lighthouse stands there, and for many years the keeper was an elderly widow, Mrs. Jacob Walker. One day she told her story to a reporter, who gave it to the world.

"I was a young girl living at Sandy Hook, New Jersey," she said, "when I first met my husband. He was keeper of the Sandy Hook Light, and took me there as his bride. I was happy there, for the lighthouse was on land and I could have a garden and raise flowers. Then one day we were transferred here—to Robbins Reef. As soon as we arrived I said to my husband, 'I can't stay here! The sight of water wherever I look makes me too lonesome. I won't unpack . . . ' But somehow all the trunks and boxes got unpacked.

"Four years later my husband caught cold while tending the light. The cold turned to pneumonia, and they took him to the infirmary on Staten Island.

"I stayed behind to tend the light. A few nights later I saw a rowboat coming through the darkness. Something told me the message it was bringing. The man in the boat said, 'We're sorry, Mrs. Walker, but your husband's worse.' 'You mean he's dead,' I answered; and there was no reply.

"We buried my husband on a hillside on Staten Island. Every morning when the sun comes up I stand at a porthole and look across the water toward his grave. Sometimes the hill is green, sometimes it is brown, sometimes it is white with snow. But it always brings a message from him—something I heard him say more often than anything else. Just three words—'Mind the light!' "

Mrs. Walker knew the secret of managing bereavement; to face a loss, accept it, and then re-enter life and move through and beyond the loss. A self-pitying life is a doomed life. Only the life which deliberately picks up and starts over again is victorious.

—From *When Life Gets Hard* by JAMES GORDON GILKEY, published by MACMILLAN

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Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

A MOTHER AND HER SON bought a farm for $14,000 and carried a pail full of money over to the farm to pay for it. When the money was counted out, there was found to be only $12,000 in the pail.

"Say, ma," said the son, "you got the wrong bucket." —*Parts Pups*

"SEE HERE," SAID the Indian Inspector at a Western reservation, "it is a violation of the law now to have more than one wife, and the law must be obeyed. When you get back home you tell all of your wives except one that they can no longer look upon you as their husband."

"You tell 'em," suggested the Indian after a moment's reflection.
—POWERS MOULTON

JOHN KIERAN TELLS of a certain tailor shop that never shared in the general prosperity. Finally it went bankrupt. One partner was sadly surveying the premises just before the padlocking.

"I can't understand it at all," he mused. "Here we go busted, and only yesterday I read where President Truman was saying that business was never better."

"Maybe," suggested his brother, "Truman had a better location than ours."

THE YOUNG SCHOOLTEACHER had just finished telling a small boy in her class the story of a lamb that had strayed from the flock and been eaten by a wolf.

"You see," she said, "had the lamb been obedient and stayed in the flock, it would not have been eaten by the wolf, would it?"

"No, ma'am," answered the small boy. "It would have been eaten by us." —*Watchman-Examiner*

DEAR DAD: Gue$$ what I need mo$t of all? That'$ right. $end it along. Be$t wihe.

Your $on,
$am.

Dear $am: NOthing much ever happens here. We kNOw you like your school. Write us aNOther letter aNOn. NOw we have to say goodbye.

Dad.
—P. H. D. SHERIDAN

A GAY MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, long on charm but short on cash, surprised his friends by his sudden marriage to an extremely ugly woman whose only virtue was her well-padded bankroll. After the marriage, his friends were doubly mystified by his insistence on taking his wife everywhere with him.

"I can understand your marrying that painfully ugly woman for her money," one of his close friends remarked frankly, "but why do you

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have to bring her with you every time you go out?"

"It's very simple," the husband explained. "It's easier than kissing her good-bye." —Brenda Ryan

THERE ARE NO TAXI drivers like New York taxi drivers. Recently a prospective fare inquired of one of them, parked at the curb, "Are you free?"

The cabbie raised a calm gray eye and replied, "Madame, as Plato said, 'No man is free.' "

A WOMAN APPROACHED the clerk in a fruit market and asked for a pound of grapes.

"My husband is fond of them," she said. "Tell me, do you know whether they have been sprayed with any kind of poison?"

"No, ma'am," replied the clerk. "You'll have to get that at the drugstore." —*Commerce Magazine*

THE OLD MAN WAS DOWN on his hands and knees, creeping about under the seats in the movie house and mumbling to himself.

Suddenly there was a hushed scream and a woman's voice cried: "Pardon me, sir, what are you doing down there?"

"I'm sorry," was the reply, "I'm looking for a caramel."

"A caramel? Why go to all that trouble for a caramel?"

"It's not the caramel. My teeth are in it." —From *Jokes, Gags and Wisecracks*, by Ted Shane, published by Dell

RAIN LASHED AT THE windows of the old castle, and the wind howled mournfully as the timid guest was escorted to his room under the eaves.

"Has anything unusual ever happened in this room?" he asked hesitantly of the sinister-looking butler.

The butler grimaced. "Not for 40 years," he answered.

The guest heaved a sigh of relief. "What was it that happened then?" he asked brightly.

The butler's eyes glittered ominously. "A man who stayed here all night showed up in the morning," he hissed.

DELIGHTED AT THE GIFT she had received, Mrs. Jones spoke warmly to the farm boy: "At church tomorrow I'll thank your mother for this lovely pie."

"If you don't mind, ma'am," the boy suggested nervously, "would you thank her for two pies?" —Raymond P. Walker

AFTER A LENGTHY examination, the doctor told the patient that rest was the answer to his illness. "The best thing for you to do," said the doctor solemnly, "is to give up drinking and smoking, get up early in the morning and go to bed early at night."

The tired gentleman looked up at the man of medicine. "Somehow," he said, "I don't deserve the best. What's second best?" —Joseph C. Callan

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Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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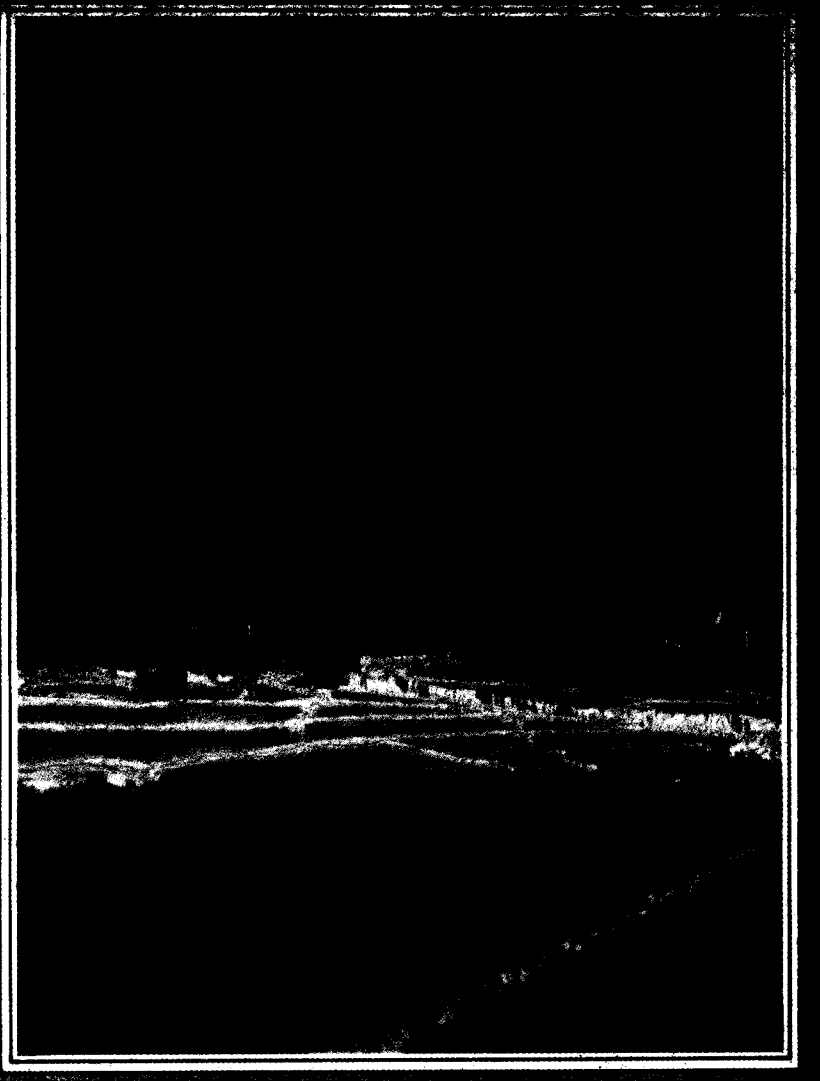

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Bob Hope: *America's No. 1 Gloombuster*

by GEORGE FRAZIER

FOR A ONETIME song-and-dance man who was frequently compelled to accept second billing to Siamese twins and trained seals, Leslie Townes (Bob) Hope has managed to do pretty well for himself. In the 20-odd years since he lived in a Chicago boardinghouse where, he recalls, "the maid used to come in once a day to change the rats," the former partner in the blackface act known as "Two Diamonds in the Rough—Hope and Byrne—Those Dancemedians," has become the most deeply cherished funny man of our time.

It is extremely doubtful if anyone in the annals of show business ever made a more endearing hit than Hope did in the moment when he stepped before American servicemen sick for home amidst alien

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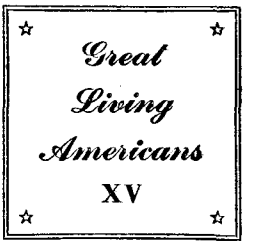
corn and quipped: "Hi, fellow tourists!" Nor is it likely that anyone has labored more unflaggingly in the pursuit of happiness for others.

"This man," John Steinbeck wrote from embattled London on July 26, 1943, "drives himself and is driven. It is impossible to see how he can do so much, can cover so much ground, can work so hard and be so effective. He works month after month at a pace that would kill most people."

In the course of what was unquestionably one of the most valuable contributions to the war effort made by anyone outside military or government service, Hope was to emerge as one of the authentically distinguished citizens of his generation. The honors that have been bestowed on him are not specious honors. For instance, his statuette stands in the Smithsonian Institution. He is also one of two performers (the other is Irving Berlin) to have been awarded the Medal of Merit from the Army.



In 1946, the 9,000 physicians who are members of the Phi Delta Epsilon fraternity presented him with a plaque which read: "For services rendered beyond the call of patriotic duty as morale builder for thousands of patients in all theaters of operation. For this accomplishment, he deserves the designation of 'Great Healer.'" Hope was the first to receive the award, and it was the first time the medical fraternity had accorded such recognition to a nonmedical man.

For a man who says, "I did a single act. My partner just parked at the stage door with the motor running," Hope has managed to do rather well for himself in material ways as well. He is owner and star of the most popular radio program in the world, the author of three best sellers, a motion-picture star, a syndicated newspaper columnist, part-owner of a major-league baseball club, head of a thriving plumbing-fixture business, a recording artist, and the chief asset and stockholder in an extremely profitable corporation.

Yet for all his imposing awards and all his high-minded concern for the welfare of others, Hope, at heart, is still a vaudevillian to whom the wisecrack is never conceivably expendable. As such, he is inclined, perhaps unconsciously, to resist any effort to imbue him with dignity. Not long ago he had occasion to mention an appearance he had made on *Information Please.*

"How would *I* know the answer to their questions?" he said. "Maybe I could tell them what Jack Benny's Hooper was and whether I thought I could catch up with it, but those questions they asked were 'way over my head. I'm just a song-and-dance man, bub."

Although he made six hazardous trips overseas during the war, he managed to retain his glibness even in the midst of acute discomfort. In one case, when a commanding officer had neglected to book his unit, Hope behaved uniquely. Instead of creating an indignant fuss, like some performers, or welcoming

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the chance to rest, as others might have done, he combined his sense of humor with his eagerness to utilize every available minute. "We sing," he wired the officer, "dance, tell stories, have tuxedos, will travel. Can we play your circuit?"

No one, obviously, is more irreverent toward Bob Hope than Hope himself.

With the publication of *I Never Left Home*, his second book, he took great precautions to avoid any of the studied solemnity which seems to envelop show people when they break into print. His publishers, Simon & Schuster, were agreeably startled when he urged them to kid the pants off both him and the book. One advertisement stated that "This space would have been used to advertise *I Never Left Home* by Bob Hope, but all copies are gone and there won't be any more until next Tuesday. There's no accounting for taste."

Another showed the author in the attitude of sulky defiance which criminals exhibit in wanted-for-murder circulars. "This man is Bob Hope," the caption read. "He has written a book. Worse still, he has managed to get it published."

When his third book appeared, he kidded it over the air in this manner: "I'm happy to report that *So This Is Peace* hasn't been banned in Boston . . . the censors refused to read it."

HOPE, THE FIFTH OF THE seven sons of William Henry Hope, a stonemason, and Avis Townes Hope, a former concert singer, was born in Eltham, England, in 1903. Even then, his nose must have had some resemblance to a ski-slide, for Hope remembers that it was a source of grave concern to his parents almost from the beginning.

"It was mother who discovered my nose," he has said. "Up until then, no one had dared mention it, thinking it might go away. Mother looked at it for a while, then turned to father and said, 'William, call the doctor and tell him there has been a terrible mistake. They have taken the baby and left the stork.' "

Inasmuch as Hope holds nothing sacred when it comes to waggery, there is reason to suspect that this story is apocryphal. But on the other hand, there may be some justification for accepting it as gospel truth, since Hope has often said that he inherited his wit from his mother. True or fictional, however, it is additional proof of his steadfast refusal to take himself seriously.

Leslie was three when his family came to this country and settled in Cleveland. As a child, he sold papers, sang a sweet soprano at parties and served as mascot for a semipro baseball team called the Cleveland Tigers. But foot-racing provided him and his brothers with their main income.

In those years, Cleveland was the scene of an endless succession of picnics and outings. Some days, two or three would be running simultaneously in different sections of the city. An integral part of every such gathering was the sprint races which paid cash prizes to winners. The Hope brothers, who were fleet of foot, devised a system which enabled them to enter races scheduled for the same time at two outings being held at a considerable distance from each other.

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One brother would phone the committee chairman of either affair and announce that he was a newspaper photographer and would like to take pictures of the races, provided they could be delayed a few hours. Since no committee chairman has ever been known to turn down free publicity, the man would readily agree.

As soon as the Hope boys had carried off prizes at one park, they would rush across town and enter the other races. They usually won those, too. "I was pretty fast," Hope recalls, and then, with the impish gleam that has proved so profitable to stockholders of Paramount Pictures, he adds: "Of course the fact that I knew how to beat the starter's gun without getting caught may have helped some."

Upon graduation from high school, Lester, as he now called himself, entered dental school at Western Reserve University. At the end of a year he quit under the delusion that he was really meant to be a prize fighter. Johnny Risko, later one of the most indestructible fighters in the country, disabused him of the idea by knocking him out in the semifinals of the Ohio Novice Championships.

Hope next tried his hand as a saxophonist and, after that, as a dancing instructor. Nobody got very excited about him in either capacity. It wasn't until Fatty Arbuckle, who had come to Cleveland in vaudeville, hired him and a friend as stooges that Hope finally met up with his true love. Before long, he and George Byrne—"Those Dancemedians"—were displaying their gifts in Midwest vaudeville houses.

"Why is a pig's tail like getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning?"

"Twirly, Mr. Byrne, twirly."

And with that bit of smart repartee out of the way, the two blackface artists would go into the old soft-shoe routine.

Hope might still be putting on burnt cork if the theater manager in New Castle, Indiana, hadn't asked him one night to announce the bill for the following week.

"The manager," Hope informed the audience, "has asked me to announce that next week we will have a *good* attraction—The Whizbang Revue." The ad lib got what the trade terms a boff or a yak. This was enough to convince Hope that he was cut out to be a monologist.

After grooming himself for his new role by appearing at civic affairs in Cleveland, Hope moved on to Chicago. For the next three months he rarely had enough to eat. It was there, in his room in a boardinghouse on the South Side, that the maid came in once a day to change the rats.

The determination that in later

George Frazier of Boston, Harvard and more recently Manhattan, is best known for his uninhibited close-ups of personalities in the entertainment field. Last fall, he published his first book—*The One with the Mustache Is Costello*—a collection of profiles including Coronet's recent one on song writer Irving Berlin. Mr. Frazier finds the existence of a free-lance writer—getting up around noon and retiring as late as he wishes—very pleasant. Nor does he mind doing the necessary meticulous research — which means spending much of his time probing the personalities of famous people like Hope, Berlin, Mark Hellinger, Toots Shor and Humphrey Bogart.

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years was to enable him to wisecrack during air raids came in handy during those months. "One triumph led to another, and soon I was only $4,000 in debt," he has said of this period in his life.

His first good fortune came when he was hired to act as master of ceremonies at the Stratford Theater in Chicago for a week. He remained six months. When the RKO booking office signed him to a three-year contract, he organized his own company and toured the Midwest. One of the performers who worked for him was a young ventriloquist named Edgar Bergen.

IN 1927, WITH THE expiration of his contract, Hope decided to investigate what New York might have to offer a personable young man who could sing, dance, tell stories and supply his own tuxedo. Within a week, Charles B. Dillingham had given him a small part in *The Sidewalks of New York*. When it closed, Dillingham signed him for a bigger role in *Smiles*. (It wasn't until 1932, when he went into *Ballyhoo of 1932*, that Hope changed his name to Bob.)

A year later he landed his first really important assignment. It was in *Roberta*, and it provided him an opportunity to sing, dance, wisecrack and play the piano. The audiences that filed out of the theater humming a song called *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* were heard to remark that the young man with the funny nose was quite amusing, even if he did seem impertinent.

One night, George Murphy, another member of the cast, took Hope to the Vogue Club, where he introduced him to Dolores Reade, a lovely brunette who chanted the torch songs of the speakeasy years in a sultry voice that caused many a man to forget the little woman he had left at home.

She and Hope were married in 1934. For a while they toured in vaudeville together, but eventually she left show business. Except for an occasional guest performance, she has never returned.

By this time, Hope's features, which have inspired such compound coinages as "jut-jawed," "scoop-faced," "shovel-chinned" and "dish-faced," were pretty well established in musical comedy. From *The Ziegfeld Follies of 1936*, in which he appeared with Fanny Brice, he went into *Red, Hot and Blue* with Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante. Then, as now, he had a reputation for trying to steal scenes from his fellow workers.

Ethel did not consider it devastatingly amusing when he distracted the audience's attention from one of her songs by flopping flat on the stage. After enduring it as long as she could, Miss Merman finally stamped menacingly toward the stage manager.

"Listen," she said in a voice celebrated for its brassy authority, "Tell that --- -- - ----- if he doesn't stop, I'll step all over him!"

From that point on, Hope thought that, on the whole, it would be wiser if he remained upright during the Merman specialty.

One member of the audience at *Red, Hot and Blue* who took an immediate interest in Hope was Charles Luckman, energetic young president of the Pepsodent Company. Luckman, at that time vice-

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Bob Hope, Champion

WALTER WINCHELL specializes in scoops. But on one occasion—at a recent testimonial dinner to Bob Hope—he admitted frankly that what he was about to say was known to millions. Said Winchell: "It is no scoop, I know, to report that Bob Hope always finds time for other people. He has often been in danger on his errands of mercy, but he has risked his life willingly that others might be free from agony.

"Bob Hope lives not only in Hollywood; he lives in the hearts of this nation—and there isn't much mystery about the reason. He is as Western as a bronco. As Southern as corn pone. And as New England as cranberry sauce. Added up, it means that he is as American as apple pie, and just as simple.

"Bob Hope has class—and it's class that makes the difference between the champion and the field."

president and general manager of the company, happened to be scouting for a personality who could charm radio listeners into brushing their teeth at least twice a day with Pepsodent. When he learned that Hope had acquitted himself with distinction on the *Rippling Rhythm Review*, he offered to give him his own radio program.

At first, Hope was reluctant to yield to Luckman's stipulation that he tone down his impertinence, but he changed his mind when the desirability of having his own half-hour show was pointed out to him. *The Pepsodent Show Starring Bob Hope* has been on the NBC network since September, 1938. Hope, whose present contract with the sponsor has eight more years to run, receives $20,000 a week. After he has paid the rest of the cast, the script writers and the musicians, he has around $10,000 left for himself.

The same year that he began with Pepsodent, Hope made his first feature-length movie, *The Big Broadcast of 1938*. His big moment in the picture came when he and Shirley Ross sang *Thanks for the Memory*. Hope, who is inclined to foster tiny superstitions, feels that the number is somehow tied up with his subsequent success. He has used it as the closing theme for his radio program ever since.

Similarly, he has thwarted all efforts to move him out of the modest dressing room he occupied while making *The Big Broadcast*. Paramount executives, who are apt to have pretty strong convictions about the pomp and circumstance which should surround their stars, have been known to complain that Hope doesn't accord himself the proper deference. On other occasions, they have also been known to complain that he does not accord them the proper deference either.

In 1944, they made the serious public-relations blunder of putting him on suspension, alleging that he refused to work. Hope, who had made overseas and camp commit-

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ments long before the Paramount executives decided they wanted him to make another picture, retorted with a statement that was a sharp blow to their vanity. "They've got it all backwards," he said. "I've suspended them!" But not being unmindful of Hope's persuasiveness at the box office, Paramount is not disposed to chide him very severely.

Although the series of *Road* pictures (*Rio*, *Morocco*, *Singapore*, *Zanzibar*, *Utopia*, etc.) which he made with Bing Crosby have brought in the fattest revenues of any Hope undertaking, he has also contributed handsomely to Paramount's profits with such non-Crosby movies as *My Favorite Blonde*, *Caught in the Draft*, *The Cat and the Canary*, *Monsieur Beaucaire* and *My Favorite Brunette*. Under his present contract with the studio he receives $150,000 for each picture, plus a percentage of the profits.

IT WOULD NOT BE accurate to suggest that the imminence of World War II awakened Hope's sense of responsibility, inasmuch as even in the years on Broadway he performed so often without remuneration that he came to be known as "The Benefit King." But it would not be accurate either to minimize the influence that the threat of war must have had upon him.

In the two years prior to Pearl Harbor Hope gave 562 performances to bolster morale, but it was not until war finally struck, and he and his troupe went overseas, that he really hit his stride.

In the six trips they made to Sicily, Britain, Alaska, North Africa and the South Pacific, Hope and his USO unit covered more than a million miles. He, Frances Langford, Tony Romano and Jack Pepper traveled by plane, boat, jeep and on foot. In the process, they sometimes came harrowingly close to death. Ernie Pyle, who had observed the troupe at close quarters, said, "No matter what narrow-escape story Bob tells when he gets back, it's true."

Those who were close to Hope overseas marveled at his sincere conviction that he was merely carrying out a moral obligation. When someone asked him about a piece that Steinbeck had written, he grew unusually serious.

"John Steinbeck," he said, "wrote that 'probably the most difficult, the most tearing thing of all, is to be funny in a hospital.' In a way, he's right. But on the other hand, it's harder not to be. What right would I have, coming in on a bunch of men who had successfully carried out their missions, not to be able to carry out mine—the job of passing out a few snickers?"

There have been few understatements as flagrant as Hope's description of his labors as "the job of passing out a few snickers." Once, while stopping off in the Philippines, he was approached by a Marine sergeant who asked if his outfit could be entertained too.

"Not this time, buddy," said Hope sadly. "The army has us scheduled for every minute. But some other time we sure will."

"But it's *got* to be now," the sergeant insisted.

The urgency in the voice made Hope realize that this was an emergency. He assembled his unit and persuaded them to give a perform-

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ance at 9 o'clock next morning. Because the Marines' landing field was a tiny roadway, only cub planes could land and each member of Hope's troupe had to be flown over separately to the tiny island. They had the outfit roaring with laughter for more than an hour. The next day, most of the Marines perished on Guadalcanal.

Hope's associates overseas feel that he had an infallible instinct for understanding servicemen. Frances Langford tells of a day when she and Hope were standing by the bedside of a boy who had been wounded in Africa.

When the soldier asked her to sing, Hope said: "Frances, why don't you sing *Melancholy Baby*?"

"Oh, no," she said, trying to think of something that would be more appropriate.

"Well, how about *Thanks for the Memory*?" he suggested.

"No, Bob," she said. "I want to sing *Embraceable You*."

She was halfway through the song before she realized that the boy was weeping. Later she learned that he had had his arms amputated the day before. But Hope had sensed the tragedy.

If greatness can be measured in terms of one's willingness to stifle his own grief in order to make the burden of the afflicted more bearable, Hope has certainly achieved greatness. As he passed through the hospital in North Africa that day, he knew that many of those boys would never see another dawn. But he braced himself, his chin jutted out and the familiar impishness came into his eyes.

"The folks at home are having a terrible time about eggs," he said, with mock seriousness. "They can't get any powdered eggs at all. They've got to use the old-fashioned kind that you break open."

There was a roar of laughter. For some of those lying in the hospital beds it was the last time they were to laugh. . . .

People in show business are not always as unselfish as they might be. There is a classic story about a former vaudevillian who went to Hollywood and eventually became a big star. As he grew more important, his conceit grew more offensive. He was walking down Sunset Strip one afternoon when a man greeted him. The actor turned on the charm.

"Well, this *is* a surprise!" he said. "I haven't seen you since we played the Strand in New York. How have you—" The other man cut him short. "No," he said, "not the Strand."

The actor thought a moment. "Oh, of *course!*" he said. "It was the RKO in Boston."

The man shook his head. "No, not the RKO."

"Not the RKO?" The actor closed his eyes and cradled his brow in his palm. "Of course not!" he said brightly. "It was the Earle in Philadelphia."

"Look," said the man impatiently, "I'm your brother Joe. Why don't you write Mom?"

People in Hollywood sometimes tell this story as an object lesson in all the things that Hope is not. Amidst people frequently given to forgetting relatives and former friends, he is conspicuous for his affection toward his family and acquaintances from vaudeville days. In a colony which takes divorce

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lightly, he is recognized as a devoted husband who wears his wife's baby ring on his left hand. As a member of a profession which has come to look upon the phrase "custody of the children" dispassionately, he is noted for his love of his four adopted children.

Each Tuesday night at 10 o'clock EST some 35,000,000 people sit before their radios to listen to his breezy voice over the National Broadcasting Company. "This," he might say, "is Bob Hope broadcasting from Boston where the Cabots speak only to the Lowells and no others . . . and I speak only to Lever Brothers. This is Hope . . . telling you to use Pepsodent and get in those twice-a-day licks and you'll get over with the chicks like a ton of bricks . . . And Harvard is very near here. But Harvard really leaves a stamp on a man . . . even when one of them fails he becomes a bum of distinction . . ."

Then, for some 27 minutes, he pursues the wisecrack relentlessly. A few minutes before 10:30, he slips into *Thanks for the Memory* and then his voice suddenly becomes earnest.

"A couple of weeks ago I started to say something about the Community Chest, but we were a little late," he says, "and you know how it is on the radio when you're a little late—you get off like the second cousins in grandpappy's will! I said, 'Folks, a word about the Community Chest,' and the next thing I hear is, 'Bong, bong, bong!'

"What I was going to say was this: during the war nobody came around with a sterilized needle and bottle and said, 'Hold still, you, we're taking a pint of your blood!' But we gave plenty of blood, didn't we? Nobody held a gun in our back and said, 'Hey, you, fork over eighteen-seventy-five, you're buying a bond!' But we bought plenty of bonds, didn't we? Nobody came around on Sunday night and said, 'Report at Lockheed first thing Monday morning!' But we turned out plenty of planes.

"And nobody's gonna hammer on our door tonight and say, 'It's Community Chest time, brother, fork over that wallet!' But whatta you say we all hammer on the door of the Community Chest and say, 'Here's the wallet, brother, take out a little for my fellow Americans!' . . . Good night."

This is the buffoon, the onetime song-and-dance man. This is the breezy blade who vainly chases girls across the screen. This is the fast-talker who left them laughing at the Stratford Theater in Chicago. This is also the fellow who left them laughing as they pushed on to Guadalcanal.

"There's a man," wrote John Steinbeck. "There is really a man!"

Slips Will Happen

Authentic news misprint: "The motorist approached the coroner at 60 miles per hour."

—*The Optimeter*

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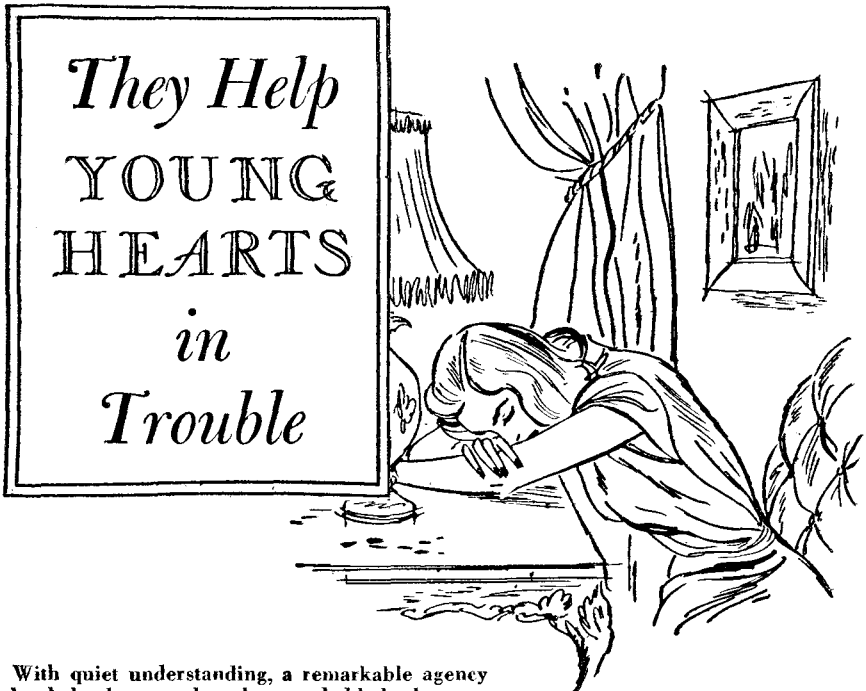
by HENRY LEE

They Help YOUNG HEARTS in Trouble



With quiet understanding, a remarkable agency has helped many when they needed help the most

SUSAN, AN OFFICE WORKER, was a young white-collar girl, gay, assured, with a good background and education. She might have been that "nice girl" down the block, or your daughter's best friend.

But when she came to the Youth Consultation Service, the world was tumbling about her pretty blonde head. Susan had just discovered that her soldier-sweetheart was already married. And now she was going to bear his child.

In wounded pride, Susan was blindly hitting back. She was seeking an Army allotment for the baby. She didn't care, she said, what happened to the soldier's marriage. It had been his fault, and he should pay too. She even turned on her father, an elderly widower, and her brother, happily married. They should have protected and advised her, she insisted.

Into this drama of misery and recrimination, YCS brought the quiet understanding which has helped thousands of girls during the past 36 years. Yes, an Episcopalian agency in New York City, is dedicated to "the young whose hearts are troubled." It blends

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modern techniques of social work and psychiatry with the age-old teachings of the church.

YCS let Susan talk herself out, and was not shocked. In fact, it was grand medicine for her to share her secret with others. And from what Susan *said*, YCS learned what she really *meant*.

Often a girl says, "I'll never even look at my baby!" What she means in her heart is, "If I look at it and hold it, I'll never bear to part with it." When she blames her plight on her family, she is likely to be expressing unhappiness felt since childhood. That was Susan's reason for accusing her father and brother. She had felt slighted in the family's affections all her life.

While she talked, YCS arranged to help with prenatal and maternity care. They secured her a temporary room and a part-time job. Gently she was led out of the melodramatic egotism that makes some girls threaten abortion or desertion of the child. Gradually she began to see her plight as a social problem that touched many people—her family, the soldier's innocent wife, the baby itself.

One day she made a discovery. "I *do* have a part in this mess," she exclaimed wonderingly. "It's as much my fault as anybody's. And it's *got* to be my responsibility." Then she added apologetically: "I must have seemed like a horrid person when I first came here."

At that moment Susan matured emotionally. From then on, she thought of the coming baby as a human being with rights of its own, not as a club with which to shame her sweetheart and family. She thought of herself as she really was —a "nice girl" making intelligent amends for a mistake. For YCS, Susan's case was another quiet triumph of the spirit.

Her story has no Cinderella ending. Neither—as happens so often and so unnecessarily among the estimated 80,000 illegitimate births yearly—did it end in shame for the mother and a bootleg adoption agency for the child.

Susan's baby was placed by YCS through a certified adoption agency, assuring it a home with affection and security. The soldier's marriage was not smashed, and Susan's family was spared the pain of knowing what had happened. Then she returned to her job. Her secret was forever safe.

INCREASINGLY, GIRLS who get into trouble have good family and educational backgrounds. The greatest number calling at the trim brownstone headquarters of YCS in lower Manhattan are secretaries, stenographers and clerks. Next are teachers, nurses and other professional workers. Of different ages, emotionally the girls are all at the same level—adolescents who hungered for love and security, and were badly let down.

Though most people deplore runaway girls, YCS points out that at least they are trying to do something *positive* about an overwhelming problem. Often, they are trying to spare their parents' feelings. They deserve help and guidance, not reproach, say YCS officials.

YCS does not encumber the girls with maudlin pity. Peculiarly, it finds that the crisis of unmarried motherhood, when intelligently met with sympathetic help, is likely to

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mature a woman. It saves its pity for the male shirker who abandoned the girl because he wasn't strong enough to shoulder responsibility.

In one case, a 19-year-old girl whose sweetheart said "he wasn't ready for marriage" ran away to New York. Unable to find a job, she had to write home, explaining what had happened.

Her father and mother were bewildered: they had given her a good home, and it was hard for them to realize that in their concern for the younger children in the family, they had neglected the daughter. Nevertheless, they were determined to stick by her.

From the family physician, the father learned of YCS and brought his daughter there, to avoid scandal in a typical home in a typical small town. A kindly deception was arranged. The girl would remain in New York to have her baby, while neighbors would be told she was visiting relatives. Then, after the child was adopted, she could come home again.

The girl should have been relieved; but after her child was born she remained deeply troubled. At last, YCS pried the truth from her.

"I've always been active in my church," she said, "and I want to go back to it again. But now I feel *unworthy*. And I can't talk to my minister about this sort of thing."

At this point, the chaplain of YCS, Father Thomas J. Bigham, Jr., took over the case. The church wanted her back, he said, since no one is "unworthy" in the eyes of God.

"Look at it this way," he told her gently. "You're a good girl who made a bad mistake."

Thus comforted, she was able to go home and pick up her old life.

YCS makes no distinction of creed, race or color. Usually, Father Bigham works only through the YCS counselor assigned to each specific case. From the day a girl asks for help, one case-worker carries her through. Often, she never meets anyone else in YCS.

Like Father Bigham, Dr. Leslie E. Luehrs, staff psychiatrist, works behind the scenes. He studies every case and advises the proper scientific approach for each, but rarely does he see one of the girls himself. YCS prefers to work on a simple, human level.

Yet even an experienced social worker—and those at YCS are all graduates of social-work schools—need coaching from the psychiatrist. Usually, they urge the girls to stand on their own feet and develop independence and unselfishness. Sometimes, however, a girl lost in deep conflicts cannot make decisions for herself. Then it is up to Dr. Luehrs to uncover the psychological "block." Often, buried in the young woman's subconscious, it is something that preceded her immediate trouble.

Betty and Babs, two Southern girls who ran away together, offered a sharp psychological contrast. Betty, 19, said briskly that she couldn't let her family know about her trouble. Her father was ill, her mother domineering. She was tired of being treated like a child, so she would see this through by herself. YCS was delighted with her spirit.

Betty promptly found a job, a furnished room for Babs and herself, and then paid part of her hospital bill in advance. Gradually she softened toward her mother. With

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the help of YCS, she wrote a letter telling what had happened.

The mother, for the first time realizing she had erred in treating Betty as the family baby, was impressed by the girl's self-reliance. After the baby was adopted, Betty went home, where she was gladly welcomed as a self-proven independent adult.

Unlike Betty, Babs never struck out for herself. First she leaned on her friend, then met an older man who sympathized with her and agreed to accept the baby. She married him, and kept her child.

In a way, she might seem the more successful of the two. But YCS doesn't look at it that way. Betty, they say, faced her problem squarely and solved it alone. Babs, in her marriage, still was clinging to a stronger person for support. YCS predicts that Betty, having learned independence, will be more successful in life than Babs.

SOMETIMES, YCS LOSES track for a while of the girls it has aided. Then, a year or so later, a wedding invitation is likely to arrive, or letters like these:

"Now I can walk down the street and feel no sense of guilt."

"Being financially independent is a blessing I thought I would never enjoy again in those dark days last year."

"I think I have made more progress in strengthening relations in my family than ever before."

"I shall always be grateful to you for distinguishing between the forest and the trees."

Each girl has a rightful sense of accomplishment. All through, she makes the decisions, even the last and hardest of all—whether to keep her child or let it be adopted.

Often, economics make it impossible for a girl to give her child a fair start in life. With a wrench that only a mother can understand, she puts it out for adoption. For the several months it remains in the home, pending selection of new parents, she can visit it. Then she says good-bye forever.

When this happens, YCS knows that even though her child is gone, the girl can't escape the feeling of motherhood. Wisely, they help her to develop a compensation for her loss—a career, a hobby, new interests in life.

Many of the girls are referred to a bureau for psychological and aptitude tests. One high-school graduate, a clerical worker, was found to have artistic talent. YCS secured a job for her with a firm of interior decorators.

Another, who had been a waitress, showed a facility for languages. Now she is going to night school, hoping to become an interpreter. Still another, who had long dreamed of being an artist, accepted the bureau's suggestion that she consider art merely a hobby and get an office job.

With a modest budget of about $70,000, YCS cares for some 580 girls and 270 children a year. There are three offices, at 27 West 25th Street; 384 East 149th Street, the Bronx; and the County Office Building in suburban White Plains. Mrs. Dorothy Ellsworth, executive secretary, directs a staff consisting of ten case-workers, a supervisor and clerical help.

These case-workers have the knack of making the first strained

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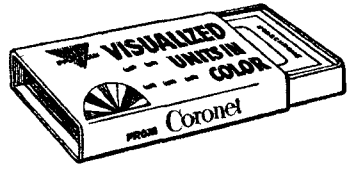
interview a simple, friendly conversation between two women. They take no notes at this time lest the sight of a pencil check the flow of words. At the end of the interview, the girl usually exclaims: "I feel so much better!"

Afterwards, the girl can come back as often as she desires. If possible, YCS returns her to a community in her own state, where she can be nearer home. But if it is necessary to guard her secret, YCS will guarantee her medical bills in New York rather than risk public investigation.

YCS is supported by contributions from Episcopalian parishioners in the New York diocese. There is a policy-making board of directors, including not only clergy but lawyers, judges, financiers and scientists. Unlike many directors, these laymen are not figureheads, for each is charged with a definite phase of the program.

As YCS is quick to point out, its work is only a small part of an enormous problem. On a nation-wide scale, the chief need is for aggressive preventive action in homes where parental tension, or ignorant supervision of children, too often gives girls a dreadful sense of insecurity.

Some day, YCS believes, the number of girls in trouble will be reduced to a minimum. But parental reform is an idealistic, long-time remedy. Meanwhile, "for the young whose hearts are troubled," YCS offers the solace of modern understanding, leavened by age-old Christian charity.



Through the cooperation of the Society for Visual Education, many of Coronet's most famous full-color picture stories are now available as "Visualized Units in Color." Each of the "visualized units" consists of a series of 2 x 2 Kodachrome slides exactly duplicating one of Coronet's vivid picture stories in permanent form, suitable for projection.

Notable among the varied selection of picture stories now available are such outstanding features as "A Christmas Carol," "The Mississippi River," "The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World," "The Ten Commandments" and "Wizard of Electricity." These units contain six to thirteen slides each and are available at $3 to $6.50 a set, including a manual with each set.

For detailed information concerning the sets now available, write to the Society for Visual Education, 100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

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The Fine Art of Criticism

by GRACE NAISMITH

HOW DO YOU TAKE criticism? Do you turn with resentful anger against the person who gave it? Or do you face criticism squarely, evaluate it accurately and then move on to do a better job?

"There are two kinds of criticism which come to us all," writes the often-criticized Eleanor Roosevelt. "One is constructive and comes from people whose judgment we trust. The other is destructive. It is always valueless. I would have become either an embittered old lady or a nervous wreck if I had not been able to decide which I thought was right."

There's a great difference between mere faultfinding and constructive criticism; here are some hints that you can turn to your advantage

Artists, writers and theatrical people realize the value of constructive criticism to their business. Noel Coward accepted a severe panning with this comforting observation: "I hereby render deep thanks to those booing, hysterical galleryites and those exultant, unkind critics and journalists for doing me more constructive good than any of their cheers and their praises have ever done."

"We actors get slapped down all the time," says Helen Hayes, "and we have to learn to take it well. Sometimes I wish people outside the theater would learn to take it too."

Outside the arts, careers may be won or lost by the way one accepts criticism. A department-store manager was about to fire a bright young salesgirl because she repeated every bit of gossip she heard.

"Before you discharge her," argued the personnel director, "let me tell her that she talks too much, but that we like her and will give her another try."

"It won't do any good. There'll

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be a scene and she'll quit anyhow."

But the girl didn't make a scene. "I guess you're right," she said quietly. "I do talk too much."

Today she is a successful buyer, with a bright career ahead of her.

Much constructive criticism is held back because our friends won't risk destroying the relationship. They may hide some unpleasant truth that is costing us business and friendships, then in a flash of temper give us invaluable advice.

Or accidentally overheard criticism may jar us into self-improvement. Alla Nazimova, the actress, was dumpy and dull until she heard someone call her a "little turnip." Then she set out to make herself over and found in herself the talents of a gifted artist.

An editorial assistant in a New York publishing house was a capable but overemotional girl. One day, when she went into an editor's office with a manuscript, he was busy on the phone but motioned her to sit down. Her glance fell on a paper on his desk. There, *underscored,* was her name. In a flash, she caught the message:

"Don't send *Miss Brooks* on that assignment. She's the office weeping-post." And it was signed by the owner of the magazine himself.

The girl went white. But by the time the editor had hung up, she had made a quick decision. She picked up the memo, handed it to him. Now it was his turn to be embarrassed. "I'm sorry," he muttered.

"I'm not," Miss Brooks surprised him by saying. "I shouldn't have read it, but I'm glad I did. All along I've thought I was a sympathetic listener to the girls' problems. Wherever did I get the idea that I was a glorified Dorothy Dix?"

The inadvertent criticism was just what she needed to make her realize how much office time she had wasted in listening to sob stories. And more important, she realized how she had been wearing her own emotions thin by suffering with her talkative friends. The mistaken sympathy was a nervous strain, sapping her energy. No wonder the publisher didn't want her to handle an assignment!

CRITICISM WOULD BE less difficult to take if we would remember that usually only one small phase of us is under censure. And it would also be less difficult to take if people knew how to give it. In the first place, don't criticize—unless it's absolutely necessary. We are creatures of emotion, easily wounded. We must have confidence in ourselves, pride in our accomplishments.

A budding athletic coach learned a bitter lesson in how to criticize. His football team had won the first game of the season, but he was afraid public adulation would make the boys overconfident. So he launched deflationary criticism, directing it chiefly toward the star player. Next day the boy said he was quitting school.

"I love football and I need schooling," he told the coach. "But yesterday the bottom dropped out of everything for me. I thought I'd played a good game, but when you tell me I'm that bad, I haven't the nerve to go on."

It was a contrite coach who won him back, admitting that he had criticized too destructively.

A mother went to tuck her little

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girl into bed and found her sobbing. "Haven't I been a pretty good girl today?" she cried.

The mother hadn't realized that the child had tried not to irritate her all day. Prone to criticize her daughter frequently, she had failed to give praise when it was due.

A fine example of subtle criticism is told by the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.* A social worker had tried vainly to persuade a slatternly family to clean up their home. One day she brought a lovely potted plant and placed it in the slovenly living room. The family soon tidied the room to make it a fitter place for the gift.

Praise is the magic wand of criticism. A flying officer of the RAF told Dr. Donald Laird about his first solo flight. His civilian instructor was an old-timer in aviation, a Scotch "bush pilot" from the North country.

The boy's landing was very poor; he hit the runway hard, the ship bounding 15 feet into the air. When it came to a halt he was ready to be bounced from the air force.

As he climbed from the cockpit, however, the old pilot said: "Good for you, kid! You made it—and the ship's all in one piece. You've got the makings of a pilot."

There were a hundred things wrong with that solo flight, but the wise old flier gave only praise at first. That afternoon they flew out into the country where—in private—the blunders of the solo performance were discussed. The boy's pride was saved, as well as his self-confidence.

Leaders in industry agree that some word of approbation should precede the criticism, if criticism must be made. Call it sugar-coating the pill, but it still makes sense. And constructive criticism is even more effective when you show *how* the fault can be corrected.

Gen. Omar N. Bradley won a reputation among his men as being both gentle and logical in his criticism. His G-2 once said: "Whenever you make a mistake and get put on the carpet, the Old Man shows you why you made the mistake and then tells you how to avoid making it."

That is constructive criticism at its best. Once you learn how to give it—and accept it—in the proper manner, you will have taken a long step forward on the path to greater achievements.

**One Heaven of a Fellow*, Coronet, Dec. 1947

A Tale of Two Cities

THE ENGLISH CITIES of Leeds and Bradford are traditional rivals. The newspapers of each city always denounced the people and activities in the rival city. Recently the Leeds and Bradford editors held a meeting and decided to end this foolishness and enter upon a new state of friendship and good will. A few days later a Bradford resident decapitated his wife, shot his two sons, hurled his mother-in-law from a window and set fire to himself. The Leeds paper headlined the story "Strange Behavior of Bradford Man."

—LEONARD LYONS

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Uncle Sam's SUPER MARKET

by BEN LIEBERMAN

The WAA will sell you anything from an ocean liner to a gas mask in its nation-wide "bargain basement," and it is finding ingenious uses for war remainders worth billions of dollars

SUDDENLY IT WAS THERE—a huge silver barrage balloon bobbing skyward near the dome of the nation's Capitol. Sight-seers craned their necks. Staid Washingtonians gasped. No government agency had ever dared such flamboyant commercialism. Huge letters on the balloon screamed this sales message: "$104—DEFLATED—WAA."

In all Washington only War Assets Administration could cook up a scheme like that. For WAA is the most unorthodox government outfit ever blessed by Congress. Other federal bureaus are the soul of decorum, but not fast-talking WAA. War Assets will grab your lapel, offer you a cigar, then try to sell you a war-leftover Brooklyn Bridge—all in its steam-roller campaign to beat $34,000,000,000 worth of war surplus into plowshares.

Take gas masks. The springy rubber tubes now power a jack-in-the-box and novelty snake made by a Boston toy concern. Or delousing bags. They protect drying concrete on newly built California highways. In Cincinnati, surgical gauze became shoulder pads in dresses made by a garment factory.

The office in Fort Worth had 32,000 glass vials of no further medical use. They were sold to an amusement arcade for use as targets in a shooting gallery.

In Richmond, there was enough GI mosquito netting to stretch from Montreal to Buenos Aires. No one wanted khaki-colored netting—until WAA demonstrated it could be bleached and redyed all colors. The netting was snapped up. Soon to appear as curtains, it will brighten windows everywhere.

In 1946, more than $13,500,000,000 in surplus goods was sold, sur-

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passing total retail sales of the nation's ten top department stores. But that was just a warm-up, says hustling WAA. Last year, an average of a billion dollars' worth of surplus was disposed of every month—more than $36,000,000 in goods each day!

The man responsible for this sales record is Maj. Gen. Robert M. Littlejohn, irrepressible WAA chief. His laughter is huge, his rages cyclonic. A veteran of two wars, at 57 he is a shrewd, indomitable battler. That's why President Truman hand-picked him for the job in 1946. Previous administrators had quit in droves; WAA was in bad shape. Littlejohn found disposal routines snarled in red tape, transactions subject to interminable delays. Looking further, he examined the inventory.

It seemed as if every war-plant stock clerk, supply sergeant and storekeeper had stampeded for home the moment peace was declared. Left behind in many of the 181 WAA warehouses was a jumble of equipment—unclassified, mislabeled. Selling goods from a stock list was an uncertain venture.

One Nashville customer applied for a freight-elevator hoist. The agent checked the inventory. "Our list shows the hoist in good running condition," he said. But the order was halted in the nick of time, for the hoist was on an elevator in WAA's own building!

Jaw squared, Littlejohn swept into action, planning a nation-wide sales campaign. He cracked down on inefficiency, blasted bottlenecks. Stumping the country, he unscrambled the inventory, fired incompetent workers, slashed red tape. WAA came alive. But there was still one barrier—the very nature of surplus itself.

Jeeps, typewriters and blankets were easy to sell. But such consumer goods comprised only one-seventh of the surplus heap. The rest included slow-moving real estate, aircraft and parts, machine tools, factories. Worse, one-half the whole inventory was war gear of no apparent peacetime use.

"What can we do with such junk?" wondered WAA. Then some 50,000 employees became brain-trusters, insisting that every war-designed mechanism had a practical peacetime use.

Army helmets? Use them for wash basins, they said. A Midwest building contractor purchased 100,000. Practice bombs transformed into lamp bases sold in carload lots to a New York manufacturer. Weapon carriers became tractors, eagerly bought by farmers.

Other artful disposals crowd WAA files: 1,250 gas-mask wrenches—now glass-jar openers in Massachusetts; $500,000 in aluminum strips that foiled enemy radar—Christmas-tree icicles in Washington; 60,000 rocket launchers—drainpipes and lamp columns in New York; a $4,500,000 stock of sheep-lined flight trousers—now house slippers and gloves in Illinois.

WAA SALESMEN PROMOTE every sales stunt in the book. They ballyhoo surplus over the radio, display goods at sports conventions, toy fairs and trade conferences. Mobile showrooms tour remote farming areas, and advertisements are world-wide.

A Brazilian bought a wire-manu-

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facturing plant and sent it to his country. A stream of surplus is being shipped under credits of $10,000,000 to Norway, $25,000,000 to Holland. Used shoes went to Italy, medical supplies and flashlight batteries to China, $300,000 in heavy equipment to Czechoslovakia.

When you wander through the vast warehouses, scene of bargain "Site Sales," you understand why WAA is a super-super market. You find what you want and cart it away, generally at 29 cents on the dollar! If listed, the 4,000,000 surplus items would fill 28 mail-order catalogues, a stack seven feet high!

You'll find things like trolley cars, sausage casings, dog collars, escalators, whiskey, glass eyes and pigeon lofts—not to mention islands, ocean liners, industrial plants the size of towns, and even towns themselves! But WAA salesmen never turn a hair. They sold the Big and Little Inch Pipe Line for $143,000,000 with as much fuss as a grocer wrapping up a can of peas.

War surplus enables an army of ex-servicemen to consummate a fox-hole dream—that of going into business for themselves. Currently, 15,000 veterans' firms employing 250,000 persons have been established through surplus sales. Last year alone, $1,000,000,000 in surplus property was sold to ex-GIs.

In South Jersey, a former Wac and her ex-Wave partner work their chicken ranch with surplus farm equipment. A machine that made soldiers doughnut-happy in the Philippines is the mainstay of a doughnut business operated in San Diego by an ex-GI and his bride.

Magnus Knudson had so much KP duty in the Army that he swore when he got out he'd never peel another potato. But as a civilian, he bought some mechanical peelers from War Assets and hung out his sign in Chicago as "Ready Peeled Potatoes, Inc.," to furnish spuds to local restaurants.

In the early days, vets gleefully rushed to the government for a jeep apiece and first crack at the surplus grab bag. But they were quickly disenchanted. For instance, in 1946 only 100 staff cars were available in the New York region to meet 20,000 requests. Red tape was king. Vets shuttled from bureau to bureau and generally went home empty-handed.

Littlejohn quickly changed that. Choice items like typewriters and jeeps were put on "set-aside" lists for ex-GIs. Red tape was smashed. Priority routines were simplified and liberal credit terms arranged.

Today, a good part of War Assets' fan mail is from satisfied ex-servicemen. Henry Volk of Milwaukee, a former marine, will readily tell you what war surplus means to him. Disabled by wounds received on Guadalcanal, he could never hope to do a solid day's work again. But one day he read a newspaper story about a surplus sale.

Today, the ex-marine directs a flourishing business from his home. He buys huge gliders and glider crates at WAA sales. Splitting them into lumber, his all-veteran employees build comfortable dwellings, sold only to fellow-veterans.

TRANSACTING A MULTI-BILLION-dollar business requires voluminous correspondence. WAA writes more than 15,000,000 letters a year; in Washington alone incom-

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ing mail runs to 7,500 letters daily. The Los Angeles office recently received this heart-stirring note:

Dear Sir or Madam,

I am a boy of 12 yr. I have only a few souvenirs of the war, so please if you have a Mustang or P-38 or any kind you don't need, could I have it? I thank you very much. Please let me have one you don't need. All the kids had dads in the service. I don't have any, he is dead.

RONALD APPEL

Hard-boiled WAA aircraft salesmen knew they couldn't give a plane away. But one of the men passed his hat. With the proceeds the happy boy received his first plane ride. His smiling hosts topped the trip with a present of personal war souvenirs—a flight jacket and cap, an ax, plane instruments, and a flight card from a P-38.

Then, as the official WAA report reads: "The boy was flown home quickly—before the AT-21 could change back into a pumpkin."

The toughest phase of "operation surplus" still lies ahead, now that the cream has been skimmed. WAA officials admit that the balance—heavy equipment, unwieldy properties and machine tools—is a glut on the market. But Littlejohn's answer is to cut costs and improve service.

To step up sales he recently organized a chain of "Customer Service Centers," 96 of which are already open. Here are displayed samples of surplus being sold all over the nation. You can walk into a center in any large city, order, arrange delivery, and pay for a bargain anywhere in the country.

When will our surplus scrap heap be liquidated? It's a moot point. World War I leftovers are still being sold today. As for WAA, Littlejohn sees it out of business one year after the Armed Services send him their last batch of surplus.

"Anything on hand after that," he suggests, "should be transferred to the owning agencies or a permanent government bureau."

The men and women of WAA agree with their boss. They drive hard, hoping to close up shop before the end of 1948. The sooner the better, they say, for as pump-primer of postwar reconversion, WAA will have accomplished its mission. Then, proudly state the salesmen, our war remnants will truly serve as instruments of peace.

What a World

A wig store in New York employs three bald-headed clerks to exhibit wigs and toupees to prospective customers.

Some species of crickets can jump as much as 100 inches at a time.

According to the weather bureau, San Juan, Puerto Rico, is the sunniest spot in the West Indies. It has not had one day in two and a half years when the sun failed to shine. For the past 42 years, it has never had a temperature below 62 nor above 94 degrees. —*Brickwork*

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There's Money in It—

With ingenuity and initiative, anyone can turn a good idea into a profitable business; here's evidence to prove it

THE SIX SHADES—FOUR brothers and two sisters who are all ex-GIs — have launched a postwar business called "Yukon Hunting" which offers sportsmen all-expense "package vacations." For two years, "Yukon Hunting" has been flying hunters from Los Angeles to Alaska, feeding, housing and furnishing guides for them, and returning them to their front porches two weeks later, loaded with big game.

While flying Army cargo from Montana to Alaska, Carson Shade and Earl Shade got the idea for "Yukon Hunting" when they saw big game dotting the countryside. They outlined their project to their brothers, Meredith and Pat, both Air Force men in the ETO, and to their sisters, Autumn and Audrey, serving in the Pacific with the Women's Air Raid Defense.

After VJ-Day, "Yukon Hunting" got under way, the sisters handling office work while the brothers made contacts.

Canada gave permission to set up three camps near Lake Teslin, Yukon Territory. From the Army the Shades got clearance to house hunters in barracks along the Alcan Highway. They hired Indian guides, advertised, and soon had all the hunters they could accommodate.

—PETER J. PIPER

THE JUNIOR STORK CLUB in Los Angeles is one bottle club that even the W.C.T.U. must approve. It bottles babies' formulas and delivers them to the front door, saving Mom some mighty tedious hours of sterilizing and preparing the formula in the family kitchen.

Approved by the County Health Department and recommended by many pediatricians, the Junior Stork Club is today a thriving organization. It was founded late in 1945 by a pair of chemists, Dr. J. J. Ross and his wife, Irene, soon after Ross was discharged from service with the Army's Chemical Warfare Service. They got the idea during the war when Mrs. Ross, employed as a chemist for a large food company, was forced to prepare her baby's food at midnight after her return from work.

Formulas are prepared precisely according to the doctors' prescriptions, under hygienic laboratory conditions, and delivered every second day in sealed, sterile nursing bottles. The charge (including bottle, nipple and delivery) is $8.50 a week. Parents of twins pay $14.50 a week, and parents of triplets get the cut rate of $15 a week. Cur-

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rently the Rosses are working on plans to put up "babies' box lunches," to serve the child after he is put on solid foods. These lunches—enough of everything for just one serving — would be frozen, packaged and delivered to the home.

RALPH WHITEHURSE of Kansas City, Missouri, had been earning his living for ten years by taking aerial photographs. Then one day he decided that a photographer on wheels might do even better, so he bought a panel truck, fitted it out with darkroom equipment, and named it the "Photomobile."

Parties and dances are his specialty. Developing his pictures on the spot, he delivers the finished prints in 30 minutes. Mounted in folders, the pictures sell for $1.25 each, and on a good night Whitehurse grosses as much as $50 or $60.

During the day he takes his Photomobile out on the highway, stopping at service stations, country stores, or in small towns near Kansas City. The sign on the truck attracts many customers.

When Whitehurse decides it's time for a vacation, his Photomobile goes along. Last summer he headed west to visit dude ranches and other tourist resorts, thus combining business and pleasure.

—ALBERT PEARSON, JR.

A BRITISH WAR BRIDE whose husband was too sickly for strenuous work decided to turn their large house into a tourist lodge, and spent their entire savings upon linens and furnishings. One week before opening day, fire razed the building. They had no insurance.

Standing before the ruins, the distracted woman was approached by a delivery truck driver: "Sorry, ma'am, about this parcel, it ought to have been delivered yesterday." The parcel contained ten dozen white bath towels! Just then a neighbor's baby threw a toy out of her carriage. It was a pink terry-toweling bunny. The little war bride returned the bunny to the baby, then went along with her neighbor to make a telephone call.

That phone call started the destitute pair on the road to success. As soon as the druggist delivered the dyes the war bride had ordered, a business was born. Quickly she dyed half the towels in shades of pink, blue and yellow. While they were drying she undid the terry toy and cut a pattern from it. Then she made up her first samples—lovely bunnies with colored bodies and white ear-linings and tummies. The local department store ordered all she could make.

All this happened a year ago. Today the young woman has a thriving business in "Terry Toys." Her husband cuts and stuffs the animals and she finishes them.

The pair are really "cleaning up" with bath towels! —JANE GRAY

Do you know someone who has turned a good idea into a profitable occupation? Coronet invites contributions for "There's Money in It," and will pay $25 for each accepted item, upon publication. No contributions can be acknowledged or returned. Send your entries to "There's Money in It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York.

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Condensed Book

by NOREEN LINDUSKA

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES ANTHONY KELLY

This gay but moving story of a girl's fight against infantile paralysis carries a message for anyone who fears physical disability or illness. Here is an account of how polio strikes, how it feels, how it is detected and treated. But above all here is a memorable message of how faith and inspiration, plus a will to live, can rout the shadow of death.

Condensed from the book *My Polio Past*, published at $2.75 by Pellegrini & Cudahy, 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.; copyright 1947 by Noreen Linduska.

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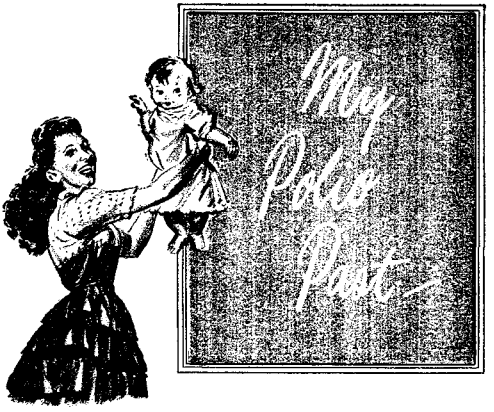

by NOREEN LINDUSKA

MY PAST IS QUITE recently passed. It began not quite five years ago, and ended just yesterday.

It was June, 1943, and I had grown into a young woman who knew how important plans are to life. So I drew a chart. After four uncertain years, my fiancé had graduated from military school and gone into the Marine Corps. By mid-September he would be a lieutenant and the wedding could take place the 25th.

My life was going to be well-handled—no wasting time for me. I was going to marry a soldier, be a radio script writer in Chicago, raise five sons, and at the age of 80 win the Nobel Prize for literature.

So far, my writing schedule was laid out only to September. But by August my trips to the library for script material were already sidetracked by visits to the trousseau shops. Then came an invitation to visit my fiancé's parents in Indiana.

He met me at the train, and we drove through the warm, sunny morning. There was a layer of dust on the road signs, yet somehow everything looked shimmery to me, and when I unpacked my bag and discovered that I had forgotten my bathing suit, I wondered what had happened to my mind. When we went canoeing, I upset the canoe; when we went sailing, I couldn't find the jib-sail rope.

After a half-asleep night, I awoke at dawn and for a second couldn't move my legs. "Polio!" I thought in terror—and then laughed. It was too ridiculous!

On the second day, I was no more mentally coordinated than before. The only clear thought was that it would be lovely to curl up in my bed at home and sleep and sleep. As my husband-to-be tenderly put me on the train for Chicago that afternoon, he said something about the wedding. But I was too tired to wave from the window.

Two days later, a young man with whom I collaborated on short stories invited me to dinner. My voice on the phone seemed strange

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and I had a vague headache, but otherwise I didn't feel badly.

When I came home at midnight, I made my way upstairs with as much effort as if I were climbing the Rockies with a donkey on my back. I anchored down my floating bed with extra blankets and, shivering, climbed in. When I awoke next morning I tried to analyze the strange feeling in my throat: it was as though two marbles had slipped down and lay there spinning.

The grapefruit juice at breakfast looked delicious, but when I groggily tasted it, an amazing thing happened. My nose channels became confused with my throat—and the juice took the wrong direction.

"Oh gosh!" I yowled, petrified. I rushed to my room and flopped on the bed. "The doctor—call a doctor!" But Mother was already on the phone.

The doctor pulled my arms and legs, and then another amazing thing happened. He took out the thermometer and gently said: "Don't be frightened, but I think it's poliomyelitis, bulbar type!"

"Don't be silly!" I said. "It's just the flu!"

Of course I had the flu. What was this ridiculous medical man talking about? People like Noreen Linduska didn't get infantile paralysis.

But the doctor said to Mother, "Put a flannel nightgown on her and I'll phone for an ambulance."

When Mother went for the nightie, I reached for a dictionary. "Bulbar-type polio," he had said. What did that mean? I found bulb and bulbiferous, but not bulbar.

When Mother returned with the nightie, she didn't seem concerned and, goodness knows, I wasn't either. The only disconcerting evidence was the impossible act of swallowing.

Soon the Cook County doctor and nurse arrived, since during an epidemic all cases of infantile become the property of the health authorities. The doctor looked at my throat, then gave me a spoonful of water to swallow. When the water seeped through my furious nose, he jumped like a skyrocket. Then two men came in with a stretcher and lifted me onto it.

"When will I be back?" I asked the nurse, thinking I was just going for an injection.

"Twenty-one days is the quarantine period," she said. I was speechless. What were these asinine people talking about? Why, in 21 days I would be a bride!

And then we were in the hospital basement, where a handsome interne looked at me. "Hello," I said in my new hoarse voice.

"How old is the boy?" he asked my father.

"I'm a girl!" I boomed.

The stretcher halted before a door marked "isolation" and my parents were told to remain outside. So I smiled a nonchalant good-bye. Inside were a bed and a green machine. I recognized the iron-lung design. The mechanism was inhabited by a girl whose blonde hair lay beautifully on the shelf where her head rested.

"Poor thing," I remember thinking. "She has infantile paralysis."

My bed was propped up at the foot and sloped, headward, like an empty teeter-totter. Soon a nurse entered with a steel pole, which she clamped to the bed. Then she brought a bottle of glue-like liquid

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and fastened it, inverted, to the pole. The bottle cap was pierced by a rubber tube, on one end of which was a needlelike attachment. A doctor brought a gauze-wrapped board to which he strapped my arm. Then with a quick jab he inserted the hose-needle into the vein.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Serum," he said. "Now don't move until it's all gone."

The serum began to flow through my left arm in a cool, satisfying manner. I was so thirsty that the quenching satisfaction of the serum must have put me to sleep. When I awoke it was dark outside, and it took a few moments to identify my new surroundings.

The room had one large window and a big glass ventilator jutting roomward from it. From the doorway my parents waved gaily.

"We're all having a pretty exciting time," I thought.

Then a nurse came and replaced the serum bottle with one that said "Glucose" on the label.

"May I have a drink of water?" I asked politely.

But she replied without a smile, "No, you may not"—and left.

I wanted a glass of water more than I had ever wanted anything in my life, so when another nurse came in to see the girl in the iron lung, I did a very deceitful thing.

"Please," I said, "may I have a drink of water?"

"Of course, dear," she said, filling a glass.

The water smelled so delicious that I filled my mouth with it. But the water just stayed in my throat, until it began to trickle in a thousand wrong directions.

I leaped out of bed, drowning. Doctors and nurses came running from all directions. Someone put something in my nose, and I felt a hose being forced down my throat. But the breath wouldn't come in. I felt a little pump with suction begin to drain out the water. Then the tiniest bit of air came into my lungs, then a little more, a little more. No one said a word, but one nurse stayed to wipe my face with a cool cloth. It was she who had refused me the drink in the first place.

"Now you know, dear," she said. "But don't be frightened. You will be all right again in no time at all."

I imagined somewhere down the hallway I could hear the soft crying of a woman who sounded like Mother. And then my flippancy vanished. Like a slow moonset, I watched myself go from thought to thought—that even though I didn't have infantile, I might be seriously ill anyway—and that I might not live. It was a kind of surprise awareness, for death had all at once become rather understandable. I was not frightened; I just felt strange and bewildered and exasperated. . .

NEXT MORNING I awoke, more thirsty and more humble than ever before in my life. I was afraid to swallow, and afraid of the strong, energetic student-nurses. I missed my mother terribly, and her smiling face in the doorway looked so distant it was torturous to see.

That evening, I was to have my own nurse, and when I saw her I was delighted. She was an elderly woman with a Swedish accent.

"You're lucky," she said. "When

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a bulbar-polio recovers, there's no damage left. It's the poor little kids with it in their arms and legs and backs that make my heart bleed."

Then she began talking about the polio patients in Michael Reese Hospital, where they received treatment that was the closest thing in Chicago to the famous Sister Elizabeth Kenny treatment.

"If I had infantile," I asked, "would they give me the Kenny treatment too?"

"No," she said, "it isn't for bulbar-polios. That is because the muscles affected in bulbar paralysis are those deep within the neck and head cavities and inaccessible by surface treatment. Your paralysis has affected your speech, swallowing, coughing, sneezing and some of the unnecessary things like crying and wrinkling your nose. Some bulbars have a paralysis of the lungs too, and that is why we keep tanked oxygen on hand."

"Tanked oxygen?" I asked. "Where do you keep it for me?"

"Why, right here," she said. Alongside my bed were two tanks I hadn't noticed before.

"How do you think I got polio?"

"No one knows that, dear, but we assume that it enters the body through the nasal passages and goes on into the blood stream and spinal fluid."

"Then bulbar cases must be the most common," I surmised.

"No," she said. "They are the least common."

I was now aware that I would not be offered any food or drink until I had learned to swallow again. My only nourishment came from the glucose and dextrose injected into my veins almost 24 hours a day. I felt my avoirdupois melting away.

Towards evening that first day, I turned my attention to the girl in the iron lung. Only her head protruded from the big steel box. But although we were alone in the room, neither of us had strength to talk.

I lay gritting my teeth while she was fed creamed chicken, salads and Jell-O with whipped cream. But when her nurse brought a frosted glass of orange juice, I wanted to beat the wall with my head.

Soon after my evening nurse arrived, she told me that they were moving the girl. And the next morning I too was moved to another room, where I joyously saw that I was to have a real, live roommate. Lenore was just 13 and had been ill a week longer than I. As soon as she saw me, she started a gay conversation. My only objection to her was her ability to eat. I watched her with the eyes of a hungry dog.

At dinnertime the fourth day, I begged so piteously for something to eat or drink that the interne asked if I would like a "Woggenstein." What a "Woggenstein" was I had no idea; but when the interne directed the nurse to order a cream eggnog, I almost fainted with joy.

Soon the gentle doctor and sympathetic nurse had the Woggenstein and Miss Linduska working smoothly together. The thin rubber hose, inserted into my nose and down the passageway to the empty cavern, carried the eggnog where it belonged.

I lived for a long time on thick eggnogs and double-rich chocolate malteds. Life was indeed here to stay a little longer. But suddenly I

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felt a tremor in my lower back and a bonfire ignited. In a few hours, it spread to my left leg and arm and coursed my entire back. I had adjusted to everything so far, but this was that extra straw.

Every ten minutes, I'd react to the bonfire with such haste that my head met the toprail of the bed with a whack. Lenore explained that the bonfire fit her pre-hospital polio pains precisely. But we decided that mine must be from some other cause, since I had already been identified as a bulbar case.

Finally, I discovered that if I kept my back arched I would not only be steeled for the fiery jabs but would also be able to avoid bumping my head on the bed. But the bonfire did not subside, though I tried everything to convince myself it wasn't there. I had not one milligram of endurance left; I could not bear one more jab. Yet the jab came with regularity as it had now for three days and three nights.

I was searching wildly for something that would help me. I clenched my fists and closed my eyes hard. Very slowly I began to repeat the Twenty-third Psalm.

The bonfire roared; it punched and it tore, but I would not move. I felt as hard and immovable as the oldest tree in a petrified forest.

NOW THAT I WAS "one of them," I combed the newspapers for every account of polio I could find. There had been a great deal written about Sister Kenny and her spectacular treatment.

"Lenore," I said, "do they give the Kenny treatment here?"

"Well, I guess so," she answered, "although the hospital does not call it the true Kenny treatment. Anyway, it's the hot-pack and physiotherapy method."

"What's that?"

"You'll see," Lenore said. "I get my treatments this morning."

I had frequently heard an odd squeaking noise outside the door, but I didn't know that it was made by an old washing machine which conveyed the hot packs from the sterile steamer to the polio patient's room. The nurses called the machine Tillie, and it was plain that Tillie herself belonged in a hospital.

Three nurses entered with the machine. As they rolled it to Lenore's bedside one of the nurses plugged in the cord and a series of new rumbles started. When she lifted the cover, clouds of steam rolled out, and Lenore began to squeal. Fascinated, I asked the nurses to explain.

"These are 'Kenny Packs,'" one nurse said. "They're made from heavy woolen blankets and are boiled in steam."

She lifted a large triangle of olive-drab woolen cloth with a pair of forceps, wrung the triangle through Tillie and handed it to the nurse at Lenore's bedside, who dropped it onto Lenore's leg. The girl squealed. The pack was too hot to handle, yet it was placed on Lenore's leg and not removed.

While one nurse was "wrapping" Lenore's leg, the other wrapped her arm by the same procedure. The three nurses worked easily and methodically, and when all the pieces had been applied, Lenore resembled an undressed, muslin-

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by Noreen Linduska

Some Facts about POLIO

THERE ARE THREE main types of polio: pure bulbar, bulbo-spinal and pure spinal. The symptoms for all are the same: headache, nausea, a cold, muscle soreness or stiffness, unexplained fever. But unfortunately these symptoms are common to a number of other diseases.

Infantile paralysis is caused by an invisible virus so small that it eludes the finest filters. Recent use of the electron microscope, however, has revealed new particles that may be, or may contain, the long-sought virus.

Once the virus has entered the body, it may cause one of the symptoms noted above and never be noticed. Or it may invade the central nervous system and feed upon nerve cells.

If it destroys enough of them, the muscles served by these cells become permanently paralyzed. If, however, enough nerve cells remain after the disease subsides, and if the muscles have been kept in good condition, power may be restored to them through either re-education, physical therapy or orthopedic surgery.

The commonest form of polio—the spinal type—affects the spinal cord, injures motor nerves and causes temporary or permanent paralysis of the arms and legs, and muscles of the back and abdomen.

The pure bulbar form is the deadliest, claiming about 99 per cent of all polio fatalities. Bulbar polio directly invades the base of the brain and attacks the special nerves which control the eyes, face, throat and larynx.

The victim is unable to expand the chest to breathe, but a treatment has developed for this condition. Called the tracheotomy, it is a simple operation of slitting the windpipe below the larynx and inserting a small silver tube through which the patient can take in air.

bodied doll. Then the nurses left, and I was surprised to find that Lenore would remain snugly wrapped in her hot packs for an hour and a half.

"You see," Lenore told me, "we each have two complete sets of hot packs, so that while one is being used the other is in the sterilizer."

"How do they feel?"

"Kind of good, once they're on," she said. "They make you relax perfectly, and all the throbbing and twitching in my muscles seems to go to sleep."

In an hour a white-uniformed young woman I had never seen before came in. She slipped into a sterile white gown and put on one of the gauze masks that everyone entering our room had to wear.

"Hello, Lindy," Lenore said, happy to see her. Then she introduced us. "Noreen, this is my physiotherapist."

The physiotherapist drew the

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curtain between Lenore's bed and mine. She had folded the packs which she removed from Lenore into a pile when I heard her voice drop to a low pitch.

"Here, Lenore, think here!" and then silence except for a few groans or, "That's as far as it will go."

How I wished I could see what they were doing behind the curtain. After the physiotherapist was gone I asked Lenore about it.

"Don't talk to me," said Lenore. "That's the only exercise I get all day, and it certainly wears me out. She just moves my paralyzed muscles, and tries to teach me how to move them myself."

Lenore had five sets of hot packs that day, and by evening I felt I was a specialist on the Kenny treatment. The bonfire had gone out, but I felt little twitches in my legs and my shoulder.

That night, when my ever-present thirst kept me from falling asleep, I tried to turn on my side as naturally as ever before. But though I did it unconsciously, I blinked to discover that I had not changed my position. I tried again, but nothing happened. Then my heart began to pound and I felt hot perspiration on my forehead. I had never been so frightened in all my life.

I flung my right arm across my body and grabbed at the mattress with such force that fingernails bent back. Then the blankets became so heavy that I tried to kick them off; but the blankets did not move. I propped myself up on my left elbow to think more clearly, but the arm collapsed. By now I was trembling so hard that the bed shook. I called hoarsely for a nurse, but when she came running, I pretended that I had called in my sleep.

After she left, I just lay there taking stock of myself. I tried to sit up, but my back was as elastic as adhesive plaster. I tried to raise my right arm, but it would go no higher than a few inches from the bed. My right leg could be extended sideways, but the left one just lay.

The next morning, after Lenore's first set of hot packs, the physiotherapist came again. She helped me to a sitting position, for I couldn't seem to make it myself. The room spun dizzily.

"My goodness," I said, very bewildered, and decided that I was in no hurry to go home after all.

THE FIRST CHANGE in room service next morning involved a new kind of bed for myself. Heretofore, I had not been aware of the difference in Lenore's bed, but now I discovered that she had been occupying a "Kenny bed."

The wooden blocks which held up my bed at the foot were now evenly distributed to each leg. The spring was removed, and in its place a wooden plank-platform was inserted. A hard mattress replaced the soft one and in place of sheets the bed was made up with woolly blankets. At the foot of the bed a wooden board was inserted between the mattress and the iron rails.

Pressing my feet against the footboard was to stimulate my "standing reflex," and in this horizontal position I closely resembled myself in a vertical standing one.

After breakfast a few days later, the packers came in with Tillie.

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"For you!" they grinned.

"Oh, wonderful!" I beamed.

"You're special. We have 'quick packs' for you already."

"Quick packs? What are they?"

"Roll over on your stomach and we'll show you."

I saw her lift a steaming rectangle from the mesh bag, put it through the wringer and hand it to the rubber-gloved nurse at my side. The nurse slowly let it cover my back. Spires of steam arose. Then she covered it with a layer of muslin and one of dry blanket; another hot blanket was placed on the backs of my legs and then the woolen blanket was pulled over me.

"Ooh," I said, and then I couldn't say anything more. My arched back and stiff legs were as helpless as paraffin over a flame.

Quick packs were evidently an attempt at "quick relaxation," for the longer I retained my arched back and my stiff-legged lying, the greater the chance for the polio virus to do damage. I learned that relaxation is the great goal in polio; that was why Lenore's joints had been left free, even when her upper and lower arm was packed. Relaxation encourages movement, and movement discourages deformity.

When Lenore was packed, the nurses returned to my bedside and applied five more of the quick packs. As soon as one would stop steaming, another would replace it. After the quick packs, the complete hot pack was given me.

With the soothing first effects of the treatment, I no longer had dark, overhanging fears of polio. I tried to think about my throat as little as possible. Eating breakfast took almost the two and a half hours to lunch, and eating lunch took up most of the afternoon. In between were the hot packs.

My menu increased, and for luncheon I had mashed potatoes and cream cheese. For dinner there were strained spinach and carrots. The drowning episodes became fewer, although the sight of a glass of water set my heart pounding.

The day after my first hot packs, the jolly young physiotherapist returned. "Now for your exercises," she said cheerfully.

The exercises were really a muscle re-education process. How simple it sounds, but what a job it was! Since the muscle was actually affected by the polio virus, the packers and the physiotherapist did not handle it, but moved it through its normal arc by holding only the joints. With superlative gentleness, the therapist took hold of my left hand at the wrist. Stroking my arm lightly with her index finger, she indicated the muscle on the inside which raised it, and the one on the outside of my arm which let it down.

"Think here," she said, and raised my arm from the elbow. She instructed me to close my eyes and relax completely, in order that I might exert all my efforts on concentration. The idea was to concentrate so completely that I could feel the movement of the muscle that was in reality paralyzed. Of course, I felt nothing, for the muscle itself was stiff, and when she raised my arm from its wrist, something pulled so hard that all plans of concentration were lost in terrible shooting pains.

Sister Kenny's conception, the

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physiotherapist explained, was that while the muscle was in a stage called "spasm," the polio virus was actively at work. "Spasm" in my case was the bonfire days. The muscles at that time twitched and ached, and were actually shortened from normal length.

After the first two physiotherapy treatments, my future goals were outlined clearly step by step. My first endeavor was to relax the tensed muscles so that they could fall into normal positions. The physiotherapist told me to move about a little, but not to strain at sitting up or moving a leg until my muscles were ready. If I did not comply, I might injure the muscle beyond repair.

She made it all so clear and logical that I vowed to follow her to the letter. "Now I want you to think here," she said, lightly brushing her fingertips over the muscle that raised my arm. "Now think here," she went on, "while I bring it down again."

I was learning a new subject—mental awareness—and it actually took me six months to locate, mentally, a walking muscle in my leg that played a devilish game of hide and seek in a hidden cave of pain.

It was a job—and I do mean job! How the physiotherapist and I sweated out the hours! Sometimes it hurt so much that I wanted to scream, but the slow process worked, with only one minor exception, in all my muscles.

One day a visiting doctor from South America was brought into the room where I was getting physiotherapy treatment.

"This is our miracle-girl," my doctor said. "She not only eats and talks, but one of these days she will stand up and walk."

One of these days, perhaps, but not yet. As far as I could see, there were no miracles in this business.

I WAS STILL TALKING like a tongue-tied Mortimer Snerd, and since no one had any recommendations for a bulbar cure, I decided to create one of my own. I made up a list of exercises which I conscientiously followed for months. The exercises were: saying (for singing was impossible—ever) the musical scale "do, re, mi, fa, so, la, ti, do." The second exercise was the complete alphabet, carefully and slowly pronounced. The third exercise was repeating the hard-to-say phrase, "storytelling time."

I also practiced taking long breaths through my nose and trying to purse my lips into a whistle. Needless to say, I was frequently embarrassed by accusations that I was talking to myself.

Finally I was moved from my isolation quarters to a charming corner room. One of its windows overlooked the Outer Drive, and I could actually see a generous sliver of Lake Michigan. In the weeks that I had been away from outdoors, I discovered that fall had replaced summer.

By the third week in October, the hospital became accustomed to the fact that I would be living there a while longer, so they proceeded to entertain me. One day a young woman wearing a nice smile came in. "You're going to stuff a Teddy bear," she said, patting my cheek.

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"Now won't that be fun?"

My mouth dropped. "I'd rather color a picture book."

The Occupational Therapist tried again, with weaving looms for red and black pot-holders or a green leatherette cigarette case, but I wasn't interested. I just didn't seem to fit into Patient Occupation Plan, No. 606-b. Soon I began to create my own occupations, just to show that I could.

I began to knit yarn "fascinators" for Christmas gifts and, dissatisfied with their usual lovers-knot look, I ordered a jar of beautiful wooden beads which I tied into gaudy fringes or interwove in the yarn. I thought they were lovely, but the Occupational Therapist wasn't interested.

Then came the day when I was permitted to sit up for the first time. The five-minute period made me feel as if I had just gone through six consecutive double-features. But soon my confidence increased and I relaxed. The ability to sit up opened new doors for me, and late in October I received permission to occupy a wheel chair. How pleased my parents were when they found me waiting for them, dressed in a house coat, rocking back and forth. Sitting up also meant that now I would be able to have my physiotherapy exercises on the main floor of the hospital in the beautiful gymnasium.

The gym had trapezes, rowing machines and a basketball court. At either end were large mirrors; on the walls were rungs that looked like practice ladders. I received my exercises on a stationary table, and was able to eye myself in the mirror. The first view was startling: I had become a scrawny skeleton with no calves in my legs.

The first gym exercises were successful, but the trip through the corridors on the hospital cart and the descent in the elevator quite took my breath away. It was even exciting to be rolled off the cart onto the table. At last I was making progress.

ON THANKSGIVING MORNING I awoke and muttered to myself, "It's just another Thursday, just another Thursday!" But at 2 o'clock, Mother and Daddy arrived, carrying our old familiar picnic basket. "We're going to have our Thanksgiving dinner with you," they said.

But all the festivity was not contained in the food. The doctor had told my parents that they might take me outdoors that afternoon, if the sun was shining. And joy of joys, the sun was shining brightly!

"Outdoors" meant the terrace. Mother dressed me in flannel pajamas, a bed jacket and my house coat. Then, wrapping all of me into one of the woolly blankets, she and Father wheeled me onto the terrace.

Perhaps the wind wasn't as blustery as it seemed, but it took my breath away. I was almost exploding with joyous emotion. This was my first breath of the outside since the rainy day I had arrived at the hospital, and the world had never looked so beautiful.

I wanted to go out—out there where I saw the skyline of Chicago against the misty November blue. I looked down at the shiny automobiles, and I realized that not for the toughest virus in the world

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would I give up all the fun and living waiting outside for me.

After Thanksgiving, I knew I was continuing to make progress; and at Christmas time, I excitedly told my physiotherapist that I had pushed myself up from my wheel chair and stood for a few seconds.

"I was sure you would be strong enough to try it soon," she smiled, so we went to work in earnest.

"Standing me" consisted of rolling me off the table in the gym and keeping my knees from sinking forward. At first I felt giddy and all I could do was jitter and giggle. Little pains began to shoot here and there —in my nearly recovered shoulder, in my weak back, and up and down my stringy legs. Each day I devised a dozen different excuses for postponing the devilish exercises, but a glimpse of my figure in the gym mirrors convinced me that muscles and curves were not acquired by lying down; so I tried a little harder just for the sake of vanity.

Standing upright was a frightening experience that seemed to open all sorts of new fear channels. Seeing objects from a vertical position was confusing, and I felt at least ten feet tall. I would break out in perspiration and turn purple from head to toe, and after a few seconds I'd puff like an old war horse just out of battle.

"Come now," the therapist would lie beautifully, "you stood for seconds longer yesterday."

After more than a week of just standing, I was once again introduced to walking. With my doctor supporting my left arm and my physiotherapist the right, I had to be told to bring one leg forward, place it squarely on the floor, leave it there, and then begin to think about bringing the other leg forward. Somehow it seemed that I never knew just exactly how walking was done, and unless I willed the direction of each foot, I seemed unconsciously to want to bring both forward at the same time.

But the doctor and the therapist were persistent, and within three weeks I exchanged them for a pair of crutches. Soon the therapist let me try out the crutches on the length of the gymnasium alone, following me closely lest I try to move all four appendages at once.

Late in February, the hot packs were reduced from six a day to four —three in the morning and one after lunch. The day from 3 o'clock onward was our own, to do with as we chose. It was hoped, however, that we would try walking rather than staying abed to read. We were encouraged to walk in the hallways to gain not only strength and endurance but also self-assurance.

Heretofore, we had done all our walking in the gym. Now, in the hallways, we were like bats blinking in the sunlight, and when we saw visitors we were apt to flatten ourselves against the wall or grab for the nearest chair. The floor still looked far away.

ONE SATURDAY old Tillie broke down altogether. There could be no hot packs that day, and since the public-relations director had become my friend, I begged her to take me on her tour of the children's hospital.

"Let's go!" she said, and took

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by Noreen Linduska

How Your Dimes Help in the War on Polio

THE FIRST MARCH OF DIMES was inaugurated just ten years ago. During the past decade, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, through chapters in all parts of the country, has used your yearly March of Dimes contributions to give direct financial aid to some 88,000 patients—many of them victims of polio in the years before 1938.

But your dimes and dollars have done much more than that. The money has been used to equip polio centers in hospitals; to train physicians, nurses and physical therapists; and to launch research projects seeking to prevent and cure the disease.

You can help keep these services strong and growing by giving only ten cents. So join the 1948 March of Dimes—and urge others to do likewise!

control of my wheel chair for the most exciting ride I ever hope to have. We went zigzagging from one end of the corridor to the other.

When we entered the children's hospital, I could hardly believe my ears; it sounded like a zoo! Since the public-relations director had her own business to settle, she left me alone and asked that I meet her at the door in an hour.

Slowly I wheeled down the corridors, and at last I reached the polio ward. There, nurses were making up the beds, and Tillie's counterpart and the children's packers were at a corner crib. Little polio patients were in all the other cribs, most of them in packs. When I entered, they looked at me coolly and then went on with whatever they were doing.

Most of the little girl patients gave their dolls the Kenny exercises too. "Think here," they'd coo as they moved the doll's arm or leg.

When the therapist stood one of the little girls up, the child's knee collapsed and she tumbled down.

"Are you hurt?" the therapist asked gently.

"Oh, no," said the little sage. "What's a leg compared to a life!"

Here I was in a roomful of the tiniest "victims," as the newspapers called them. In this room the photographers would have a field day—red curly hair, long black braids, tiny pug noses with freckles, big black moon eyes, funny baby wheel chairs—and on the chair by that bed a shiny, leather-strapped brace anchored to a size 8½ white shoe.

These little shoes wouldn't fit into roller skates or skis or be exchanged for soldiers' boots. These would know a different world than that of being center fielder on the baseball team. It wasn't sad—it was simply different.

I didn't say much on our way back to my room—I kept thinking how awful it was that the newspapers didn't tell some of the other stories about the carefree children who lived in hospitals. I wondered

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how the public had come to build up its strange fascination for what were called "unfortunates," so that when these same "unfortunates" went out into the world, they were treated so differently!

IN MARCH, FOLLOWING a complete muscle check-up, it was decided that my hot packs be discontinued. My muscles had relaxed, although many of them were still as weak as feathers. Now, if I tried hard enough, and had reasonably good luck, I would really be able to walk. The physiotherapist and doctors were pleased too, for I constituted a successful experiment in which braces were not used.

But "No-More-Hot-Packs" was the bulletin of the day! The joy I felt when I found that they had been prescribed for me was matched by my glee when the last one was dropped into the wastebasket.

Now, walking longer distances each day became life's foremost endeavor, but 100 feet was still quite a hike. Yet I was really a spectacular picture of health, for in addition to walking I had learned how to swallow my vitamin capsules, and I knew that should there be another bonfire some day, I could quickly fetch my own hot-water bottle.

The first day after my hot packs were discontinued, I attended a splash party in the hospital swimming pool. In bathing suits, we polios were rolled off carts which conveyed us to the pool, onto a shiny maple board with chromium-plated accouterments. The board was carried by a power-pulley directly over the pool and lowered gently into tepid water by wide tapes which unrolled from the chromium bars.

In the pool we were amazed at our powers. What with the buoyancy of the water and the muscle-substituting that automatically took place in our limbs, we could walk beautifully just by holding onto the bar with our fingertips. Actual swimming, however, was not such a gay experience: when I leaned out to try a remembered stroke, I found that my heavy, lazy legs would not come to the surface but drunkenly lagged behind, keeping me in a right-angle position.

But in spite of the great fun we had at the splash party, it was not repeated. The danger of muscle-substituting was too great; we might easily use the wrong muscles on land as we had done in the water. Therefore, walking longer distances again became the order of the day.

One afternoon in March, three of us polio patients were sitting on the terrace which faced the lake. The wind was cold and wild, although the sun was shining and the lake pranced like a colt. I looked up to where the sky met water. It was a long way off, and out there they both were dark gray.

"It is as far away as September, and as dark," I thought. And then I brought my eyes back. Gradually the water became bluer and lovelier, and the sky was shattered into small clouds that became bigger and fluffier.

It was such a charming discovery that I gasped out loud. How well the sky and the water told the story! The dark grayness was past, and the best time of all would be now

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and all the rest of the nows that would make up the rest of my life!

As much as I abhor sentimentality and dramatics, I could not rid myself of the fact that I had been given two whole lives to live—pre-polio and post-polio! On at least a dozen occasions I had been referred to by the doctors as a "miracle," and however much I tried to convince myself that it was just flattery, I still found myself believing it a little. Besides, there were concrete facts I could not overlook.

Now it was March, and I was still walking without braces, and getting stronger. Everyone said that I was just lucky, but I knew that it was much more than just luck.

Before being struck by polio I had belonged to a generation of laughers. My "crowd" was gay and alert. We liked everything new, and if it wasn't new enough, we would invent something that was!

Good health was the most important thing in the world, and we unconsciously scoffed at people with the sniffles. But during the summer before polio, I found that I was wearing down emotionally. I had a lot of wishes that were not exactly ungranted, but merely postponed again and again.

I was becoming irritable and impatient, when suddenly a chance to become a radio writer appeared —and in the same mail, a proposal of marriage. Then, without warning, polio smacked me down.

I was like a child dropped into a big black hole, and the only certain thing was that I could not get out without help. The education and parental training which I had received for 24 years didn't seem to make me the person who could do anything for me now. Confidence, I discovered too late, was what I lacked. And in the hospital I learned that confidence was translated into another great word—faith!

On a day back in that faraway September, a doctor came to examine me. Before he left he said: "Shut off your mind, and open up your Bible!"

I shuddered a little at this mention of the Bible. My "crowd" had had a name for people who spoke openly of the Bible. We called them "frogs," "turkeys," or just plain exhibitionists. Certainly none of us was an atheist or a heathen—we were all Sunday-school and church educated, but God and the Bible were things you never talked about.

I had always faithfully kept my appointments with God, but as nonchalantly as possible. I had no doubt about the existence of God and I prayed to Him nightly—thanking and asking—thanking and asking. And now that I was in the hospital, I went on as I always had. I was religiously muscle-bound.

The day I discovered that I couldn't walk, an old man for whom I had once worked phoned me. He said, "Dusty, you must pray as you have never prayed before!"

I knew I didn't have the courage to pray to walk, so I prayed to be able to eat just a little. The day I swallowed grape Jell-O, I wondered vaguely whether my praying had something to do with it!

I found other occasions to use the Twenty-third Psalm—and then little by little the "life is what you make it," "look for the silver lining," "we're pulling for you and

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thinking of you," and all the other little pleasantries that came through the mail began to penetrate my hard shell. They were all remarkable words of wisdom that I seemed to be seeing for the first time.

Believing in God so much that you can make Him help you is probably the most personal experience in the world, and no words can make it clear. Believing in God, thanking God, keeps you busy, and when you are busy, your morale doesn't have a chance to drop. That's the first result.

Then, soon, you begin to see how much better off you are than others around you—another result! Each little improvement is a kind of answer to something you have asked for—and before you know it you are past the worst, and you didn't have time to realize the awful things that might have happened to you.

It had taken me six months to learn this new attitude, and I realized it would take me the rest of my life to understand it. All I knew was that God was a delicate, discreet Trainer who could make me the toughest fighter in the world. I didn't know how He did it, but in the days when I had first begun to stand, something made me keep trying a little harder than if I were just doing it alone.

At last religion had become reasonable to me. It was just a phase of higher education which had not been clearly exposed to me until I became seriously ill. . . .

THE EASTER SATURDAY that I went home was warm and exploding with sunshine. Everything looked as happy as I was to be going home—and walking! At last I knew that getting well is merely knowing that you *are!*

You can be completely recovered, even with crutches and braces, if you are not going to be unhappier than you were. How do you know that life for you in this new position isn't going to be better than before? Just because you have lived one way does not mean that there are not other ways equally good.

Today, I am a new person, mentally and physically. I have a handsome husband and an adorable baby, and I'm writing a novel which I will finish in, say, 2005. And who knows? Perhaps it *will* win that Nobel Prize for literature!

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This Month's Cover: As models for his nostalgic Valentine cover, Howard Forsberg chose Bob Hilbert, one of his artist colleagues, and Joan Van Dyke, popular Chicago model. This is Joan's second appearance as a Forsberg-Coronet cover girl. The radiant expression she's wearing is completely genuine: when she posed for this painting she had just announced her own engagement. Queried as to when the wedding bells would ring, she said, "Well, why not Valentine's Day?"

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MIRACLE on a SCAFFOLD

In August, 1893, a Mississippi jury found Will Purvis, 21-year-old farmer, guilty of killing a neighbor after a petty quarrel. Throughout the trial he had protested his innocence, yet was unable to produce evidence to clear himself. He was sentenced to hang.

On February 7, 1894, Purvis was led to the scaffold. A crowd had gathered and many of the grimly silent men still had faith in his innocence. With sad eyes they watched the guards slip the black hood over his head and adjust the noose. Then the trap was sprung.

Suddenly a shout went up from the crowd of spectators. The noose had not held. Purvis had fallen to the ground—unhurt!

The sheriff ordered the guards to lead Purvis back for a second attempt. But the crowd had just seen a miracle. For them, that was final proof of Purvis' innocence. They demanded that he be spared until a higher authority could decide his fate.

Three appeals to the State Supreme Court were rejected and another hanging date was set—December 12, 1895. But a week before the second execution date, a mob broke into jail and freed him. For a year, relatives gave him shelter; then a new governor commuted his sentence to life imprisonment and Will gave himself up.

In 1898, in response to petitions signed by thousands of Mississippians, the governor granted Purvis a full pardon. Will was now a free man. But two questions remained unanswered. First, if he were innocent, who was the murderer? The answer came in 1920 when a man named Joe Beard made a full deathbed confession.

But the second question has never been answered. Was it fate, accident, or perhaps God's will that caused the noose to slip and save an innocent man?

ILLUSTRATED BY JIM LOCKHART

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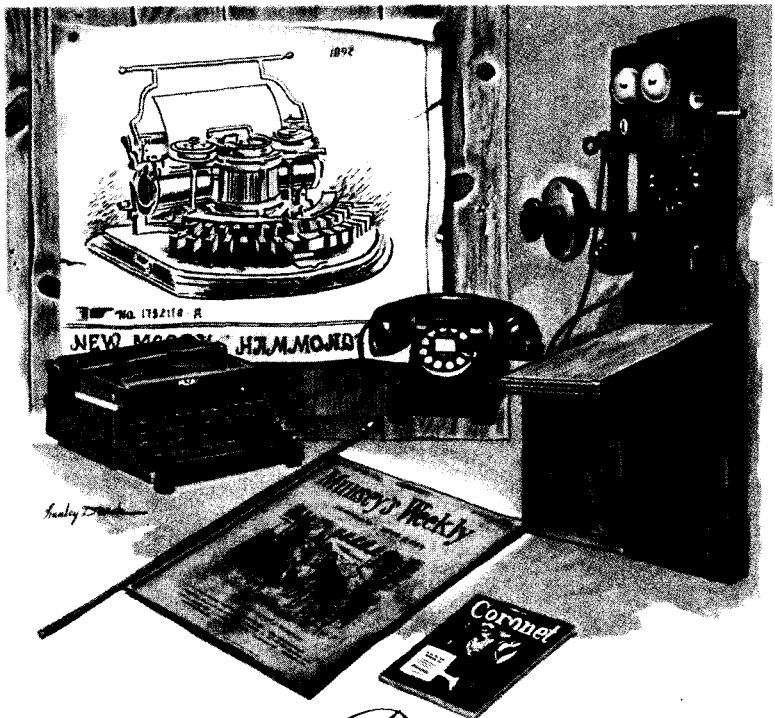

Portrait of
MAGAZINE PROGRESS*

HENRY DREYFUSS,
America's Foremost
Industrial Designer

INDUSTRIAL DESIGN is the application of taste and logic to the products of machinery. It is efficiency plus beauty minus distracting detail. CORONET must be as aware of these basic principles as are those of us in the business, because CORONET is an outstanding example of modern design in magazine publishing. Functioning smoothly from beginning to end, CORONET'S completely modern content and format mark a significant new development in magazine history.

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